

THE LEATHERNECK

February, 1930

Single copy, 25c



"WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES"

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A CARLOAD"

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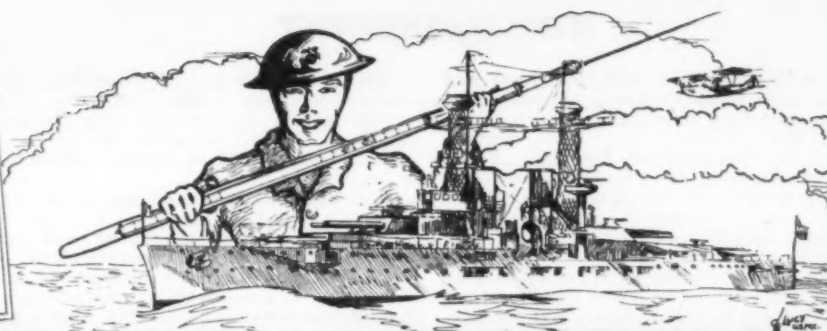
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NUMBER 2

A MATTER OF TEAM WORK

HIS full name, which was too long for ordinary use, was entered upon the books of the breeders' association, together with the date of his birth, a record of his blue-blooded ancestry, and his registry number. For short, he was called "Sir Colintha." That was the way his polysyllabled title began.

He was black and white, and weighed nearly a ton. Just now he was standing motionless, regarding with luminous eyes a small, two-legged animal on the other side of the paddock fence.

This other animal's full name, as far as society was informed, was Bill. If he had any blue-blooded ancestry, all trace of that fact had been lost forever. He was fourteen years old, and none too big for his age. He was looking at the new herd sire with a curiosity intent and pre-occupied glance. Bill knew something about pure bred. He had been raised among them.

Instinctively, the keen, puckered eyes of the boy took in the Holstein's splendid heart girth, his symmetrical barrel, the straight back line, the perfect V of the dairy type, his superb masculinity. These things were to be expected. Sir Colintha came of a long line of known milk producers, and he showed his aristocratic descent in his perfect conformation. So far as the boy could see, the Holstein wasn't "out" a single point. But today, Bill was studying not so much form as temperament.

Sir Colintha confronted the staring boy without so much as the quiver of a nostril. His glowing eyes never wavered. His fine, silky tail, carefully groomed, hung limp. Yet Bill felt, rather than saw, that the blood lust which seizes most of these big fellows at one time or another was seething in the heart of Sir Colintha.

A short, brisk, perspiring man came hurrying along the path fronting the paddock. He seemed not to see Bill, and was passing by, engrossed in his thoughts, when the youngster spoke timidly to him, with the hesitation of a boy who has been much neglected.

"You ought to do something about the fence, Mr. Adams."

"Nonsense," returned Adams brusquely. "That fence has six wires and good solid posts—if you're scared of the bull, stay away from him!"

He hurried on, and Bill looked after the retreating figure for a moment with troubled eyes. He didn't blame Mr. Adams. The superintendent of Knollcrest had his hands full managing the farm; and as for kindness or sympathy for an almost nameless and entirely homeless boy, the little man had his own family to think of whenever he had time for that sort of thing. It was good of him to let Bill hang about the place and sleep in the great haymow at night. And there was always plenty to eat at the clean, plain mess hall where the farm hands took their meals. No, Bill wasn't surprised that Mr. Adams hadn't listened to him.

He examined the fence. Evidently, the staples had been driven into the posts when the wood was green, and they had

By PAUL ELLSWORTH TRIEM

gradually worn loose in the hot white sunshine of California. As Mr. Adams had said, the fence had six wires; the posts themselves were solid and firmly set. But the wires were smooth—owners of prize-breeding livestock have an aversion to barbed wire—and Bill knew something of what a ton of bone and muscle can do in the way of battering down a fence.

The boy hesitated, studying the face of the herd sire. He imagined those great eyes glowed with a new light. He could read remorseless courage and determination in the massive face. . . . Twilight was shifting down over the green and purple hills. The boy shivered; then he turned and betook himself to the tool house, where he got a hammer and a pocket full of bright, new staples. With this equipment he went back to the paddock fence.

He had returned the hammer and unused staples to the shed and was passing the brightly lighted barn, with its broad cement floor, iron stanchions, and narrow-gauge iron track for feed cars, when Dorsey, the barn boss, called him:

"Hey, Bill, bring Colintha over for me, will you? Here's the staff!"

Bill's face brightened. He liked to help, having discovered that people who ask favors are usually cordial. He took the stout oak staff with its snap-ferrule and returned to the paddock. The bull was standing in the corner by the gate. He stood like a statue while the youngster snapped the clip into the ring in his nose, and then tramped sedately along behind his small conductor. The boy and the bull circled a corner of the dairy barn and entered the big front door.

Hesekiah Adams, superintendent of Knollcrest, beheld this phenomenon from a distance. He stood still, with his hands hanging at his sides, and stared.

"Well, I'll be switched!" muttered Mr. Adams. "I can't make that boy out! You'd think he was scared to be on the same planet with that bull, then he acts like Sir Colintha was a pet lamb! He's a card, that's what he is. I'll be glad when I get a chance to turn his case over to the new boss!"

The "new boss" was a certain Mr. Baker, who had recently bought Knollcrest and had had the new Holstein sent out from a famous breeding farm. Mr. Baker arrived on the day following the superintendent's colloquy, and for a time he and Adams walked about the grounds surrounding the "farmhouse"—a modest little affair of fifteen rooms, with five bathrooms and a "library"—destitute of books but provided with a splendid floor on which thirty couples could dance to the music of the phonograph. Farmhouses are that way sometimes—on "gentlemen's farms."

Eventually, the two men came out into the lane from which the pastures and paddocks opened. Half way down it a boy in ragged overalls and a diminutive cap with a worn tassel was standing with back toward them. In his left hand he held a coil of rope, and in his right was a loop, which he swung briskly

'round his head. Suddenly he released his hold of the rope, and it shot out with a vicious hum and settled over the post. The youngster gave it a jerk and for an instant held it taut.

"Neighbor's boy?" Mr. Baker asked.

"He doesn't belong in this neighborhood, Mr. Baker," said the superintendent. "The fact is, I don't know where he belongs. And I don't know what to do about him. That's one of the things I wanted to ask you about."

He met now the attentive look of the city man, leaned with his back to the paddock fence, and continued:

"About six months ago, this boy and his father came walking in here, with a blanket roll and some other junk on their shoulders. They were tramping it, and at first I was for having them move on. However, I was short a hand in the milk shed—I usually am. Milkers are the hardest people in the world to keep, and I don't wonder at it, for it's a dog's life. So I asked the father if he could milk, and he told me he could. I had him scrub up and gave him a clean jumper, and he went to work. I soon found that he knew more about cows in a minute than most of us are ever going to know."

"The man told me part of his history. He owned a farm once, back in the corn belt. Had bad luck—sickness in the family, a run of bad crops, the old story. You've heard it before. When the wife died, he and the boy came West, mostly on foot. They had worked their way down through the dairy country in Washington and Oregon, and had kept on till they reached our place. The father didn't look very well to me. He was pouchy under the eyes, and had a bad color. But he did his work right up to the handle until about two weeks ago, when he suddenly went into a sort of stupor, and died without ever regaining consciousness. And now we come to the funny part of it all."

Mr. Adams may have seen the joke he referred to, but his honest face looked anything but amused.

"When I asked Bill there who his nearest relatives were, he told me that, as far as he knew, he didn't have a relation in the world. And there was no friend, nor old neighbor, whose address he could give me. He was just a little tad when they began their travels. That's all I know about it!"

The superintendent ended his story abruptly and looked at the boy. Bill had finished his practice with the rope and was leaning against the pasture fence, eyeing a bunch of young heifers. Mr. Baker regarded him with something approaching consternation:

"Why, great Scott, man! I don't know what to do about it!" he said. "Where does he sleep—and eat?"

"He sleeps in the barn, and he eats with the men. He's a helpful little chap, and more than pays for his board and keep. But there's the matter of his dog—the pair of 'em had picked up a mongrel of some sort in Idaho. The old man said he was a good ranch dog; but my idea of good ranch dogs is the same as the old Westerner's idea of a good Indian: the deader they are, the better. That's his howling now. I make Bill keep him fastened up in the garage—when he doesn't manage to get out!"

Mr. Baker called to Bill. "Come over here, my boy. I want to talk to you."

Bill came promptly. He seemed anxious, but he raised his eyes courageously to this stranger's.

"Mr. Adams tells me you have no friends nor relatives to take care of you," began Mr. Baker, not unkindly. "Are you sure you can't think of someone who might know if you have a family?"

Bill shook his head. He had answered that question many times.

Mr. Baker eyed Bill much as he would have looked at a unique and not particularly attractive deep-sea creature washed up by the tide. He was not unsympathetic, deep down in his heart; but he had an aversion to getting entangled in anything with a sentimental aspect. He heartily wished Bill's father had found some other place in which to die.

"Well, we'll see what we can do," he said. "But if I were you, my lad, I'd get rid of that howling cur and that rope. You

aren't in shape to support much livestock. That rope looks to me like dime-novel influence. I hope you don't read such rubbish!"

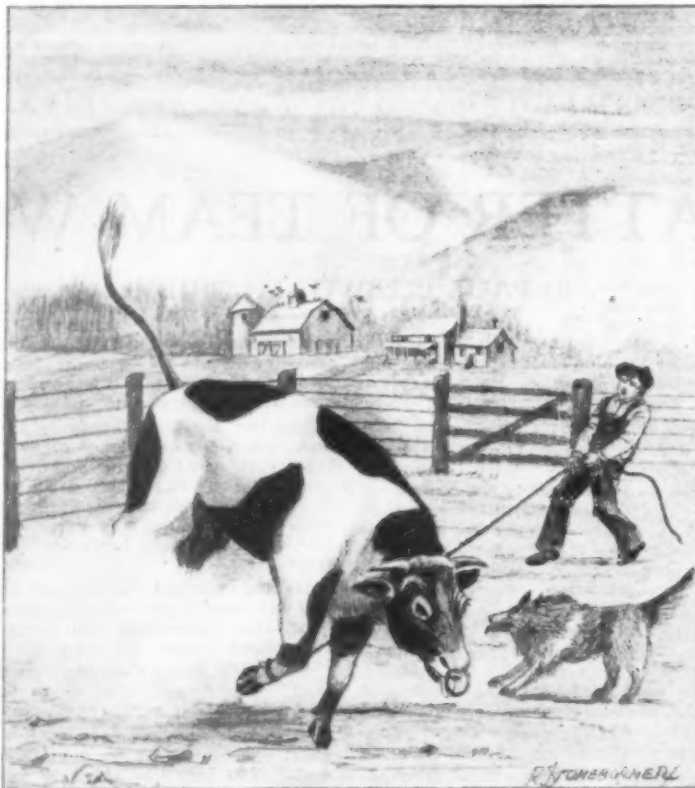
Bill stumbled away. The green lane danced before him like a gaudy many-colored ribbon dotted with diamonds. How was he to know that the big, florid, prosperous-looking man from the city was at heart a baby, afraid of his own gentleness? How was he to know that most of the superintendent's brusqueness was an attempt to steel himself against misfortune with which he felt himself too clumsy to deal? All Bill could see was that he seemed to belong nowhere. They even wanted to take his dog from him—"Slim," the shaggy greyhound collie who had been Bill's only real friend for many a month! Slim would not bother the cattle. He never molested any animal that minded its own business. He was a grave-eyed, self-respecting fellow, always ready to live and let live.

As for the rope, Bill had learned to throw that up in the panhandle of Idaho, where he and his father had been for a time on a beef ranch.

In that country, a few old-time cowboys were still to be found. Various kindly members of the vanishing species had taken the boy in hand and instructed him in the use of the lariat.

Bill's first impulse on leaving the two men was to hurry off to a thicket and lie down on his face and cry. That was what he felt like doing. But there was something on his mind that kept him from carrying out this impulse. He knew that Mr. Baker and the superintendent were looking over the place, and that sooner or later they would visit the paddock where Sir Colintha was confined. Earlier that morning Bill had led the Holstein from his box stall to the little pasture. Sir Colintha had walked with the stately tread of conquerors, and had seemed unaware of the youngster's presence. But again Bill had felt, with that mysterious, unclassified sense of the true livestock man, the radiant energy of the huge body. He suspected that spring madness was stirring in the brain of Sir Colintha, that the first unwary act might release it like the spring of a trap.

Instead of running away, therefore, he kept within sight of the men as they tramped about. Finally, the superintendent in the lead, they came out of the calf barn and crossed to the paddock gate. The superintendent approached the gate, and was about to enter without so much as a club in his hands.



He grabbed the rope with both hands and threw his weight upon it. The noose had caught one of those flying forefeet.

Again Sir Colintha was standing like a breathless statue. His head was up, his nostrils wide, his great eyes smoldering with hidden fires as he watched the newcomers approach. His tail twitched, ever so slightly.

"Gentle as a lamb, sir," the boy heard Adams tell his employer. "Anyone can handle him."

Bill stepped forward, greatly concerned by this heresy. "Please, sir, never trust a bull!" he said earnestly. "I like 'em as much as anyone, sir, and I get along with him—with this one. He can't help it, sir; but never trust him, nor any of 'em!"

He felt his knees quivering under him as the two men turned and looked at him.

"What did you say, my boy?" Mr. Baker asked, not unpleasantly but with stiff formality.

"If you please, sir, never trust a bull because he acts gentle. Any dairyman'll tell you that. The safest bull is the one everyone is afraid of. Then he's treated careful, and he won't do no hurt. It's the gentle ones and the ones that have been made pets of that kill people. The fit comes on 'em sudden; you don't know when to expect it, unless you've been watching 'em close. They go mad, like, and no one can stop 'em."

It was a long speech for Bill to make. He felt very shaky and uncomfortable, especially as the superintendent turned red and eyed him resentfully.

"Better get back to the barn, lad," he said crisply. "And don't talk such nonsense. The animal is absolutely gentle, sir," he added reassuringly. "After lunch I'll show you."

Bill went back to the barn; but he was troubled. Sir Colintha had been tearing up the sod in the paddock. Bill had watched him rest his huge head against a corner post in the fence and throw his mighty body against it, till the post creaked and sagged.

Mr. Baker ate a leisurely luncheon in the cozy room attached to the superintendent's bungalow, and afterward sat looking peacefully off across the shimmering valley. His mind

came back to the Holstein and to Bill. Then with a shrug he threw off these irritating details. The world was beautiful. Down by the paddock there were great patches of flowers. Birds trilled in the underbrush, and the wistful kiss of spring was in the air. He sighed luxuriously and stretched himself.

Presently he noticed that the superintendent's four-year-old daughter was playing in the lane adjoining the paddocks. She had a gaudy little tin pail and a small shovel, and was industriously collecting dirt and flowers. He smiled and waved his hand to the tiny laborer, and forgot her. In spite of himself he was thinking of the boy whose story he had heard that morning. It seemed a pity that pure-bred cattle should be cared for so tenderly, while a growing animal that would one day be a man should have no home. Even so, Mr. Baker was thinking, one human being could not be expected to correct the imperfections of civilization. Obviously, this waif should be placed in an institution of some sort. The State ought to look after him; it was its duty.

A sound—a cry of fear and anguish—brought him back to earth. It seemed to come from the distant orchard. Looking in that direction, he saw Adams, the superintendent, running toward the house. He was at the farther end of a long meadow.

The words he screamed as he ran were indistinguishable. Instinctively, the man on the porch turned to look for the child he had seen in the lane between the paddocks. She had disappeared.

The next moment, having located the child, Mr. Baker had vaulted across the low railing of the porch and raced toward the yard occupied by Sir Colintha. He shouted hoarse words of command and entreaty.

The little girl had gone under the fence. With tin pail and shovel in her hands, she was trudging briskly up along one side of the bull's enclosure. Her bright eyes were intent on the nodding blue and yellow flowers beyond, and already she was within twenty feet of the upper fence. But below, his great body alert, his tail switching slowly, stood Sir Colintha, biding his time. There was menace in the quiver of his massive shoulders. Suddenly, he bellowed.

The roar rumbled over the hillside and down into the valley, like the echo of distant drums.

He charged. Mr. Baker was under the fence. He had caught up a pitchfork on his way across the farm yard; but he would have gone just as readily without anything. But there was no chance that he could save the child—the bull was already three quarters of the way across the paddock, galloping, head down, his front hoofs circling high at each bound, his tail swinging.

Mr. Baker saw that he could never make it. Again and again he shouted.

Then something dark shot like an arrow from under the laurel bushes at the south of the paddock. That something was a slim-nosed, shaggy dog, which ran like the wind, with leveled head and tail stretched straight behind—not at Sir Colintha's head but at the flank. The dog crossed the bull's path, and in doing so shot up and grabbed the Holstein's tail close to the body. The bull let out a roar as his hind quarters swayed, and he was swung off his stride. He stumbled and all but fell.

Then he gathered himself, whirled, and bel-

lowed again—a raucous, ear-shattering challenge to his enemy to face him in the open. The dog released his hold, and after standing for a moment with his sharp ears cocked straight up, regarding the bull, disappeared in the thicket.

Sir Colintha swung back with his face toward the middle of the paddock. He could not deal with a phantom; but there were more substantial enemies. The child had slipped back through the fence, but Mr. Baker had reached the middle of the enclosure before this sudden change in the situation. There he stood now, balancing the light hay fork in his hand and staring unwinkingly for an instant at the bull. Then hastily he appraised the distance to the four sides of the paddock. There was small chance of his reaching even the nearest.

And now the bull, every ounce of his terrific strength aroused, every drop of his hot blood boiling, was tearing up the sod with his hoofs and swinging his horns down and to the right and up, with a mighty swing. The man in the path of the charging bull remembered hearing that just before a bull struck he closed his eyes. That was his only hope. He would step aside at that instant, and then make a dash for the fence. He faced the bull.



The sunset faded, and in the blue of early night the shaving of a moon hung over the jagged ridges. A dog and a boy watched it.

"WE FIGHT OUR COUNTRY'S BATTLES"



WITH few exceptions the Confederate States had been successfully blockaded by the Yankee Fleet. Like a wooden wall it stretched along the Atlantic coast; a discouraging problem, indeed, for the blockade runners. Of course, now and then some lean and daring craft eluded the cruisers and scuttled past them to land a variety of much-needed contraband in a closed port. There was a certain romance in the effort; a sort of game to delight the hearts of sportsmen. It was only through the activities of such adventurers that the Confederacy existed as long as it did. They contributed the life-blood that

Wilmington, North Carolina, was the chief, and for the last two years of the war, the only port from which blockade runners could ply with any degree of safety. For that reason North Carolina suffered less than her sisters. In other states cotton rotted and the inhabitants starved. Sick and wounded died for want of medicines and malignant diseases flourished in the hotbed of destitution. Like the fingers of some hand the Northern Fleet was stretched out, slowly throttling the Confederacy into submission. Wilmington was the last desperate gasp.

It has never been logically explained why the Northern commanders were so dilatory in taking action against Wilmington. Perhaps the formidable menace of Fort Fisher deterred them, although the fort lay some twenty miles down the coast. It was situated at Federal Point, where the Cape Fear River, breaking through the narrow peninsula between it and the sea, formed New Inlet.

The fort was a jumbled mass of sand hills, shaped like the letter "L," the perpendicular part extending 1,898 yards along the shore line. The other portion ran at right angles 682 yards. Both faces had heavy parapets, obstructed by great traverses. The shorter side, the land-face, was protected by a stockade about fifty feet in front of it. This stockade was constructed after the fashion of those on the Indian frontiers, extending the entire length of the land-face and some two hundred yards farther toward the water, almost reaching it. About two hundred and fifty yards in front of the stockade was a line of subterranæ torpedoes, connected by wires to the fort. For five miles north the low and sandy peninsula never rose more than fifteen feet above high tide, the interior abounding in great fresh water swamps, heavily wooded and almost impassable.

Colonel William Lamb, C. S. A., a young engineer from Norfolk, Virginia, had constructed Fort Fisher more for utility than beauty. It was a grim, ugly-looking place, but the natural defensive situation of Federal Point had attracted his attention. An attack through the swamps was impossible; the only danger lay from the sea. With this in mind he planned a fort that could withstand a punishing bombardment from that quarter. That he did his work well was proven when the fort was subjected to the greatest concentration of shell fire in history to that time—and the fort remained undemolished.

The guns along the land-face parapet were distributed with

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

more or less evenness, but along the sea-face they were broken up into batteries of unequal numbers. They ranged from

the one gun of Battery Four, a 150-pounder Armstrong, sent as a gift from the admiring English, to the five guns comprising Battery Six. At the intersection where the two faces joined, the center traverse reared itself some forty feet above the beach. This was the point later stormed by the naval landing parties.

No wonder the commander of Fort Fisher, General Whiting, felt secure. His position seemed impregnable, and he scoffed at the persistent rumors that the Yankees were preparing to attack. It would be folly, he reasoned; for his snipers could lie behind the stockade, or in the traverses, or behind the protection of the ramparts, and cut to pieces any force ever landed by the fleet.

But the rumors persisted. Sherman had sabered his way through Georgia and had reached Savannah. The Yankees had accomplished so many impossible things that General Whiting began treating the reports with more concern, no matter how wild they seemed. He reinforced his garrison and made preparations for a siege.

In the meantime the Union forces were formulating the plans that engendered the misgivings General Whiting felt. Plan after plan was proposed and rejected. It was unanimously agreed that it should be a joint attack by the Army and the Navy. Admirals and generals complimented one another upon their military acumen; but real cooperation seemed impossible to attain. When one unit was ready the other had something to do elsewhere. At last they appeared to get down to business. Admiral Farragut was tentatively chosen to command the naval forces, but ill health prevented him from accepting, and Rear Admiral David D. Porter was substituted. Major General Butler was selected to lead the Army, which was to land on the beach and storm the fort under cover of the fleet's bombardment.

Everyone held his breath—

The expedition was scheduled to sail October 1st, 1864, but delay after delay occurred and it was not until December 16th that the troops finally embarked on the transports.

Two days later Admiral Porter set sail from Beaufort, North Carolina, to the rendezvous of the fleet, about twenty miles east of New Inlet. The next day a violent gale arose, lashing the fleet about and preventing any maneuvers for two days. Although shaken and battered, the ships were not materially damaged, and when the storm subsided they drew in toward Fort Fisher.

For some time General Butler had been nourishing an idea. He had given it much thought and it worked perfectly—in theory. He believed that a ship filled with powder could be towed close inshore and exploded with sufficient force to destroy the fort. Much correspondence had ensued, lengthy and profound. Richard Delafield, general and chief engineer of the Engineer Department, went into great detail, explaining precedent instances where serious destruction had been caused by explosives. From the Washington Arsenal, Major J. C. Benton had written his suggestions as to how the maximum explosive effect could be obtained. Nearly everyone seemed convinced as to the feasibility of the experiment. Lieutenant Commander William N. Jeffers, Navy Ordnance Yard, Washington, D. C., however, was somewhat skeptical. He cited accidental explosions during the siege of Sebastopol. Two magazines in the



French batteries exploded. Few men were killed and no damage was done to the guns. Again, an English magazine blew up, doing little harm beyond a radius of 250 yards. "For these reasons," he wrote, "I do not consider that any serious damage can be produced beyond 500 yards by the quantity proposed."

At all events it was decided to give the experiment a trial. The "Louisiana," a gunboat, was chosen for the martyrdom. Laden with powder she was towed inshore. Then suddenly someone changed his mind and the ship was signaled to return. On the night of December 23, 215 tons of powder were loaded aboard her, and the "Wilderness" towed the doomed craft close under the guns of Fort Fisher. She was greeted by signals from the Confederates, who had mistaken her for a blockade runner.

The "Wilderness" cut the tow lines and drew off a little, and Commander A. C. Rhind and his men aboard the "Louisiana" made the final preparations. When all was in readiness the men escaped in small boats to the "Wilderness." Everyone held his breath waiting for the detonation that would explode the magazine in the fort and destroy it.

It came at exactly 1:40 a. m., but with what feeble effect! There were four distinct explosions, each sounding like a sneeze smothered in a handkerchief. Not the least damage was done to the fort. Greater and more violent explosions followed. These were in the form of official correspondence, for General Butler was certain the Navy had let him down and he wanted somebody's scalp.

On the morning of the 24th the whole fleet stood in. Shortly before noon the "New Ironsides" took her position in the lead and opened fire. It seemed as if someone had become wrathful over the failure of "Butler's Powder Ship," for the bombardment came with revengeful fury. One hundred and fifteen shells a minute were sent crashing against the fort, and all that day and the next the cannonading continued. As far away as Wilmington could be heard the thundering of 15-inch Columbiads, 10-inch Rodmans, and 100 pounder Parrots.

The landing of troops was begun on Christmas afternoon. The fire of the gunboats swept the fort and surrounding swamps while the troops landed about five miles up the beach. There was little retaliatory fire from the fort, and the soldiers moved up almost unopposed. As they approached the works, however, firing became more brisk. They overwhelmed and captured two light batteries, but General Butler decided it was expedient to withdraw. This he did, and the troops reembarked on the 26th. The following day the transports sailed away. Thus ended the first attack on Fort Fisher.

The capture of the stronghold was even more to be desired now than before. Humans seem to always want things in proportion as they are hard to get. Another plan was outlined.

On the night of January 12, 1865, the fleet, increased to fifty-eight ships, besides transports and four monitors, appeared. Early the following morning some drew close inshore about four miles above New Inlet. For some time they rained a torrent of shells on the peninsula, and then began debarking troops just above the head of Masonboro Sound. Again there was little opposition to the landing force. It comprised about 8,500 men, commanded by Major General Alfred H. Terry. There were two divisions, Ames' and Paine's; also Abbott's brigade of infantry and two field batteries.

The column assembled and moved along the beach, around the head of the sound, where they halted to await developments before circling north.

During the 13th and 14th the fleet continued the terrible bombardment. Most of the fire was directed against the land-face

of the fort. All but one of the twenty-two guns that frowned down from the parapet were rendered useless. The wires leading to the mines were torn up by the shells. The palisade was knocked almost to pieces. More than fifty thousand rounds came hurtling into the fort from the sea. It was the most violent bombardment ever delivered up to that time. The fort shivered under the vibrations, the guns came tumbling from their carriages like so much matchwood. But even the great intensity and hurricane of steel could damage the fort itself but little.

Meanwhile the Army swung around and approached from the north. Their objective was the left flank of the land-face. On the afternoon of Sunday, January 15, the fleet suddenly changed direction of fire. It began pounding against the sea-face. About the same time 1,600 sailors and 400 Marines were landed and moved along the beach. Before them lay the most impregnable portion of the stronghold, the corner bastion where the two faces joined. Commander K. R. Breese led the assault. A detachment of Marines advanced within six hundred yards of the palisades and threw up entrenchments. From there they worked forward with a series of rifle pits. The enemy realized the importance of this move and concentrated all available men to

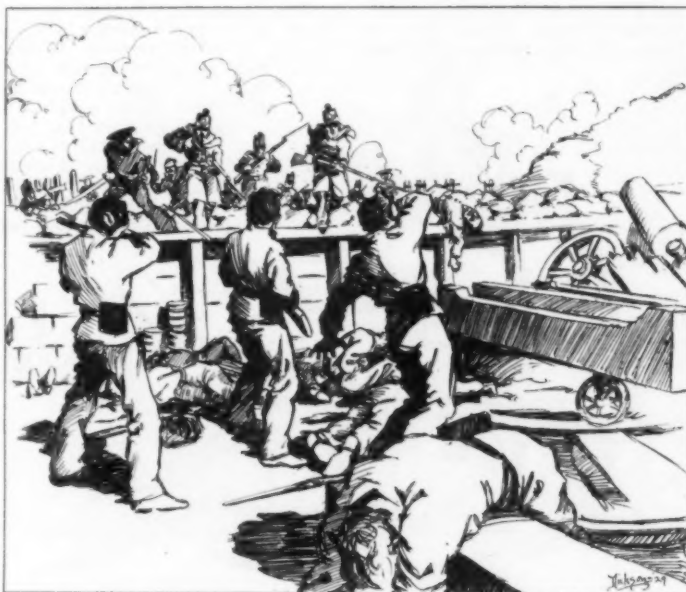
circumvent it. They had forgotten the menace of the Army, unseen, approaching from the north. Believing the naval landing force to be the main attack, riflemen lined the parapets, determined to stem the advance. The sailors were armed with cutlass and pistol, rendering them ineffective at a distance. It was up to them to get in close. They charged the stockade—and died in heaps.

The assaulting party was in four lines. The first was Marines under Captain L. L. Dawson. Heedless of a withering fire they advanced to the rifle pits where they flung themselves down and began picking off men on the parapets. The other three lines converged and swept once more toward the fire-spitting walls of the fort. A few gained through the palisades to the parapet, where they perished. The survivors retired to the beach,

formed in line and attacked again, only to be beaten back once more. Again and again the blue wave rolled against the palisades, only to meet a fire that no human could endure.

The forgotten Army suddenly appeared at the northeast bastion. The Confederates, who thought they were repelling the main attack, suddenly realized that nearly five times as many men as were storming their front, had quietly taken possession of their rear. They spun about and with commendable courage met their new foe hand-to-hand. Vastly outnumbered, the Confederates gave way along the parapet, fighting from one traverse to another. Desperately they fought. The Yankees had control of six traverses—now seven—eight, and just at dusk the ninth corpse-filled traverse fell. It was not for Fort Fisher alone that the Confederates battled, it was the last valiant effort to save their cause. By 9:30 two more traverses had fallen. Then the garrison realized the futility of further resistance and the 2,083 survivors surrendered.

So ended the glory of Fort Fisher. And yet she had a mortal blow to deal before she died, for on the following day while the soldiers, sailors, and Marines were swarming everywhere, the principal magazine exploded, killing two hundred and wounding one hundred of the victors. The irony was that it so ably supported the theory of General Butler. He had not underestimated the damage that might have been produced if his "Powder Ship" had been successful.



A few gained through the palisades to the parapet, where they perished.

CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason

EADIE went to the bush under which he had tucked his overcoat, and bringing it back, he spread it over Jake. His pistol empty though it was, he belted on. Everyone, he noticed, was doing something. The man who sits and waits for death to come and take him is the one who gets the horrors and runs shrieking from a shadow, so these men kept their minds from their situation by work.

"They've got a machine gun going on us," said Eadie to the gloomy man, "and it's close at hand." The other made no reply. "Do you know anything about machine guns?" demanded Eadie again.

"No," said the gloomy man, "I ain't much of a soldier. If you want to know anything about the milk business I could tell you. I used to be the smartest driver they had. It's funny the people that would put out their bottles dirty, though. Old man Thomas that owned the pulp mill and Doc Jupson, an'—"

"Steady!" said Eadie. "Sit down now and don't think about anything. Here, come down the road a ways. There now, sit down and clean your rifle." Eadie left the gloomy man and walked farther along the road.

"Poor lad," he muttered, "he'll begin deliverin' milk to these doughboys in a few more minutes. Hey, there, Red Cross, you see that bareheaded bird down there. Keep your eye on him; I think he's started off his conk."

"That so?" said the medical corps man. "I'll just amble down there. What we need now to make this picnic a success is a couple of shell-shockers runnin' hermantile up and down this ditch."

"Have you seen any grenades around here by any chance?" asked Eadie.

"Sure," said the other, "that bird with the shirt full of bullets on has got some."

There was a man sitting under the bank who had on a species of jerkin, the front covered with pockets for holding ammunition and the bottom divided into pockets for holding grenades. Eadie requested and received two grenades from this man. These he put into the pockets of his slicker and turning, walked down the path to the main road. He listened here a few minutes, then as a loud clattering began, stopped, began again, and then was finally hushed, he nodded his head in satisfaction.

"I knew the damn thing was there," he muttered. He lay down and wriggled around the corner. What interested Eadie, sweeping the road and the high banks on both sides with his glasses, was that from the south ditch arose a little cloud of steam, and looking for the course of this steam, he could see a long black tube that ascended the bank and disappeared over the top. It was still too light for him to cross the road where he was, but if he got into the north ditch and went downhill on the east side, he could cross there and come up in the other ditch. It was worth a try.

"I'll probably get full of lead," he muttered, wriggling into the muddy ditch, "but it's better than staying in that hole waiting to be killed."

Halfway down the hill he

paused and inch by inch raised his head for a look around. Nothing but the wild rolling country along the Meuse. He rolled his helmet out into the road. No action. So then, gathering his legs under him, he leaped across the road, grabbing up his helmet in one sweep. Still silence. He began to worm his way up the hill again, but before he reached the top a shell hooted down and tore itself apart very close to the place where he had crossed the road. The place was under observation then. Eadie continued his progress, but slower and slower, more and more carefully. He breathed only at long intervals. There were things in that ditch that he had to crawl over, shutting his eyes when he did so. He made about the same speed as would a snail, even less. He had his life in his two hands and if he made a noise he would lose it swiftly and unpleasantly.

A faint hissing tightened Eadie's muscles and brought him to a breathless halt. The hissing gradually died, but not before Eadie had discovered where it came from. It was the steam coming from the tube that he had seen with his field glasses. Under cover of his slicker and blouse Eadie cautiously pulled the ring from the grenade. Then, oh so carefully he seemed to flow along the bottom of the ditch till he came to the tube. It went up like a black vine and at the top of it was what Eadie sought. He stood up.

"Jake," he breathed, "if you can see me now, watch this." Then he threw the grenade.

Up into the air it went, over the bank, and disappeared. Immediately that hellish pounding began again. Eadie shivered. He did not know much about grenades—he should have counted before he threw it—suppose it

was defective—suppose they found it and dropped it back—CRACK! An explosion audible even above the pounding. The pounding stopped, whimpering cries, silence.

"Now, then," thought Eadie, "I guess that pays for Jake." He turned around very, very carefully to go back, but instead he paused and his heart began to beat rapidly. Why go back? Why not go up and see what was at the other end of the bean stalk? There are times, after all, in battle, when a man's heart begins to sing, for he knows that the thing he is

about to do is likely to cost him his life, but he is going to do it just the same and he feels justly proud of himself that he has the courage. Eadie turned, then, once more toward the bank. He tugged out the ring of the second grenade and looked up. A few yards down the road the rain had washed out a gully. To this place Eadie crawled. Then, standing up, he took a short start and ran up the gully at full speed, came out in the field and flung himself down. He stayed there five minutes before he dared raise his head. No one had fired at

him, there was no shout, no grenade banging, so he judged it safe to look around. The first look satisfied him.

Not far down the field was a dead German and near him the waist of another. There was a hole there, evidently, and the legs of the second German were in this hole. Eadie went there. The hole was occupied by two more Germans, one still alive, and by a thing that looked like a stovepipe on a sled. This was a heavy type machine gun, its support in the prone position. The tube from its cooler went over the edge



He staggered and fell across the gun. Sergeant Eadie had collapsed.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:—Sergeant Eadie's job with the 79th Field Artillery had been a combination of liaison sergeant and observer before he was gassed. This was the job he still had when he rejoined the outfit at Tours, wearing a "phoney" wound stripe, after being discharged from the hospital. Eadie was immediately rushed into liaison service, choosing as his aide Red Jake, an old buddy, whom Eadie hadn't seen since the Marne. In this advance the divisions become mixed up, severe casualties are suffered, and Eadie and Jake find themselves with a pocketful of infantry, defending a strategic point. The Germans are anxious to displace them and subject them to a withering fire. Red Jake is killed almost instantly by a machine gun, which rakes their refuge from end to end.

of the bank into the road and it was the steam from this tube that Eadie had seen.

"Now how the hell am I going to get this thing back?" muttered Eadie. The hole in which the gun lay was protected from fire from the American lines in rear by curves in the ground between, and this same background prevented the men in the cart path from seeing it. Eadie had a fine view of the American position, a long curving line of hedge, but in the gathering dusk there was no sign of life behind it. If he could only signal now for a little help—the thing was too heavy to take back alone.

"By God!" cried Eadie. "Why take it back?" If the Germans rushed the hedge again he could take them in flank. If they came along the road, they were his meat. The grenade that he still held in his hand he hurled away. He proceeded to clean out the hole.

The two Germans he shoved over the bank. One of them was alive, but Eadie had other things to do than to take care of wounded Germans. It was getting dark rapidly and the main thing was to inspect the gun while he still had light. A hasty glance showed him eight or ten boxes of ammunition, a half dozen stick grenades, and an overcoat in the hole. Then he turned to the gun.

Eadie had fired one of these one day with Ham and the machine gunners. All he had to do was to take hold of the handles, push off the safety catch, and push on the corrugated thumb piece. A glance showed him that there was half a belt of ammunition still left. When that was gone, he would see about reloading.

Suddenly, with a long hiss, a flare went up from the gulch and burst almost over Eadie's head, burning with a ghastly green light. He was still wondering what it meant, when, with the roar and crash of a heavy surf on rocks, a box barrage was laid down just behind Eadie, on the eastern side of the hill, and on the line of hedge that marked the cart path. That barrage meant an attack and Eadie meant to be ready for it. He put his elbows on the pads of the support as Ham had showed him, gripped the handles and waited.

The enemy came suddenly out of the gulch, in two columns, tearing across the field. The hedge crackled with rifle fire, even as the barrage swung out into the eastern side of the hill. The gun leaped under Eadie's hands as he pressed the thumb piece. Ah, what a glorious sound it made! What was that? Some one had cried out. Again that cry, audible even above the clacking of the gun and the rumble of the barrage.

"By God, the wounded jerry! They're comin' up the road!" He leaped to his feet and looked over the bank. A dark river of men was rustling along there and the wounded German that Eadie had rolled out of the hole was calling to his comrades for help.

The German machine gun could not be trained into the road. Eadie's first frantic effort showed him that. What then? Prop up the rear end? No. Get it out of the hole and onto the slope? Good. Eadie seized the front end of the support, swung it out of the hole, grabbed the back end and swung that, then cleared the ammunition belt. He worked fast, for seconds counted. A quick glance showed him that he could now fire into the far end of the road, but that if the Germans fell back and attacked him from directly below he was lost. He flung himself down, placed his elbows, seized the handle and opened fire. It was hard work, for the gun leaped and wriggled, and being poorly placed, it was doubly hard to control. He kept shoving up on the breach to keep his fire low, and had the satisfaction of seeing the dark mass below him buckle, bend,

thin out, and finally disappear, leaving only the scattered wreckage of its dead behind.

"Ah, boy," remarked Eadie to himself. "What it takes to be a machine gunner I got in clusters!" He decided that just to the left of the old position of the machine gun there was a place he could not only cover the field across the road, but also the slope where the road dropped into the gulch. In the remaining light he could see men crawling in the opposite field, the steady flash of rifle fire from behind the hedge, and the great black shape of an airplane that ducked and swooped and circled over the line of the hedge. The barrage had stopped, except the shells that were bursting between the road and the American lines to the south.

Again Eadie seized the handles of the support and, dragging the gun behind him—the sled-like support was probably fashioned with just that end in view—he got it to the new position and swung it again toward the enemy. A new attack had just swept out of the gulch and the airplane, to aid it, was flying low and raining down bullets upon the Americans, the tracers

glinting like sparks from a Roman candle. Eadie could hear voices calling, the American fire seemed to lessen, there was a thin piping, and the ragged crash of a volley. The airplane jumped as does a wild fowl that receives a charge of shot, then climbing, turned suddenly sideways and fell swiftly to earth, crash! The gulp and roar of an explosion, and the wreckage was in flames.

"Let's go!" cried Eadie. Beyond the flames of the burning plane he could see a wave of men coming up the east face of the hill and on that wave he swung his gun. It rattled for several seconds. Silence. Eadie pounded the breach to free the jam, and pressed harder upon the thumb piece. Then he looked closely at the breach. The ammunition belt had run through. "That's simple," he muttered. He crawled over to the hole, gathered up three boxes of ammunition, and then returned. The plane blazed now, a pillar of fire from wings to up-end tail and by its light Eadie could see that there was still another belt in the box by the gun. He seized the end of this and inserted it in the breach. The tongue went through easily and the first

bullet clicked into the chamber. Eadie then trained the gun on the enemy and pushed the thumb piece. The gun remained quiet.

"Ah, there's a damned lever you have to pull!" he cried. The light from the plane had rapidly died out and it seemed to Eadie that it was much darker than before. He felt both sides of the breach, he got up from the ground and inspected carefully with his eyes, but no lever could he see. There were chains and little buttons and a handle that he discovered locked the traversing gear. Across the road the fight raged. Eadie in the darkness fumbled with the gun, cursed, raved, pulled out the belt and inserted it again, pressed the thumb piece until his arms ached and was about to abandon the gun when he discovered a knob on the right side that moved. He shoved it down all the way and allowed it to come back. The machinery clicked.

"That's it!" cried Eadie, but the gun remained silent, Eadie rested his head on his hands and tried to think calmly. He was tempted to hurl it all over the bank and into the road. Yet his comrades in that ditch had need of him, the gun must be loaded some way, and if he tried again, slowly, he must discover the method.

"Now suppose I pull the belt and shove that lever at the same time?" He tried to do this, but the knob of the lever slipped from his hand and snapped violently back as he pulled



Eadie swung the muzzle at the doctor.

on the belt. The mechanism chuckled sarcastically, but the belt jumped forward. "By God!" cried the sergeant. This time when he pulled the belt he deliberately let go the lever. Again the gun clicked and the belt jumped. Without daring to hope, Eadie tried pressing the thumb piece. The gun barked joyously.

"Letter go!" shrieked Eadie. He settled his elbows and swung the gun into a dark mass in the opposite field, that melted away before the blast. He threw a half dozen bursts into the eastern field by the wreckage of the plane and then, pulling down on the handles, tried a little indirect fire on the gulch. He began to have trouble with his eyes, specks danced before them, and at one second he thought he saw counter attacks emerging from the gulch; at the next he could see nothing but the empty field, dotted with dead. He kept the gun going, pausing now and then to rest his thumbs. He understood loading now and the second belt he inserted with ease. The enemy he expected every minute would pay him a call, but he was unmolested.

The Germans changed their tactics. They retired to the gulch and shelled both hedge and main road for an hour or two. They drenched the place with gas, they watered it with machine gun fire. They wanted badly to drive a living wedge down the gulch and separate the two divisions whose flanks touched there, but this force of Americans prevented it. The enemy did not know that there were only about a hundred starving men holding them up. Nevertheless, after the bombardment they launched three simultaneous attacks. Eadie broke up the one that came up the main road from the gulch almost before it started. Then he turned the gun across the road. It seemed the enemy would never stop pouring out of the gulch. His head reeled, he shouted and howled. The gun grew hot and a frightful smell of burning oil and red-hot metal arose. Eadie shoved in a new belt and turned loose on some men trying to bring a gun up the opposite bank. Their gun went clattering down into the ditch, but the men stayed where they were. Eadie's gun suddenly clucked like a hen and lapsed into silence.

"Damn it!" yelled Eadie and added his opinion of the gun and the man that invented it. Eadie pounded the breech, pulled the belt, snapped the lever, did everything he could think of. Then he noticed the bottom of the cylinder glowed a dull red. Ah! The water in the German gun is only sufficient to keep it cool for four belts. After that time the cylinder must be refilled. Eadie had never thought of that, but then, machine gunners are not made in a day. The barrel had become hot, had buckled, and now the gun had fired its last shot.

Once more Eadie rested his head on his arms. Jake came and sat down beside him. Jake? Why, Jake was lying dead over there behind the hedge under Eadie's overcoat. Jake grinned, nevertheless, and extended his huge hand. Was it really Jake? Why, no. There was a girl there, dressed in black, with a white cap and apron.

"Oh, God!" shrieked Eadie, jumping to his feet, "don't start that again!" He staggered and fell across the breech of the gun. Three nights and two days without sleep, or rest, or food, and all the time under the strain of battle. Sergeant Eadie had collapsed.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Reward of Valor

EADIE opened his eyes with a start and was about to struggle, but the men that held him wore khaki uniforms, and their faces were sympathetic and kindly.

"Where yuh hit, buddy?" asked one.

It was day and rain fell heavily. The field that had been so lonely the night before was covered with Americans, walking

steadily, their rifles over their shoulders, and their bayonets dripping rain.

"Where yuh hit?" asked the man again. Eadie tried to speak, but no words came. Practiced hands turned him over and explored under his blouse. "He's all right," said someone. "There's no blood an' I don't feel a thing."

"Yes," said a third voice, "shock and gas, write it down. What's the name on that dog tag?"

"Here!" cried Eadie. "I'm all right, I just fell asleep a minute or two." His mind began to clear a little and he could see that there was an unfolded stretcher on the ground, that one of the men who had supported him was evidently a bearer, and that the other man was a doctor, for his collar bore the insignia of an officer of the medical corps.

"Sure," said the doctor, "we know. We're just going to fix it so you can have a little more sleep. You've got a little whiff of gas, I know the signs."

"No, no!" shouted Eadie, so that even the marching men turned to look at him. "I tell you I'm all right. Let me alone! I was evacuated for gas once before and I've had enough razzberries handed me ever since to keep the A. E. F. in jam a hundred years. Nix on that stuff."

While Eadie was speaking the doctor began edging toward him. The stretcher bearer began to close in on the other side. The doctor kept one hand behind him.

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly, "that's right. It's a dirty trick, that."

"Oh, man!" moaned Eadie, helplessly, "now they're going to give me a shot that would put a jack-mule away." He took a step backward instinctively, then his hand flew to his holster and the gun seemed to leap out to meet it. Eadie swung the muzzle at the doctor and the stretcher bearer. It was lucky that it was empty, for his hand gripped trigger and butt-safe in a drowning man's clutch.

"Get the hell away from me!" growled the sergeant. The doctor and his assistants complied immediately, with more haste than dignity. A crazy man and a .45 are as dangerous a combination as gasoline and a

match. Eadie watched them go grimly, then holstered his pistol and walked aimlessly up the hill a little way. "That's the way to handle the medical corps!" he muttered.

On the hilltop he paused. An ambulance rumbled up the hill from the gulch whence the German attacks had come the night before. Of the bitter conflict of the night before there was no sign except the German dead lying thickly and the blackened pile of junk that had been an enemy airplane. Jake was over there, and Lieutenant Connor, who, if he did not know much about being an officer, at least knew how to die like one. Perhaps the gloomy milkman was there, too, and Adolph. But the rest of them? Eadie guessed that the Americans had made a general advance at daybreak. The survivors of the garrison of the sunken road had probably gone on with the advance, or else had been relieved and sent to the rear.

"I'm going to be relieved, too," decided Eadie. "This isn't my division, anyway."

If the ambulances could come up that road from the gulch then he could get out that way, decided the sergeant. He went down into the gulch, not looking at the dead Germans there, and so up the opposite slope. Eadie got a glimpse of a long wriggling black line crossing a distant field and going south. These were prisoners, but they were the only living things he



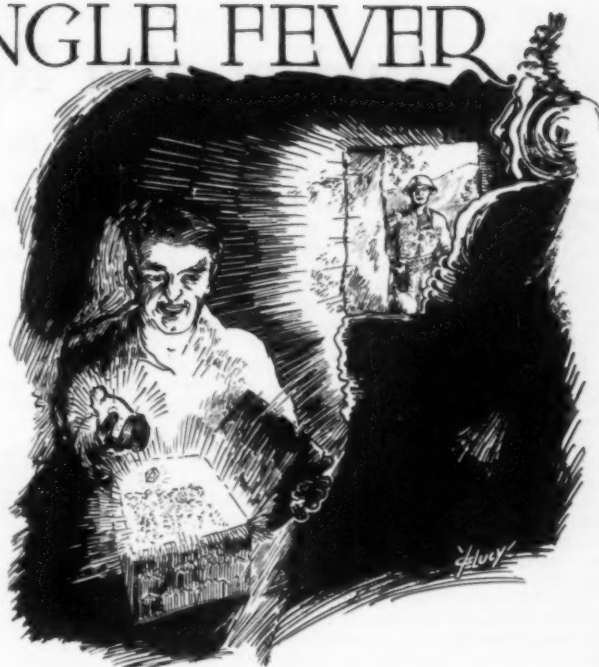
"What was the matter?" asked the nurse. "Appendicitis?"

(Continued on page 54)

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By John T. Kieran

JUNGLE FEVER



HIS eyes gleamed more brightly than the precious stones he had found. Jewels! Riches! And they would all be his. Long dead ambitions, desires flamed in him anew. He would sneak away, leave the others to their fate while he made his way to the outside world. He would never divide with them now. Hadn't they found the jewels in the ancient Aztec city to which he had led them? And hadn't they tried to hide the rich find from him?

With a sudden rush of caution he closed the lid of the centuries old, curiously inlaid little box of beaten copper. It had fallen from Boylton's pack that had been left at the foot of the altar. As Hartley had started to move the pack the frayed cords gave way and out tumbled most of its contents.

After a furtive glance around Hartley opened the box again and ran the sparkling gems through his fingers, enjoying the feel of them as keenly as a thirst-tortured man does the caress of water upon his parched lips.

Suddenly he sprang upright with a snarl. There in the doorway of the enormously old, sun baked temple stood Boylton, the leader of the expedition. His blue eyes looked out unwaveringly from beneath his helmet. But if he understood what was going on in the other's mind his tropic-darkened face did not betray it.

"Well Hartley," he said, "we've found the lost city of Bacis that the whole world has wondered about, just as you promised we would. But except a relic or two that's all we have found."

"Yes we have! Thought you'd play me for a fool, didn't you? Thought I was just a derelict fawning for any sort of treatment." He twisted his gun belt forward, taking a step toward Boylton.

"You figured that I wouldn't know you found these," he went on, "and after I led you back through the jungles you'd all sail away and be rich the rest of your life. Well, that's just what I'm going to do. And I'm starting out right now. You others can get through the jungles as best you can—though I never knew anyone who did it."

Boylton regarded him steadily. "You mean, Hartley, that after we took you out of an Indian hovel, nursed you through an almost fatal illness and breathed some spirit of manhood back into you that you are leaving us to die in the wilderness of jungle?"

Hartley's eyes shifted for a moment.

Some of his determination left him. Then he looked at the box again.

"Yes," doggedly, "that's just what I mean. And don't you try to stop me. When I told you of having visited this city once with the Indians, I had a big idea of gratitude, as well as desire to get something for myself. But no. You weren't satisfied with the fame the expedition would bring you nor with your share of what

we found. You wanted it all. You found the jewels without my knowing it and thought I never would be the wiser. Stand aside, I'm leaving right now."

"You've been sick. You can't make the return trip without a rest."

"Don't worry. I've learned how to take care of myself after having to leave your dam' civilization."

"How about Helen? She was the one who insisted that we take you out of the squalor that was doing what little the fever left undone. Are you leaving her to die after she brought you out to live?"

Hartley shifted uncomfortably. Then again the thought of those riches flamed in him. With them he could go back. No one would remember him now. He would taste to the full all that had been denied him, denied him for so long—

"I'm going out now," he repeated sullenly.

Boylton went white around the lips. "Then I was mistaken when I took you to be a man in spite of everything. You're just a dirty yellow cur, the out-cast you ought to be!"

A heavy red shone in Hartley's face. His back straightened. Anger leaped in his eyes as he looked directly at Boylton.

"Yah! Talk about manhood! Somebody's always played me for the victim. Why, the reason I had to run away from—"

But he stopped. The old doggedness that resembled sullenness came over him. He placed the box in his pocket.

"I'll leave you most of the provisions. Maybe you can make it out. I'll leave a trail."

"Hartley, you know we can't make it. The jungle would swallow us forever." He stepped aside from the door. "But go on. You could do it later anyhow. Go ahead, take the riches that are the price of regained manhood and gratitude to a woman who saved your life."

Hartley started toward the door. He hesitated a moment. Then he passed from view.

Boylton stood at the old altar, his arm on it, his head bent forward. Some one entered the door but he did not look up. The person stood in front of him now, and he saw who it was.

Wearily Hartley placed the box near Boylton's hand. "There they are. I—I couldn't do it. You can have them—all. I'll lead you back whenever you want to go."

There was a moment of silence. Boylton's own eyes shone now. "I knew you couldn't Hartley. You're going with us—back to civilization where you will again know the real things of life—you know, those stones in that box are just some clever imitations I had bought wholesale to give to the Indians."

The Budget of a Retired Rear Admiral

Part 1.—The Burial of "Dull Care"

By ELLIOT SNOW

Rear Admiral, Construction
Corps, U. S. Navy (Ret'd)

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IT IS HOPED that few of those, whose eye falls on this printed page, have ever experienced the chill which grips the heart of every seafaring man when the dreaded call of "all hands bury the dead" is piped aboard ship for a burial at sea (1).

The consignment of a frail remnant of human clay to the silent tomb is at all times, and in all situations, a scene of dread solemnity. * * * But 'tis the burial at sea, when one sees the dark blue waters close over the remains of him, who but a few days before was laughing and jesting—care free?—at the mess table, which makes one keenly sensible of the uncertainties of life, and for a short while at least give heed to the making of provision for those whom we, ourselves, may leave behind at any moment.

The "Burial of Dull Care," however, is an entirely different matter. It is the occasion of much rejoicing and is attended with feelings quite the opposite of those felt by seamen when witnessing a burial at sea. A description of how "to lay" DULL CARE, whose specter stalks abroad at all times, in the disguise of the "loan shark" or "debt-incarnate" will it is hoped prove of interest and value to all who today walk about but are not "dead from the shoulders up." With this hope let us now order the Boatswain to "Pipe all hands to bury Dull Care."

It is probable that very few of the subscribers to "The Leatherneck" have read or even seen, "The Ensign's Budget" which was published about ten months ago in the Naval Institute Proceedings (2). It is most worthy of being printed in every service paper in the United States—and, too, in lots of others.

The Ensign's Budget, of which a sample is here printed to serve as a basis of comparison with "The Budget of a Retired Rear Admiral" soon to follow.

TABLE I
"The Ensign's Budget"
March, 1928.

	Al- lowed	Ex- pended	Loss	G'n
Quarters	40.00	40.00		
Insurance	11.81	11.81		
Household	7.50	7.25		0.25
Subsistence	35.00	32.50		2.50
Clothing	10.00	7.80		2.20
Necessities	104.31	90.36		
Payment on debts	25.00	25.00		
Club dues	3.50	2.50		1.00
Gifts	2.61	3.00	0.39	
Obligations	31.11	30.50		
Savings	25.00	25.00		
Literature	2.58	3.25	0.67	
Travel	5.00	4.28		0.75
Amusement & Recreation	15.00	12.50		2.50
Luxuries	47.58	45.00		
Totals	193.00	174.86	1.00	9.20
Balance				+ 8.14

Taken from U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings, December, 1928. P. 1082. The Ensign's Budget by Lieut. James Snedeker, U. S. Marine Corps.

After reading Lieutenant Snedeker's splendid article



Rear Admiral Elliot Snow (C. C.), U. S. Navy, retired. Special Solicitor United Service Insurance Division, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

"service living costs," the contributor of this article had a strong urge to lay before his colleagues in the naval service the difficulties he experienced in adjusting his retired pay to the present living conditions and incident to a cut of \$300 a month in his pay. The reason why this urge has at last broken down his reserve and been yielded to need not here be given, beyond saying that over two years experience in keeping a budget has so fortified his conviction as to its value, that to remain silent was not longer to be thought of.

Particularly so, because early in October of 1929 the contributor was appointed a member of the United Services Insurance Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, and is now dedicating such time as he has available, to "preaching" thrift and saving to the enlisted personnel of the four military branches of our Government, the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard—"The United Services."

A little more than three years ago the author was retired from active service at his own request, and can today affirm from his own experience the accuracy of the statement with which Lt. Snedeker's article commences.

"A budget is like insurance, the men with the least salary need it most. It is the plan for financial insurance, the blue print of success in the management of ones own pocketbook." (3)

Emphasis is placed by Lieutenant Snedeker on judicious expenditure in these words:

"And if ever a system of judicious expenditure was needed, it is by the (young) officer in his first pay period."

He might with equal accuracy have said, somewhere in his article that every officer, commissioned and warrant; all chief petty officers and petty officers; seamen and Marines; landsmen and apprentice boys in the

Navy and their corresponding ranks and ratings in the other military and naval branches of our government, can and should live within their pay if they will but devise a budget to suit their individual needs and exercise the will power necessary to follow and live up to it. If a fair part of the savings which will result from so doing is devoted to life insurance the burial of dull care will become an accomplished fact—the financial ghost of



A proposed cash book for enlisted men.

(1) A very impressive and classical description of "A Burial at Sea" was written by "A Foretopman—William Mercier" on Old Ironsides in 1840 on the occasion of the burial at sea of her third Lieutenant, R. R. Pinkham. Mercier's description is here freely quoted in the opening paragraph.

(2) The "Ensign's Budget"—by Lieutenant James Snedeker, U. S. M. C. Proceedings of the Naval Institute, Vol. 54, No. 310, December, 1928. Page 1080. Read it and profit by it as did a retired Rear Admiral.

(3) The bold face does not appear in the original.

A RETIRED REAR ADMIRAL'S BUDGET. HIS EXPENSE ACCOUNT FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1929.

DATE	RENT HEAT WATER	GAS & ELEC.	TEL & POSTAGE	FORD	LAUNDRY	SERVICE	CLOTHING	HOUSE	DRUGS	TRAVEL	INSURANCE	TAXES	MEDICAL	LITERATURE RECREATION	CHARITIES SUNDRIES
1		1.77		1.65							60.00		15.00	15.00	2.00
2				.85						.20					
3				2.80			12.50			.08				.39	
4				1.11	4.99									.02	.90
5			1.18	3.94											.50
6				6.75										.10	
7				1.35											
8				3.56											12.00
9				3.14										.02	
10				1.73											
11				3.17											
12				1.65					.50					.02	2.00
13				2.75										.10	
14			.42	4.50						.15				.10	.50
15			.50	9.28				50.00							
16				5.82											.25
17				4.30											
18				.57	1.00	1.60		1.80	.35	.52				.10	
19				2.05											
20				2.70											
21				2.39											.05
22				1.11											
23				3.45											.60
24				5.76			6.40			3.05					5.00
25			5.11	4.65											
26			.25	5.26				3.05	.35	2.78					
27				2.75										10.25	
28				3.01	5.60										
29				4.32		2.00									
30	150.00			3.12											
31				2.15			25.00								
TOTALS	150.00	1.77	7.46	103.64	11.59	3.60	43.90	54.85	1.20	6.78	60.00		15.00	26.10	23.80
BUDGET	150.00	4.00	8.00	90.00	12.00	60.00	25.00	5.00	3.00	15.00	66.00	15.00	15.00	20.00	12.00
WIN OR LOSS	000.00	2.23	.54	13.64	.41	56.40	18.90	49.85	1.80	8.23	6.00	15.00	00.00	6.10	11.80
CARRIED TO RESERVE ACCOUNT AT END OF THE MONTH															
										9.00	6.00	15.00	00.00		

Gains + \$3.51
Losses - 108.19
Net Loss 24.68

Future liabilities \$50.00

Total reserve required to Sept. 30..... 20.00
Reserve accumulated during Oct. 30.00
Total reserve required on Oct. 31..... 50.00
Cash in Savings Bank (Reserve Acct.)..... 50.00
Available from reserve 0.00
Balance in checking account 448.04
Assets (about one month's pay)..... 448.04

Details of Expenditures for Sundries, Charities and Recreation.

Oct. 1 Dues to Franklin Institute. Oct. 28 Football tickets.
1 Stationery. Oct. 1 Life Ins. by Allotment.
12 Charity.
8 Present.
115 On a/c roofing house.
25 Navy Relief Ball.

Pay per month \$500.
Causes of net loss items marked †.

"Dull Care" will never rise out of its grave. A comparison of "The Ensign's Budget," which, by the way, is that of a bachelor, with "The Budget of a Retired Rear Admiral" which now follows will disclose in the latter many items of expenditure which have to be met as a man marries and grows older, even though ultimately left with but one other dependent.

The author's experience upon retirement was, most likely, no different from that of many others in the service who never having kept a budget "live on their pay from month to month" and accumulate nothing except the protection given by their life insurance policies. And sometimes not even this if they have been sold the wrong kind of insurance. (3a)

Up to the time of his retirement, the author had never kept a budget—the cut in his pay coupled with unlooked for expenses and outlays of money unprovided for, actually forced him to develop, adopt and adhere to a budget system. The little he had saved as a result of accumulated back pay and increased pay coming with "flag rank" was soon eaten up. Items like the following came pouring in: Freight on 8000 lbs. of excess weight, renewing fire, accident and burglary insurance, and employer's liability (4); heavy travel expenses; too high shelter expenses; taxes, and too free expenditures while on a pleasure trip immediately following retirement, and what not?

At one time, when the financial situation looked most dismal, the idea of borrowing on one of his insurance policies became uppermost in his mind. (5)

Upon looking over the policy he had in mind, it was discovered—there is no other word so suitable—that the policy was within three months of maturity and it had no cash value. The author had been sold (did not buy) the maximum protection for a limited period at the least continuous outlay. During a period of 20 years he had not saved one cent on that particular life insurance policy investment. Then being over 60 years of age, the rate on an renewal was prohibitive. He then realized that life insurance is a safe INVESTMENT, an unbreakable will, and that the protection he had sought to provide had been materially reduced.

About this time a young man, in whom the author had every confidence, said, "You had better start a budget at once. If you

(Continued on page 50)

(3a) Although the pay of a retired rear admiral, of the first half, represents, in a way, 6% interest on a saving of \$100,000, it should always be remembered that when the individual dies his capital is wiped out INSTANTLY by the "dread reaper" who takes his life. Business men who acquire equivalent capital, beat Death at his own game as far as savings are concerned. Every officer and enlisted man of the United Services, sooner or later, comes to the realization that life insurance is a necessity. And, alas, sometimes when too old to profit by his tardy enlightenment.

(4) In the State of New Jersey, one is liable for injury compensation to household servants. Princeton was the chosen "home port" for a "full due anchorage."

(5) To borrow on life insurance when one's expenditures are not judiciously made, is the first (and almost a sure) stepping stone to a surrender of the policy.



VIRGIN ISLAND NEWS NOTES

By Julien C. Stinnett

"Sweet Adeline!" Rowdy Dow! If Miss Adeline could have been present in person at the St. Tom Gyrene's Christmas and New Year parties, she would undoubtedly have been flattered to the blushing point. Noise was the mostest thing me made of! Yeh, we had a Christmas tree, too, or what served for one, and Geissinger did a neat job of fixing it up, too. Must have been his profession on the outside. And chow! Well, the Christmas dinner was just a little better, if possible, than the Thanksgiving feast, and the New Year was started in a scoffing good manner. The mess hall was beautifully decorated by Sergeant Ferguson and his staff. Don't know if this helped the taste of the chow any, but then it didn't need any help. A row of tables were reserved for the officers and their families, who attended en masse for the excellent dinner. We're not sure about the biggest "chow hound" any more because we discovered things about some of our ranking guests' eating abilities. Not mentioning any names, but some of those "table finishers" could really put it away. The scoffers manipulated their eating implements to some snappy music rendered by a native "Fungie" band, hired for the occasion, and after the feast somebody suggested that our giant woodchopper, Josh, as he is known, should give us a dance. He did; and how! Just when he was getting hot another dancer appeared on the scene. This one is called "Midnight" and serves in the capacity of mess attendant at the Enlisted Men's Club. Those two colored boys are what is commonly known as "tepid stuff," we'll tell the cockeyed world! Colonel Meade expressed himself highly elated with everything in general and especially the chow. But now it's all over and we must settle ourselves into the old routine again until the next holiday, which, by the way, seems too far away to think about now.

A detail of twenty-three men left for St. Croix, V. I., on January 2, 1930, via the U. S. S. "Grebe," to begin hostilities with rifle and pistol in the annual scramble for extra pay. Captain Glenn D. Miller is the range officer, assisted by Sergeant Ewing.

The Post Volley Ball League finished up its playing schedule just before Christmas, with Sergeant Budzick's team in first place by a safe margin. Corporal Mitchell's sextette was second, while the other teams were scrambled up for last place. It didn't make any

difference, anyway, as long as they couldn't win the pennant. Altogether the league was a huge success and we hope to get started on something else as soon as we finish firing the range. The Marine volley ball team hasn't lost a match so far, and it doesn't look as if they are ever going to lose any. Out of six starts against the civilian teams they have won five decisive victories. Only one were they forced to play the full



Lieutenant Charles Kail, 511 Clinton Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., home from Nicaragua on leave of absence for the holidays. Snapped aboard the Panama Mail liner "Venezuela," which tied up at her New York pier after completing an interesting cruise from California via the historic Central American countries of Guatemala, Nicaragua and El Salvador and the Panama Canal.

five games to decide the issue. In the last match played, which was December 29th, with the St. Thomas All-Stars, they took three straight games. The scores were 21-9, 22-20, and 21-8. The Marine team is composed of Sergeant Budzick, captain; Privates Martin, Zawadski, Grindle, Moniger, Scollin, and Corporal Mitchell.

DON'T FORGET TO SEND
THE LEATHERNECK
YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Another series of competitions were held, beginning on December 16th, and ending on the 20th. Some of the boys who took more than one prize were Private Geissinger, best bayonet, neatest locker, and second place assembling the automatic rifle. Private Winfree, best observer on the trail, best map sketch, and M. C. I. student showing most progress. Pfc. Palmer, first prize in signaling, and best runner carrying a message. Corporal Darr, best observer from a fixed position, second best map sketch, and best straight duty Marine. Private Llera, best bunk at inspection, and hardest worker. The rest of the prizes, which were "beau coup," were distributed pretty equally among the rest of the men, and the 200 bucks that the post exchange put out didn't last long. Even Sergeant Griffin won one prize. That isn't any joke—he really did win one. Although there wasn't any prize for the "cutest" Marine, we all feel certain that Private Carter would have had it cinched if there had been.

Our old baseball diamond has been under repair for some time and it won't be long now until Mr. Raybolt, chief pay clerk, will be calling balls and strikes again. The formation of a league is now under way with teams from the "Grebe," Navy Yard, Commissary, Naval Hospital and Marine Barracks. The Hospital nine won the championship last year. Let 'em try to do it again!

Trumpeter E. D. Tate, our radio chasing music, has been on watch now for about two months without a day off. Says he is trying to establish an endurance record. But the real reason for his continuous sounding of calls is because our two musics, Smith and Holcker, are stowed away in the hospital with halitosis and what have you, respectively. We hope they recover before you die of old age, Tate; but then, what do you care? It's a nice life, isn't it? Yeh, if you don't weaken.

In closing this article we will recite in our best sing-song manner the list of promotions for the months of December and January, so that you may judge as to who the most efficient "ear floppers" may be. Corporals Fuller, Budzick, and Griffin were presented with sergeant's chevrons. Privates First Class Reeves, Bates, Richardson, Goulette, and Williams received their two stripes and Privates Gold, Venuti, Stewart, Samp, Stout, Laughlin, and Stinnett are the proud wearers of one stripe. Now we can all stop bucking for a while and get down to work, as it were! Well, adios, Pals, we'll see you next month. We never fail!

MARINE OFFICERS COMMENDED FOR NICARAGUAN SERVICE

Eight officers of the Marine Corps recently received letters of commendation from Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of the Navy, for meritorious service in Nicaragua.

The officers commended were: Major Harold C. Pierce, Major William D. Smith, Captain Richard O. Sanderson, Captain Lewis B. Reagan, Captain Karl I. Buse, Captain Thomas F. Joyce, First Lieutenant Theodore H. Cartwright, and Captain Peter C. Geyer.

The special letter to Major Pierce said: "His active combat operations against the bandits in Western Segovia, during which he personally took the field many times, materially assisted in the suppression of banditry in Neuva Segovia."

The letter to Major Smith was for services while he acted as chief of staff of the Second Brigade in Nicaragua from January 27 to June 21, 1928, and from the latter date as personnel officer of the brigade. It concludes: "To Major Smith is partly due the final accomplishment of the mission of the naval forces in Nicaragua. All of his duties were efficiently performed."

The letter to Captain Sanderson was: "For exceptionally meritorious service in the line of his profession during continuous service in the northern area from February 13, 1928, to June 30, 1929, during which period he was paymaster for the Eleventh Regiment and northern area."

The letter to Captain Reagan said: "His active performances of duty insofar as gathering information relative to enemy movements and his ability to determine the value of such was, I believe, unsurpassed by any other intelligence officer in the Second Brigade and was undoubtedly of the utmost value in suppressing banditry in this area."

That to Captain Buse was "for zeal, untiring and most successful efforts, splendid initiative and sound judgment and for having distinguished himself as a leader of men during the period from June 1, 1928, to July 1, 1928, when in command at Quilali." The Captain further distinguished himself in subsequent duties as operations officer for the Eleventh Regiment and northern area.

The letter to Captain Joyce was "for his display of extraordinary devotion to duty while serving continuously in the northern area from February 13, 1928, to June 30, 1929, during which time he continuously cared for the welfare and morale of the troops, including thousands of patrols which moved in and out of Ocotal during all hours of the day and night."

Lieutenant Cartwright was commended for conducting numerous combat patrols against bandits, for his skill in the conduct of his tractor train from Leon to the northern area, and for making possible the placing of ration dumps at the numerous outlying posts.

Captain Geyer's commendation was for exceptionally meritorious service in a duty of great responsibility. The captain served as battalion executive officer, battalion commander, and intelligence officer of the Eleventh Regiment and northern area.

"HEADQUARTERS DOPE"

By "Ta-Bar"

Christmas of 1929 is past history, but the annual A & I Christmas celebration is certainly a fresh and pleasant memory. To Quantico we were indebted for our official Christmas tree, and to McCabe and his assistants for its beautiful trimming.

"Bud" Fisher acted as Santa Claus (in lieu of Bob O'Toole, who is now Santa emeritus, he having retired from such service by virtue of transfer to Haiti). Bud was a real Kris Kringle, and no one was forgotten when the expensive (?) gifts were distributed.

Major General Neville attended, as did Generals Richards, Fuller and Myers, Colonel and Mrs. Hall, and Lieutenant Colonel Elias R. Beadle. We were sorry General Matthews could not be with us.



Lieutenant Richard Schubert, of Norfolk, Va., and Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., returning home on leave after spending the last year in the Nicaraguan interior, accompanied by Mrs. Schubert, snapped aboard the Panama Mail liner "Guatemala" at her New York dock.

Everyone missed Mrs. Lane, who always adds much to our good time.

Ann McGoldrick and her co-culprits, Winnie Brannon and Edna Bradley, put out a wonderful chow, with all trimmings; it couldn't have been better, and Richards, with Bud's help, turned out a souvenir menu that was beautiful, and really worth keeping.

There were very few absentees in the A & I party. Margaret McGoldrick, of course, was in Philadelphia with her folks. Irene Creath went out to Agency, Iowa, to tell the home folks how she and Mr. Hoover were running the United States in general, and the Marine Corps in particular.

Christmas was barely gone when Edith Brown and Kitty Kinnear boarded a government transport at the "Big City" for a three weeks trip to Panama; no reports having been received to the contrary, we assume they are enjoying the

trip and will soon be back, safe and "broke."

Francis Pepper, who has been on extended leave, came back to duty in time to join in the "party."

Almost had a short ride in Howard's new Roosevelt the other evening. The door lock got stubborn, so we ambled down the long trail past the John Paul Jones statue to get into our own "boat."

Giles signed up for his new "Dearborn Special Four" the other day; just can't keep him down.

Rosalie Back spent her holidays in Walter Reed, instead of making a trip home. She exercised poor judgment in selecting her time to go to a hospital, we say; hope Santa found her temporary address.

Freddie Moore has been cutting up high in bowling circles, and finished third in the big Star Tournament, with 627, just 5 pins behind the winner, who had 632. Fred is entered in the Howard Campbell Sweepstakes; the only Marine Corps entry, so let's all wish him luck.

Jane Blakeney can't keep away from her country place; she entertained a crowd the other Sunday, right when a cold snap came on.

We extend our sympathy to Ed McCabe, who recently lost his mother-in-law.

Bill McKelden, "Bashful Bill," got a sweet Christmas card from the little admirer in Mobile; it was delivered with proper ceremony, and if he hasn't answered it by now he rates a general court-martial.

Now that everybody has gotten a new loan on their bonus certificate, and Christmas bills are paid, everything is quiet along the Potomac for another year.

Charlie Brown lost a good (?) cigar out of his desk the other morning, and fingerprint experts have been busy ever since to run down the clues to back up an alleged chain of circumstantial evidence. Staff Sergeant Keller seems interested in prosecuting the inquiry.

Gertie Friedman and Freddie Niner aren't saying much these days; so many bonus applications came in during the last few days ending with January 2, 1930, that they can't find the tops of their desks for work.

Elmer Barde is here, there and everywhere these days, getting lined up for an extended A & I inspection trip soon.

The Navy team of the Men's Federal League have "dug in" in fourth place, and are holding their own nicely, against all counterattacks, barrages, and what have you.

The A & I team of the Marine Corps League is still on top of the heap, with a two-game advantage over the Quartermaster team. Standings are:

Team	W.	L.	Avg.	Pins
Adjutant & Inspec'r	22	17	.564	18921
Quartermaster	20	19	.515	19210
Paymaster	19	20	.487	18655
Commandants	17	22	.436	18677

This little pastime of winning neckties is becoming more or less of a routine matter with our friend Charlie Sutipin, to say nothing of coming within 3 or 4 shovelfuls of winning a ton of coal offered as a special prize. Charlie has just been turned loose from the hospital which accounts for his mere 147 game.

The two game lead of the Adjutant & Inspector's team is not to be sneezed at,

since the season is two-thirds gone; and yet ???

Staff Sergeant Charlie Hunter is confined to the house through illness. He has our wishes for a quick recovery.

Bill Brigham started the New Year off by taking a half day's leave. He did say something about saving his leave.

"Sweetie" Mix and "John" Shaughnessy spent New Year's day in Quantico and John took poor Sweetie for a six (?) mile walk.

Tommie Carley is sporting a very attractive sweater that was a Christmas present.

Ken Hyatt had an idea that he could lose his job as chairman of the sick committee. He suggested that the sick committee be abolished, and a chairman be elected. This was done by popular vote, and Hyatt was elected chairman the same way. He has named McCabe as his assistant.

COMMUNICATION NOTES AMERICAN LEGATION, PEIPING, CHINA

The new model "TAB" intermediate frequency transmitter for our radio station has arrived and is now being installed in our new transmitter room. The concrete base for the motor generators accompanying the set has been constructed and the two motor generators have been secured in place. The transmitter has also been put in position and is ready for wiring and calibration. When this has been completed the customary service tests will be run. We have authority upon completion of satisfactory tests on the "TAB" to dismantle the old 30-KW arc transmitter and ship it to Cavite for survey. This has been on the station for a good many years and before the advent of high-frequency was the sole means of radio communication with Cavite. The removal of this arc will leave vacant the old transmitter room for other uses.

During the past month a general overhaul and check of all old material was undertaken. All material of no further use on the station has been listed and

tagged and is ready for return to Cavite for disposition. In addition to this old gear we contemplate the survey and removal of the lead-acid storage batteries now on the situation. These have been on the station for a good many years, but since the installation by the Post Quartermaster of the new 100-KW power plant they are no longer required.

We have received a new "RG" receiver and installed it in the receiving building. This gives us two "RG" receivers, one of which replaces a station-built receiver. Some trouble with key-clicks has been experienced and in an effort to eliminate them we use a condenser and resistance rod in series around each hand key and in addition have shunted condensers around the relays in the transmitters. This effort has met with some success.

Much of the success of our new installations has been due to the untiring efforts of Private First Class Jasper J. Gillette, who has superintended the placing of the concrete bases, the shipping and securing of the motor generators onto these bases, and the wiring and testing of transmitters. In addition, the whole station force has made an excellent job of it. Corporal C. R. Jackson, of the 39th Company, is still making some tracings and blue prints of our wiring diagrams and installations and when completed, the station will have a first-class file of the complete layout.

During the past three weeks a series of exhaustive tests between Cavite, Guam and Peiping have been made with a view to coordinating schedules and frequencies in order to improve the scores of these circuits in the Navy communication competition. Much credit is due to our Asiatic Communications Officer, Commander J. E. Williams, for his energy, direction and cooperation in this effort. The Peiping-Cavite circuit has been placed on a strictly call and answer basis with contact at least every fifteen minutes. In addition, State Department traffic from Peiping to Cavite is now copied on an automatic recorder. A very

noticeable improvement is already appearing to the score of the circuit.

During the month our chief radioman, George M. Eckert, took his examination for a permanent appointment. As his papers had to be forwarded to Washington, it will probably take some little time before he is notified of the results. The biggest homeward-bound detail from the radio station for some months sailed for the United States on the U. S. S. "Chaumont." This includes Corporals Marcus J. Coutts and Clinton O. Neely and Private First Class William P. Hickman, three of our best operators; Private Emil J. Lund, our battery-man; Privates Henry I. Hummel, communication clerk, and Walter Rowe. The loss of these men will be keenly felt. Fortunately the U. S. S. "Chaumont" brought three of our operators back who had been attending the radio school at Cavite. These were Sergeant Edward G. Deziel and Privates John K. Meyers and Stephen J. Roberts. All three of these men made enviable records in the school, Deziel standing number one in the class. Private Bouchard, who also went down to attend the school, did not complete the course and was retained at the Cavite barracks. We feel that Peiping did more than hold her own, as over half of the original class failed to complete the course. Private Carl N. Bishop, communication clerk, was held over from the homeward-bound detail and will now return to the States on the U. S. S. "Henderson" in December. Private Ralph E. Sutton, operator, will also return to the States on the U. S. S. "Henderson." Privates William L. Kiser and Harold C. Appleby have extended their tours of foreign duty and will remain on the station.

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII By "Rocky"

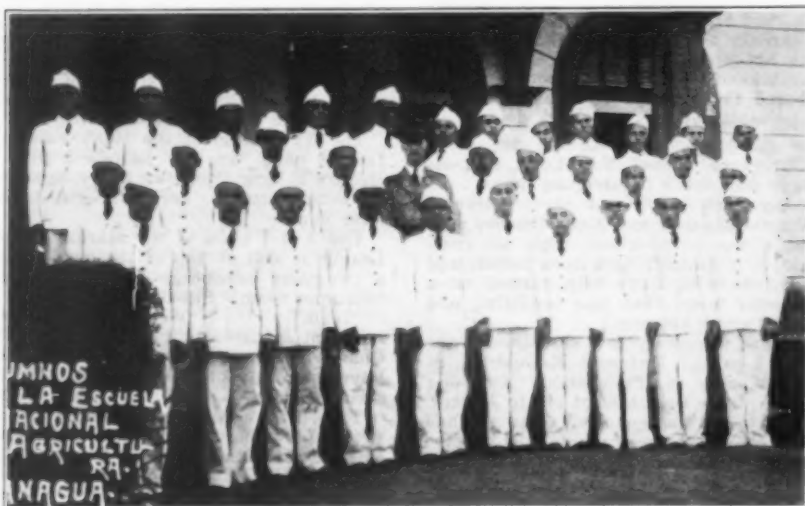
We are still putting in our two years or more out here and everything is as fine as could be expected. Colonel C. Taylor is now commanding the post and Lieut.-Colonel Randall is executive officer. Our Wednesday inspections are now being held Saturdays and everything is lovely, sometimes. On Wednesday of this week, December 12, Admiral Marvel is inspecting the barracks and men, and we are now trying to get in readiness. We are in no hurry because we are always ready and we expect everything to show up fine again this year.

The Marine Corps dance, held for and by officers of the post a few nights ago, went over with a bang. It was held in the gymnasium. The floor had recently been worked over for the occasion and was nice to dance on.

We regret to announce the death of Private First Class Lanning that occurred in the hospital about the first of December. Lanning was a member of the 1928 basketball team and was a fine center. He enlisted in August, 1928, at San Diego, his home. His body was sent home on the U. S. S. "Chaumont," leaving here December 9. We extend our sympathy to his loved ones, and can only say that we are proud to have known him and that he was one of us.

The Sergeants' Club was host to the Staff Non-commissioned officers and their families at the club on Thanksgiving Day, and announced that a good time was had by all.

The 1929 basketball team is getting



Cadets of the National Agricultural College of Nicaragua, Managua, Nicaragua, taken during a recent parade. The students are given their military instructions by Sergeant Nicholas M. Grieco, U. S. Marines (2nd Lieut. Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua.)

in good shape and this year it will be composed of several new members, replacing those who have been returned to the States. The new members of the squad at present are: Lieutenant Shapley, Sturm, Wetja, Petty, Thompson, Ruffle, G. C. Smith, E. M. Smith and Harris.

Corporal Tiger is still at Monana Loa. Corporal Vines is still the commandant's orderly and canteen man at the "Y." Joe Bishop has been paid off but he is still working at the "Y" canteen. Andy, the cobbler, has returned to the States via the "Chaumont," in company with Hinson, Hansen, W. C. Smith, and one or two others.

Well, fellows, it looks like a cooler winter this year as the weather has seemed colder and we are mighty glad to don our shirts after calisthenics each morn. And, believe me, we sure do hate to crawl out of those two warm blankets and fall in for said calisthenics. If you don't believe us, just come out and see.

Guess some of you remember Red Bolander. Well, he is at the Main Gate now. The line-up of the gate has certainly changed some in the past few months. The corporals there now are: Stevens, Kelliher, and Faulkner. Sergeant Harrel is in charge. The privates first-class are Bolander and Marcell. Privates Cerutti, R. E. Cooke, Edwards, Block, Bray, Lutgen, and Jacisin make up the rest.

F. E. Fox is now a sergeant and is doing serreeant of the guard duty.

Guess this will be all the news we have for this time, but will try to drop a few lines now and then.

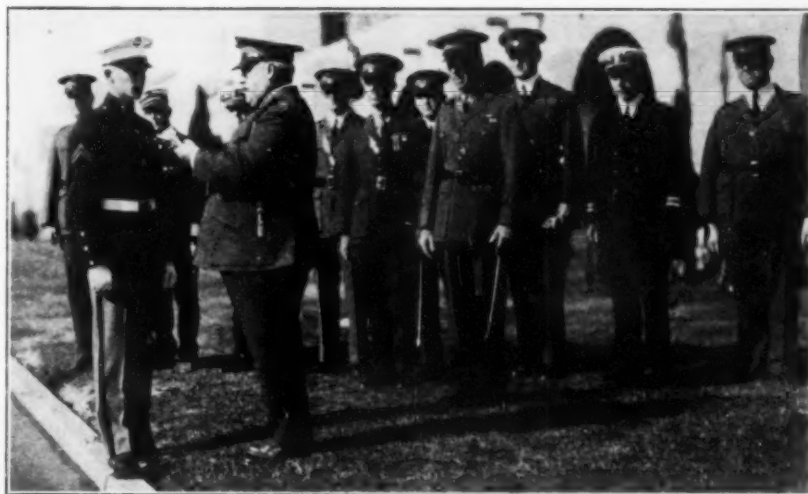
CORPL. BALLINGER DECORATED WITH NAVY CROSS AT SAN DIEGO

By Don Haislet

Corporal Ernest F. Ballinger, who recently arrived home from Nicaragua and is doing duty at the San Diego Marine Corps base, was awarded a citation for bravery and the Navy Cross by Colonel Harry Lay, commanding officer, at the close of a regimental parade in Ballinger's honor Saturday, Dec. 21. The young man earned his distinction by heroic behavior when a small detachment of which he was a member was ambushed in Nicaragua.

Ballinger is only 23 years of age, and enlisted in 1925. Born in Boise, Idaho, he finished grade and high school there, and "shipped into" the Marines from Little Rock, Ark. He finished his recruit training at Parris Island, and early in 1926 was sent to Chicago, where he acted as mail guard. The same year he was sent to Nicaragua, where he was stationed in the extreme north end of the country, in which most of the bandits and malcontents were located. It was there that he distinguished himself for his valor.

The entire command participated in the parade which preceded the presentation of the coveted decoration by Col. Lay. Ballinger reviewed the troops with the commanding officer as they marched past following the decoration and the reading of the citation. As the regiment and staff stood in line facing Col. Lay and his staff, Corporal Ballinger advanced and stood at attention while the colonel read the following order:



Colonel Harry Lay reading citation to Corporal Ballinger. (Staff in background.)

"In accordance with the letter of the Major General Commandant to the commanding officer, Marine Corps base, San Diego, Calif., a Navy Cross and a citation awarded by the Secretary of the Navy will be presented on Saturday at 10 a. m., Dec. 21, 1929, to Corp. Ernest F. Ballinger, United States Marine Corps, for his extraordinary heroism while on duty in Nicaragua on April 3, 1928. The following citation has been received and is quoted herewith:

"The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Corp. Ernest F. Ballinger, U. S. M. C., for service in Nicaragua as set forth in the following citation:

"For extraordinary heroism during an engagement with a numerically superior force of armed bandits at Trinidad, Nicaragua, on April 3, 1928, when a group of some 30 bandits hidden in buildings surrounding the plaza surprised the point of which he was a member and, under cover of darkness, concentrated a heavy fire upon it. Disregarding his personal safety and with great courage, Private Ballinger voluntarily covered the advance of the point to an advantageous firing position where he immediately directed a well aimed fire from his automatic rifle against the bandits."

"For the President,

"C. F. ADAMS,
"Secretary of the Navy."

VIRGIN ISLAND NOTES

Everything has been going along very smoothly in St. Thomas and its outposts for the past four weeks, so there isn't much of interest to gab about—even if we were gabby. "Finger prints" Koller positively refuses to divulge his secret methods of discovering evidence on the remaining holes of purloined doughnuts. So there is one good source of news shot to —; well, however, we will probably get started and write a short novel yet.

Pfc. Williams became tired of transporting his appendix hither and yon, so he had the organ lifted a few weeks ago. Says Williams: "Darn thing ain't no manner of good anyway."

We had a very active Thanksgiving Day in St. Thomas. Elbows and masti-

cating molars were especially nimble when we waded into the chow that the mess force flung at us. Too bad we can't feed like that every day! But then who wants to be fat like "Fat" Roziecki?

In the way of sports there was a volleyball match between the Saint Thomas Athletic Club and the Marines. The civilians retired very much chastened at the end of the third game, having lost three straight to the Leathernecks, led, by the way, by Corporal Budzick. They played a return match on December 1st, which was also taken by the Devil Dogs. This time, however, the A. C. managed to win one game out of four.

Governor Waldo Evans visited the Island of Saint Croix during the month, taking with him four Marine orderlies as usual. The lucky four were namely: Pfc. Palmer and Privates Hubbard, Jean, and Stinnett. The quaint old town of Christiansted is a wonderful place for a week's visit if you know your stuff with the fair sex. Of course there is the scenic beauty of Santa Cruz (St. Croix) to be considered, but one can't really appreciate the scenery unaccompanied by a lady friend. Oh, have it your way, "Bag Ears" (Palmer), Girl Friend, if you wish. The men stationed permanently in St. Croix seem perfectly satisfied with their post, small though it is. And why shouldn't they be? They have first-class barracks, and chow; and police work only in the forenoon. They have all afternoon and night for liberty, except for the unlucky bozo in charge of quarters. In addition to this they are favored with the friendship of the citizens in Christiansted, not to mention Frederiksted, which is St. Croix's other thriving city, situated on the western side of the Island.

Pfc. "Skivvie" Taylor was also presented with a free visit to Christiansted, but his was only for a day. The St. Thomas post exchange boasts of one traveling salesman, and "Skivvie" is it. Pretty soft for him, but he says he didn't enjoy his voyage on the "Grebe" so much, due to the fact that everything went out and nothing came in. "Fo-bits" Oliver accompanied him over to relieve Private Jordan as hash slinger for the Santa Cruz gang.



Marines to Naval Arms Parley. Standing, left to right: First Sergeant C. W. Harrmann, Gunnery Sergeants F. E. Freeman, H. P. Clary, J. H. Rice, J. G. Mason, T. C. Baisden. Seated: Gunnery Sergeants J. L. Reynolds, F. L. Brauer, E. V. Maddox, J. S. Domzalski.

Lieutenant-Colonel James J. Meade and Mrs. Meade returned to St. Thomas on December 2nd, after an absence of two months in the States. We are certainly glad to have our commanding officer with us again, although Captain Glenn D. Miller more than proved his efficiency as commanding officer in the colonel's absence. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Meade have expressed their elation at getting home again, notwithstanding the good time they enjoyed on the mainland. Although the colonel missed Thanksgiving in St. Thomas, he intends to make up for it Christmas. He has elaborate plans for a big blowout; and it won't be long now!

Captain Samuel C. Cumming, late of Marine Corps Headquarters, arrived in our midst on the November "Kittery." He immediately assumed the duties of post exchange officer, and seems to like his new post very much, which is quite natural.

All Marines here read with interest the recent articles regarding an increase in pay for the services, and sincerely hope that the legislation bodies will soon recognize the necessity for an increase in service men's pay.

When winter winds are blowing and the temperature is just below or above, we are starting for the beach for our daily swim. Our bath house is at Mosquito Bay now. It has a porch all around so the fellows can sit around and enjoy the scenery. We have all day Saturday and holidays to enjoy one of the best forms of recreation and sport.

The St. Thomas Post Exchange Photo Shop (some title!) has been doing a rushing business of late. Privates Laughlin and Steinbach know their negatives, we'll tell the world. Just now there aren't half a dozen men in the detachment who haven't a well-kept album. Then there are those pictures to be sent

to the folks at home—and, of course, the girl you left behind, for whom nothing but the best will suffice. And for that, see Laughlin and Steinbach. Even Bullard looks nice in a picture when they do the job.

Two furloughs were granted from this post early in November. The homegoers were Privates E. Q. Dean and A. L. Snow. The former took off for his native habitat in Alabama, while Snow hid himself away to Michigan. By the way, Snow wired in for an extension. He must have married the girl.

Those hard-labor maniacs, namely Privates McCurry and Hamilton, fell out one day recently and erected a basketball goal against to bowling alley. Oh, yes, McCurry's real good at the game, having played with the "Johnson City Hi-Jackers." At present he is whiling away his time by pretending to work in the post exchange, and, of course, he always has the privilege of attending the ladies. We happened to be hanging around one day and heard him crack: "It's just wonderful for the hair, mum. I use it myself."

We have an all-Marine volley ball league in St. Thomas now, of which First Sergeant McClay is the unofficial president. The league started as a six-team circuit, but one team couldn't win any games so they quit. As Goulette put it, "What's the use of playing if you can't beat Spragg?" Well, anyway, the league is now progressing nicely as a five-team affair, with Corporal Budzick's "Hand-shakers" and Corporal Mitchell's "Gold-bricks" tied for first place. "One-eye Connelly" Bates' and "Ski-vie" Taylor's teams are running pretty evenly, just behind. Sergeant Spragg seems to be under the impression that the cellar is where they store all the Hinkeys Gin, so he took his team down for a prolonged visit.

Well, Sergeant Stahl says we shouldn't work too hard; so let's call it a day here and adjourn till next month.

MARINES WITH NAVAL DELEGATION

That U. S. Marines should accompany a delegation for the promotion of peace is not so incongruous as it sounds, for Marines are notorious advocates of peace. They have changed many a turbulent little republic into a pacific and tractable confraternity.

The mission of the Naval Delegation that sailed for London on January 9, 1930, is not to support a theory of peace by arms, and the Marines are to be employed as couriers during the peaceful deliberations.

The detachment, commanded by Captain John Halla, consists of one first sergeant and nine gunnery sergeants. They were carefully chosen for this detail and all are of impressive appearance. For instance, the little fellow in the back row of the photograph is only six feet tall; the rest are full-grown Marines.

"ON THE JOB AGAIN"

Port Au Prince Haiti

The Marines were again called on to prove their slogan of Semper Fidelis, when they answered a general alarm for fire in Port au Prince, and succeeded in saving a lot of valuable property and chemicals which otherwise would have been totally destroyed, building and all.

The origin of the fire was not determined, but was believed to have started from spontaneous combustion, although some opinions were to the effect that agitators were the cause of the roaring blaze.

It seemed like a good thing to show the natives that although the Marines will kill to preserve peace, they will also give their lives to protect the homes in time of fire or other dangers that call for courage and discipline.

Thirteen minutes after the first alarm had sounded, the Marines were at the fire. Some men were on liberty, and it was not long before they had all returned to the barracks and were climbing over one another to get to the trucks which were rushed from motor transport in record time. Upon arrival at the fire, the Marines seemed to be everywhere at once, carrying boxes and other valuables to places of safety. Although they were cautioned about risking their lives by going too near the blaze, that "sense of duty" persisted, and they risked themselves recklessly, getting the things that appeared most valuable.

Both the Brigade Commander, Colonel Cutts, and the Regimental Commander, Colonel Williams, were on the scene of the fire, directing the fighting of it.

Approximately twelve Marines were overcome by smoke and gas, and were taken by truck to the Naval Hospital.

An armed force consisting of about thirty Marines was dispatched to the scene of the fire to prevent looting, and to keep the natives and automobiles from jamming up.

After two hours of good hard fighting, the blaze was finally brought under control, and the Marines were on the way back to the barracks.

They were marched back, and the na-

tives heard some rare songs as they came up the streets.

And lest I forget, there were quite a few Marines serving in the Garde de Haiti as officers who were just as wet and dirty as the Marines when the fire was over. They were still Marines, you know, and a few bars did not keep them from the fight.

The Marines in Haiti still have that old Semper Fidelis spirit, and we hope to be able to be of service again, when the opportunity offers.

PUGET SOUND MARINES

By E. S. R.

Well, here we are, and now that we are here, we'll proceed to give you all the dope on the Puget Sound area.

Folks, our basketball team, coached by Lieutenant Gerard, brought home the bacon in the form of the Thirteenth Naval District basketball championship. On the fifteenth of January, Lieutenant Gerard and his Trojans will journey to Fort Lewis, Washington, to compete with the Army for the All-Service championship of this area. We have high hopes of coming home with the Army's scalp.

Everybody hold your breath. We have a great surprise for you. Some of you have heard of Private First Class Gonsioroski. Well, Ski is Ski no longer. He had his name changed to Price. We cannot understand the reason for it, but when we stop, think back and jog our memory a little, the reason comes to us. Ski received letters with names such as Comalongski, Takalookski, and Patroski, but never the right one. These were all written in a feminine hand and postmarked "Bremerton." Now, I ask you, after your best girl cannot spell your name, and she a university graduate—well, Ski's worries are over now; she sure can spell Price.

The weather in Washington has changed and with the change came snow and a drop of temperature. With the drop in temperature came one ex-Private Winters who desired to become Private Winters again. The recruiting sergeant, Bert Green, being of an obliging nature, allowed him to do so.

We also have with us these days Sergeant Barnes who has about one year to do on thirty. Sergeant Barnes is quite a social leader in Bremerton. Almost any time you take the notion you can look in the Palace Billiard Parlor (of rummy fame) and find Pop doing his stuff.

Sergeant Pop Bramer, three months to go on thirty, says: "How would you like to have that time to do?" Pop is going into the chicken business when he retires. We forgot to ask whether they are two legged chickens with or without feathers.

Then there is Gunnery Sergeant Quinn of reveille roll call fame. These mornings are very chilly and some of the boys are loath to leave their warm bunks and some are a bit slow, easing down the stairs about five minutes late. Then, Oh, boy! The temperature starts to rise. Sergeant Quinn informs them what he thinks of anyone who cannot rise early on such a beautiful morning.

Well, folks, will have to sign off for this time as this is all the scandal I can think of at present.

WITH THE "TEXAS" DETACHMENT

By Lacy Richardson

Today is the tenth—the tenth of January, 1930. And tomorrow, naturally, will be the eleventh, same month, same year. "Well, what of it?" Oh, nothin', mate—just keep yer shirt on—nothin' except that on the date last given that mighty walrus known as the U. S. S. "Texas" is gonna get underway fer tropical moisture, deep sea soundings, or what have you, namely, the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea. Even now they're turnin' things inside out, makin' preparations fer the journey yonder. The boys with the little flat hats are ginnin' around like nobody's business, and "Spike" is right in behind 'em. ("Spike" is the exec. In fact, he's the whole ship; cox'n, boats'n, skipper, and all.) He's tellin' 'em the score. This has been a most enjoyable stay in New York, but we're glad to be headin' South again, where it's warm. Right now it's so cold that Professor Woods and Duke's Mixture Waibel are afraid to go on the top side, for fear the snooze and tobacco will turn to a block of ice in their mouths. The Top Kick and Jensen and Hogan and Hearn, Raiden and McKinsty don't seem to mind the snow and wind, however. They've been hittin' the trail on liberty pretty often. Guess Hoboken think they're the sequel to "The Cock-eyed World." But from the look of countenances the morning after, one is more apt to be reminded of "What Price Glory" instead. Oh, well—"Men livin' in barracks don't grow into plastered saints," as our ole friend Kipling has said. For tomorrow we'll be navigatin' toward a more religious settlement, and from then until we go to New Orleans in February—no more Whoopee.

We've got three new corporals in the detachment—Kenneth L. Thomson, Harry Schriver and William B. Sheffer. Thomson was promoted the first of December, '29, Schriver and Sheffer the 1st instant. The men to make private first class were Paul L. Black, David Reichel, Philip Kraker, Clayton L. Long, Morton J. Silverman, Louis J. Dornbusch, Gerald L.

Woods, Thomas H. Simpson and Rudolph A. Thompson. The members of the guard congratulate you, fellows. Keep up the good work.

Our ole friend Welsh has tumbled at last. This information for the men who have been transferred from time to time who knew him in his right mind. Suffice it to say he's coo-coo now. Reckon, though, people livin' in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. We're not so normal ourselves.

Congratulations, Dick.

How's duty at the Great Lakes, Nels? Sorry we didn't get to see you before you left the ship. Say, how's to get your southern directory? We hope to be ditched in New Orleans in February, and we'll need somethin' to go by. All the fellows send their best regards. Drop us a line.

Speck that's about all. The mail leaves the ship in three shakes of a sheep's tail—we'll have to get our letter in. "Youse" kin stand by fer a book next month. We're gonna start writin' it right now.

Ever'body happy?

"SACRAMENTO" MARINES, BALBOA, CANAL ZONE

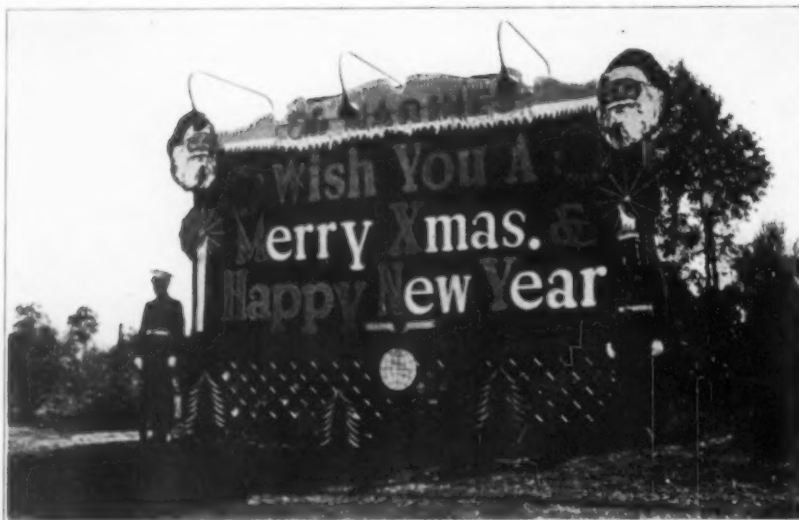
By Joe Blow

Some time has passed since we have had any news worth while writing. We haven't as much to tell you this time as we wish, but here goes! Some of our old timers have been spending a little time in the hospital. Among them was our Top Sergeant, Harry G. Meisner; also our Beau Brummell Chief Electrician, Tony Lanza. He tried out a new form of catching a baseball on his chin instead of with his hands. Use two hands, Tony, while you are learning. Better luck next time.

Well, as far as I know we are going to Ecuador. We should be leaving here somewhere around the 14th of January, and will stay there about one month. We have some pretty husky shell-backs aboard and all the polly wogs will have a fine time when we cross the Equator.



Second Lieutenant J. W. Earnshaw, U. S. M. C., and his platoon on the quarterdeck of the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh," Shanghai, China.



San Diego Marine Base Poster extending seasonal greetings to all who pass the Base on main Los Angeles Highway.

About the rest of the detachment: Our barber, Wild Bill Brown, has the situation well in hand. He made some improvements on his place of business by putting in a new hot water tank. Our three laundrymen, Sling High Moan, Sling Low Scott, and last but not least, Hop-Along McDonough, are putting out pretty good work. Keep it up, Chinks, the ship is backing you! Three of our young boys fell by the wayside and had to have a little chat with the captain. Nothing serious, though, so no names will be mentioned. Well, I must sign off.

SAN DIEGO MARINES EXTEND GREETINGS TO PASSERSBY

By Don Haislet

Motorists passing the San Diego Marine Corps Base, and they were many during the holiday season, were greeted by the Marines with a beautiful green, red and tinsel sign, the work of Private George A. Hubbard. The poster is located on Barnett Avenue, the main highway between San Diego and Los Angeles, and many and glowing were the comments upon this beautiful piece of work. San Diego newspapers contained pictures and articles regarding the work, considered the most attractive poster display ever arranged at the San Diego base.

With a background of green and red crepe, the silver and gold tinsel of the sign was accentuated, and three small Christmas trees and two floodlights, in addition to the lights along the top of the board, brought the greeting into bold relief day and night.

Hubbard, the designer, is a recent acquisition to the Marine Corps, enlisting from Los Angeles October 2, 1929. Born in Cheyenne, Wyo., April 21, 1900, he came to California with his parents while still an infant and graduated from Venice Union Polytechnic High School, attending the University of Southern California for two years. In addition to his art work, Hubbard's school career was filled with athletics, and he was outstanding in football, swimming and track events.

Leaving school, he immediately entered

theatrical art work and for several years was a prominent art director of Hollywood, being affiliated with Paramount, Universal and Fox studios. He also had charge of the art department of the Orpheum circuit at the Los Angeles office for some time. He originated the first lobby display of the Carthay Circle theatre in Los Angeles, consisting of paintings of five characters of "The Volga Boatman," which opened the theatre some months ago.

At present, Hubbard is preparing for transfer to the department of publicity, Marine Corps, at Philadelphia, Pa., where he will devote his cruise to poster and cartoon work for the benefit of the service. Without question he is one of the most talented young men in this line to cast his lot with the Marines.

CAPTAIN F. P. GEOTTGE NEW WHITE HOUSE AIDE

Captain F. P. Geottge, U. S. M. C., famous for his achievements on the gridiron, was appointed a White House Aide as well as aide de camp to the Major General Commandant.

Captain Geottge reported from Quantico on January 15, to assume his new duties.

Captain Geottge played with the All-Marine football team in 1922, 1923, 1924 and 1926, later assisting in the coaching of the team.

His military record is as brilliant as his football, for he left Ohio University in 1917 to serve in the Marine Corps, seeing action in France, and subsequently in Haiti, China, and the many other posts where Marines are ordered.

MARINES AT CONFERENCE HOPE FOR "PARITY"

According to the Army and Navy Journal the Marines at the London Conference feel that "parity" should begin at home. The girl stenographers attached to the mission receive, in addition to their rooms, \$8 per day for expenses; the Marines have about \$3.50. The Journal adds, however, that no "conference within the conference" seems likely.

NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

By Jimmy

It's been a long time since Cornwallis met his "Waterloo" on the banks of the old York River at Yorktown, and it's been many moons since the world at large has heard a peep from this gang. However, we don't do things too often, but when we do, WE DO 'EM.

Most of the alumni of old Yorktown and others now scattered to the far corners of this doggone, cock-eyed world, will be interested to know that nearly all the old guard are now doing duty or marking time at other posts, and the detachment here now consists of nearly all new men—and good men, too.

I couldn't describe our commanding officer, First Lieutenant T. J. Crawford, better than by saying that he is one square-shooting hombre, bar none. His specialty is a snappy Marine detachment and plenty of nice fat ducks around his duck blind in the early morning hours. Next in line is that grand old Marine par excellence, Chief Marine Gunner R. F. Slingluff, the senior chief Marine gunner in the Corps, and well known throughout by both commissioned and enlisted personnel. His specialty is an exceptionally good Model "A," even though he prefers to ride in a government Model "T."

Chief Marine Gunner R. C. Allan is another duck hunter, and here is a hot one he is trying to keep secret. One chilly afternoon, while at the duck blind with the "Top," Mr. Allan looked out at his decoys and counted six instead of the usual five, whereupon he took careful aim and fired—cutting the head clean off one of the decoys. The real duck ducked and came up a few yards offside. Mr. Allan promptly burned up more powder—and missed. The duck, tiring of so many disappointments, gracefully ducked once more and came up behind Mr. Allan, while the latter searched the waters ahead, anxious to discount more powder to charity. On discovering the duck in his rear, Mr. Allan did contribute more powder to charity because he missed again. The "Top" finally shot the duck with his trusty twenty-two caliber rifle at about fifteen paces to save Mr. Allan the expense of more powder. Too bad I had to give away your secret, Gunner, but the cat's out of the bag now; or rather, the duck is in the frying pan at last.

The dance on December 3rd went over with a bang, the Norfolk Navy Yard orchestra doing the honors, and all admittance by invitation only, as usual. Our police sergeant, "Ding How" Beardsley, turned the movie hall into a very attractive ball room with the inimitable arrangement of decorations furnished for the occasion. Lunch was served the guests and consisted of coffee, cake, and roast beef, pimento cheese and ham sandwiches. Home, Sweet Home, was played at 1:00 a. m., with everybody happy and nobody mad at nobody.

Christmas dinner was a wonderful success under the very capable and efficient hands of the only mess sergeant the Marine Corps has under a four-year contract, Sergeant "Tiny" Atwood. That is a statement of incontrovertible fact by all who have ever tested his ability as a culinary artist of long repute.

1st Sgt. John D. Ballera, lately of Gen-

eral Butler's Brigade in China, relieved First Sergeant Wallace L. McClellan, formerly from the U. S. S. "Utah," as post sergeant major. "Mac" was retired on sixteen years on the nineteenth of December and the best wishes of the detachment go with him.

Private William M. "Andy" Andrews was promoted to the rank of corporal, and Private James A. Foy to private first class on the first of January. Other promotions are scheduled to take place in the near future, so all hands are reefing sail to the tune of "Snap into it." We are going places and doing things down here in one of the most historically famous and oldest towns in the United States of Angels. Watch our speed!

I once said "Adios" to a Nicaraguan senorita 'way down yonder in Nicaragua, and she damned near knifed me, so I'll just say, "See you in jail, hombres."

SARATOGA CHIPS

By Cpl. R. Bailey

Here we are again. Things have taken quite a different slant in the last few weeks, and instead of permitting us to get a whack at "Sunny Calif" winter, they have decided to ship us South. We wonder if they think it is too chilly for us? And just how far South are we headed? We're sure of hitting the ol' Canal pell-mell. But the big and main topic in and around the scuttlebutt is: Will we drop our old mud hook in the muddy brine of the West Indies? Boy, that's the place for the variety sort of bozo to spend his cruise.

One more port we are sure to paint red, 'at's "Nawfalk." Understand we've hit better ports, but, after all, a place is just what you make it, so what's the diff.

A few of the old gang are still sticking aboard the skow, and they sure ache to get a peek at the Atlantic side of this vast sea situation that surrounds us. "Home, Sweet Home." It's been over two annuals ago that we left Philly to crash the pearly gates of Panama. Stir up the war zone at Corinto, Nic., and enter into a downpour of "liquid sunshine" off the coast of Catalina Island. But we were later informed by a native son that it was very unusual weather. We readily agreed, because it proved to be very unusual. We were at anchor in Los Angeles harbor hours before we even got a glimpse of the noonday sun.

Another thing we have often wondered. Why do these California hoony-awks call it the bay of Los Angeles? When it out-bounds the cities of San Pedro (here in Cal. they say PADRO, heavy on the A) and Long Beach. Los is well over twenty knots distance, so before we get underway for the promised land, will someone, anyone, tell us just what Hollywood is noted for besides the industrial art of motion pictures?

(The ? appearing above shouldn't be difficult for a sailor to have the knowledge of, believe it or not.)

To make a long story short, the "Saratoga" has been here two years, endeavoring to put California on the Rand McNally dope sheet. It's been a tough working detail, but now that they've got CALIF in capital letters, we are headed home for a well-earned rest.

The "SARA" embarks next month for points south and southeast. Stand by east coast, stand by.

COMMUNICATION NOTES, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEIPING, CHINA

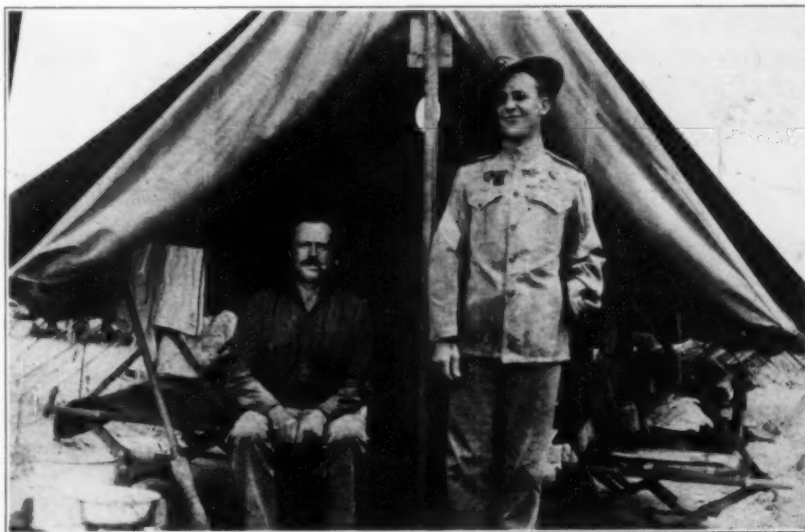
During the month the radio force has placed the new TAB intermediate frequency transmitter in its permanent position. This transmitter and one of its two generators have been wired and the set given service tests. The transmitter was tuned by receiver beat note to 355 kilocycles, as no medium frequency meter was available. As soon as a heterodyne frequency meter is received we will calibrate the set on normal Naval frequencies. Only one of the two generators has been hooked up, due to the fact that the eleven-pole switch for shifting from one to the other has not been received. One is under process of construction at Cavite, and will be installed as soon as received. All tests prove highly satisfactory, particularly with Cavite, and the set is now in constant operation on 355 kilocycles. With the TAB now installed and operating, the old Mare Island intermediate frequency transmitter is being held in reserve as a stand-by set. The 30 KW arc transmitter has been completely dismantled and turned over to the transmitter room, and the quartermaster has been busy renovating it and making it ready for the post pay office. All old and excess material which had been gathered together and tagged has been turned over to the quartermaster for shipment to Cavite. The entire ground system in the receiver room has been rewired, and as a consequence receiver noise has been materially reduced. After the installation of the TAF high-frequency transmitter, we discovered that the wiring of overhead lighting system in the transmitter room had insulation which would not stand up, short-circuiting being the result. This has now been entirely rewired and lights placed so as to give maximum illumination on the meters of the transmitter. A new school table and benches have been installed for use in the instruction of operators. We have also requested headquarters, Marine Corps, to supply us with a new portable high-frequency field radio set. This set is badly needed for the summer camp at Peitaiho Beach, as

the SCR-130 is of insufficient power to work into Peiping. We feel that Radio, Peiping, is at last a thoroughly modern radio plant, and able to hold its own with any.

As we have, no doubt, mentioned before, the radio station at Peiping is frequently subject to interference from other radio stations in Peiping, and most of them are very close aboard. Generally we are able to work through them, but occasionally one gets so close to us as to nearly blank us out. Last week our old friend "JRPK," of the Japanese Legation, crawled up until they were right on top of Cavite's 13,308 kilocycle transmitter, and for several periods we were totally blanked. A conference was arranged and two officers of the Japanese army came down to see us. They appeared very friendly and quite willing to cooperate. As a result, in a few days the situation was cleared up and no further interference has occurred since that time.

A post basketball league has been inaugurated, with the 38th, 39th, 62nd, and Headquarters companies entered. Some very exciting games have been played, notably, the last game between Headquarters and the 38th, which ended 25 to 23 for Headquarters. These teams are now tied for first place, each with three wins and one lose. Radio is well represented on the Headquarters Company squad by McWilliams, a star performer at guard; Roberts and Reamy at forward, and Meyers, Moody and McGillivray at guard. "Chief" Gray, ex-radio gang, is also playing with the 38th Company. Prospects for a keen interpost season have not before been so bright. This is greatly due to Captain "Johnny" Beckett, the athletic officer, and Lieutenant Thompson, basketball coach.

The "Henderson" is due in Chinwang-tao on the 19th of December. Communication loses three men on her, namely, Private Carl N. Bishop, communication clerk, and Privates Ralph E. Sutton and Thomas Thompson, radio operators. We understand she is bringing in two replacements, Gunnery Sergeant Kilday, who is well known in Marine Corps com-



This is how we looked at Camp Meyer, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, in 1913.

munication circles, and Davis, previously an operator at Peiping. Private John Dorence Hissey is now breaking in as a replacement for Private Bishop. Radio has been fortunate in getting a promotion for Private Kiser, who has been made a private first class. Upon detachment of Private Sutton his specialist rating will go to Private Roberts.

"GALVESTON" MARINES, GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Thomas W. P. Murphy

Upon sailing from Boston, Mass., 17 October, we stopped in Galveston, Texas, for Navy Day, remaining two days and then proceeding up the ship canal to Houston, where the Marine Band on tour played a concert on the night of the 31st. The entire Marine Detachment, through the Recruiting office at Houston and the Lion's Club of that city, were transported by busses to the concert. Needless to say it was thoroughly enjoyed. The hall was packed when the opening was rendered and the sprinkling of the Marine Corps Reserve and the Marines of ten years ago in their war uniforms and medals, and the whole detachment of the "Galveston," lent martial atmosphere. The day had been set aside as "Marine Band Day."

We left Houston on the first of November and headed for the battleground of Guantanamo Bay, and the well-known rifle range. Of the twenty men firing for record, nine qualified as expert, eight as sharpshooter, and three as marksman.

We expect to leave here about the fifth of December for dear old Panama, and the cold ones, the dog races, and for the new men, plenty of shopping at the bazaars, getting the Christmas gifts off before the holidays.

At present we have fifty-six men. Our commanding officer is First Lieutenant E. A. Pollock; nuff said! "Spud" Murphy is the top. Of the gang that spent the greater part of last year on the

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George A. Moffet, ex-private first class, of Mississippi, kindly communicate with Henry B. Robertson, ex-sergeant, U. S. M. C., 35 Linden Street, Dorchester, Mass.

famous Coco Patrol, the following remain: Murphy, Fuller, Speer, Lofin, sergeants; Corporal Panek, and the great king of the underworld and clothing storeroom keeper, Downs; also the growler and big Swede, Gunner Johnson. The rest of the detachment are young men known as "Boots," but with the landing force under their hides, they are old timers already.

Sergeant Speer, the coxswain of our raceboat, through the "Leatherneck," issues a challenge to the other ships of the Special Service Squadron. We also challenge them to baseball. We've got a sweet ball club and are champions of the ship. Lieutenant Pollock is manager, the Top is coach, the Chinese Twins, Kelly and Farrell, cover left field and short; Robertson does the catching. By the way, just a tip: This boy is the find of Quantico in football (see Boston paper). Athletic officers, please communicate with the ship for your next year's material. We have in Washburn a dandy pitcher and football man, ex-B. C. boy. Samuel Costantino, the fighting Wop, weighing 205 lbs., plays guard. And what a guard! We expect to go out of commission next year, and, mark our words, the above boys will take the old pigskin over for the big team like they took the hearts of the football fans around Malden and Medford before we left. No foolin', they are good!

We wish everyone a successful New Year, especially members of the Coco Patrol who are now members of the great "Outside," and others who are freezing around some Navy Yard gate.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

By Sgt. W. W. Werner

Apologies to you, fellow Leathernecks, for being part of the finest branch of service in the world and doing duty in the world's largest city; it doesn't seem fair to you nor to us that our column is not filled more often. However, rest assured—we haven't been asleep on the job, but contrary; we have shouldered the burden usually allotted to a number of men larger in numbers.

We have even found time to accumulate enough men to organize a basketball team with which to enter the Navy League at the Brooklyn Navy Y. M. C. A. Through the co-operation of the staff guard watches were so arranged to permit the men to don the shorts and colors of the Corps.

Entering the league only for relaxation and given but an outside chance for victory, the team fought in that old Devil Dog fashion, subduing all opposition before it. After each team had played five games the league standing showed this detachment with five wins and no defeats, thereby claiming the championship.

With Mann and Shockley at forwards, Pickert at center, Grupe and Rosen at guards, our team will be hard to beat anywhere. Capable substitutes were Himmelstein, Shaw, Murphy, Scherer and Everhart. Coaching and managing was excused by Sergeant Werner, the scribe.

Our well-known and inevitably admired commanding officer, Colonel Greene, was presented with a loving cup at a banquet held after the close of the league's season. We were again assured of the complete satisfaction of our commanding officer, who stressed the need of active competition.

Captain Walter Sweet, who joined this command November 18, 1929, and who is commanding officer, Barracks Detachment, is responsible for the revival of bowling at this post. Himself, an enthusiast, the infection has spread among the officers and enlisted men. Contests are becoming popular and the result may be an excellent post team.

The Christmas spirit prevailed at these barracks. A large tree, appropriately bedecked, stood in the center of the mess hall and around it were arranged the many Christmas packages sent to the enlisted men of these barracks, by their relatives, in care of the commanding officer. Colonel Greene, Major Baker, and Captain Sweet inspected the tree, gifts and the sumptuous dinner prepared for the men of this post. Colonel Greene, in a short talk, wished the members of his command a Merry Christmas. Major Baker read the Major General Commandant's Christmas radio and it was to the tune of Christmas carols coming over the radio, that the command enjoyed its yuletide dinner. And what a dinner!!

Among our entertainers for the program were a few solos by our 1st Sergeant Shambough, of Tientsin fame, and a monologue sketch by Feldman. The cast showed an uncanny ability to take hold of the situation and we are sorry the turkey interrupted them.

SEND US MEN!!

No time for sleep, no time for liberty—in fact, I can't even finish this.



Taken on the fo'castle of the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" prior to transfer to the "Chaumont" destined for home.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Lem

Greetings, dear folks at home. May our offering each month be leniently accepted inasmuch as new fingers take the pen this month, BACARDI having resigned it to turn to the time-table, the baggage, the good-byes. LEM will attempt to hold the reins of correspondence as well as they have been held from now on.

The lads of the camp have all gotten over the holiday fare splendidly and Burns as seen a few minutes ago with his hammer and saw and partner, E. R. Allen—all kope-a-settic, is significant of the way Marines in Guantanamo Bay are starting things—right.

We had plenty to see Christmas Day in the way of the old St. Nick's atmosphere, excepting the "frozen" variety of snow, of course. Our efficient mess, from Lieutenant Bare and Sergeant M. P. Saber on down, gave us as fine a dinner as one could want. "Bebby" Hanna and the Pest Lectrician, Corporal Kenneth Deck, the camp's lightest eaters, pronounced it O. K.

There was the usual mess hall decoration, streamers, etc., and a Christmas tree welcomed as we entered. Ernesto Beavers passed the Red Cross bags the day before and many were pleasantly surprised. Our old stand-by "Hespy" Hesperheide still doesn't know what to do with the agates he received in his ditty bag, as his favorite well-played game is tennis, he says. The odd bag was drawn for and telephone orderly Swint was the lucky one.

Could it have been the effect of the New Year's resolution—made, broken, joked about, followed, profited by? There was no Caimanera liberty party New Year's Day. And two days later there was still a distinct air of "No more Caimanera for me" about the barracks. Maybe better, no? Our good friend, Sidney Smith, has created Ching Chow, and Ching Chow says: "Bad habits are weeds—good habits are flowers—the lords of the upper air gave us each a garden." Maybe the M. C. I. habit will come in for its share this year, we hope for that. Anyway, Red Barry has completed his Spanish course and Librarian Bell is seen quite often with the M. C. I. Spanish textbook in his hands while keeping one eye on the tennis balls and magazines. Bell says he expects new volumes soon and what we have been working for now for many months—an encyclopedia. Hooray for education!

Gunnery Sergeant Fisher is casting his eagle eye about in the ranks of the expert riflemen for possible winning material in the coming West Indies divisional match tryouts. Last year Guantanamo Bay made some good scores and we want to repeat. Daily details are going out, and under Sergeant Cramer putting the range in shape for the fleet practice and the coming divisional match tryouts. In the expert list here we have Gunnery Sergeant Fisher, Sergeant John Wilbanks, Corporals Caleb Crosby, Kenneth Deck, Raymond O'Day, John D. Stuckey, L. A. Walker, O. D. Witten, Pfc. John Burns, H. L. Peebles, M. J. Sisul, and Privates M. T. Bauserman, Hassison Harp, and H. E. Owsley.

The garage gang, Murphy, Hines, J. W. Smith, and Griffin, are keeping the polish on the new international. Nice



A party of Nimrods from the Marine Barracks, Quantico, displaying their bag of Canadian wild "honkers." Left to right: Maj. Julian C. Smith, Maj. Lyle H. Miller, Lt. Comdr. Carl T. Hull, and Maj. Charles F. B. Price.

carriage, that. Daily the school lads and lassies ride over to the station in it, accompanied by either Powell or Covert, the post trumpeters.

Police Sergeant Howell is now in his Seventh Heaven. The higher and elevating aspects of American jazz have never appealed to Sergeant Howell. We believe he likes melancholy. Or perhaps Sweet Adeline (after rum). Anyway the spring's gone and busted and it's now at peace with the world. And after Reeves' new order of records, with "The Cock-eyed World" included, had just arrived! Zounds! Bumminham Bertha disappeared shortly after she arrived, addressed to Ryan, the pool hall magnate. We suspect Riester with having her somewhere.

Many years ago when history was being made and traditions believed in, the Marine Corps had closed and extended order drill and occasionally skirmish practice on the range. We are happy to announce that in the future this will be again taken up—as soon as we can clean the place up. That gives these new non-coms food for thought. And may we turn, brethren, to page, no, er—I mean, TR 420-50. Meanwhile, It's one on and one off for corporals and privates. This is simply exhausting, says Leisten and Kays. "And furthermore," says Kays, at chow, "I'll bet we get no more men for months and months." Says Leisten: "Oh, why don't you behave?"

Allow us to announce that we have examined the names of the muster roll for possible evidences of a Kibitzer in

camp and posolutely claim for our post the distinction of being without one. If we have overlooked anything the job is officially turned over to the post pinochle quartet, Hesperheide, Harr, Burns and Allen.

The noble art of self-defense has received some attention in the telephone orderlies' quarters. Thank Providence for that. It's getting to look like in this Marine Corps in some spots that boxing is too rough or something. Anyway, Gunnery Sergeant Fisher promoted some training a while back and a little gear was obtained from the Q. M. Department and sent over to the recreation room. We have Bergher and Harp, two fast men of the lighter weights. Potter is taking a strong arm course and they say Leone is a man to appreciate. May the movement grow.

Au revoir, LEM. P. S.—We are watching you, little Pay Bill.

(QRM FM NAV) RADIO STATION, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

By Raoul Smylie

This is Station (NAV) Parris Island, S. C. The retired Nicaraguan veterans' home, half of the gang here are from Nic., the other half are good Parris Island Marines.

Our communication officer is Chief QM Clerk E. C. Smith. Mr. Smith has been the communication officer for two years and we hope that he continues as such.

The N. C. O. in charge is Sgt. Reedal Ogilvie. Reedal is the Island squeak and sqawk fixer, he is keeping in trim as he expects to go in the business for himself next October. Sgt. William Thomson, better known as Asiatic Tommy, is nearing the end of his third cruise and expects to stay out this time and go to work as a radio operator aboard ship. Cpl. Carl M. Johnson, our combination telegraph and radio operator, is giving Reedal a run for a certain blonde up at Pee Dee, S. C. Pfc. Pate Addison is a budding radio operator, it is rumored that he is getting a divorce, from what, we don't know. Pvt. Clarence F. Gentile is a new man at the station and is

Q. M. Sergeant John W. Knox, is a patient in a Denver hospital. He would like to hear from some of those who are carrying on in the old life. He is the only Marine in the hospital, and reports that he manages to win his share of the arguments. Address him: Q. M. Sergeant John W. Knox, U. S. M. C., Post Office Box 484, Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Col.



MARINE BAND ORCHESTRA AT GUAM

Hugh "Pat" Patterson, 1st Sax, Clarinet and Director; Don "Tubby" Owens, 2nd Sax and Clarinet; "Bob" Kimball, 3rd Sax and Flute; Joaquin Diaz, Piano; Earl "Red" Whiston, Drums; Warren "Fat" Hunter, Banjo; "Hi-Pockets" Rouphop, 2nd Trumpet; Dave "Dinty" Moore, 1st Trumpet; Dave "Eric" DeVore, Sousaphone and String Bass.

learning to dot and dash. All the above mentioned men are the Parris Island Marines. Here at the station we have two parties, so we veterans from Nicaragua stick together. Corporal Fazackerly is a short timer and is getting restless, he represented the station at the last smoker by fighting, and won his fight. The gang think he is a good scrapper and hope to see him at the next smoker. Cpl. Juancito J. Jersevic is the answer to a maiden's prayer. He has that school girl complexion, but has been unable to get his picture in "College Humor" yet. Cpl. Jimmie (Scotty) McDowell is making out a system by which he can stretch his money to the limit. He bought a paper for the gang the other day. Cpl. Raoul Smylie is taking a course in Spanish, we think he is going back to Yali, Nic. He writes to some senorita down there.

If any of the operators at ME7 XD4 RC5 ME3 read this pse QSL this station. Smylie wants to get in touch with his old side kick, A. J. GRATO. This is all for this time. VA.

By the Gang at (NAV).
Hasta Luego.

HEADQUARTERS AND BAND, NAVAL STATION, GUAM

By Pvt. Donald R. Owens

Sound your "A"! Just a word or two about dance music in Guam. At the Marine Barracks, Sumay is an organization known as the "Stompers," who by consistently good performances have become very popular with dance music lovers on this rather isolated little island in the middle of the Pacific.

This orchestra was organized in August, 1929, and placed under the direction of Hugu "Pat" Patterson, saxophonist, a recent arrival from the States. His varied experience with dance and stage orchestras on the "Outside" qualify him as the logical leader.

After the "Stompers" first appearance, they were immediately engaged to play at the Service Club's weekly Friday night dances at Agana. Hitherto other orchestras have been playing there. This

snappy dance band is still romping them off for the Service Club dance devotees, and going strong.

The band officer, Lieutenant Fenton, has given the orchestra his undivided attention and has also equipped them with excellent instruments. Through his efforts, the "Stompers" are furnished with the best and latest song hits from the States.

Besides the Service Club weekly dance, the "Stompers" play concerts at the Recreation Hall at the Marine Barracks, Sumay; innumerable Fandangos, teas, and special dances and parties held for Army and Navy ships when they weigh anchor here.

All in all, their snappy music has helped to make life here more enjoyable for the service personnel.

M. C. I. STUDENT MAKES GOOD

The Director of the Marine Corps Institute was recently in receipt of a letter from Kenneth L. Shaw, manager of the Los Angeles branch of the Russell Manufacturing Company. Mr. Shaw expressed his appreciation for the benefits he has derived from the Institute, and says that his last six years of service in the Marine Corps were directly responsible for his present success. His records show that he is a graduate of the Clerical School, that he holds diplomas in one or two civil service courses, one in book-keeping, accounting, and auditing, traffic management, and commercial correspondence.

He writes, in part: "My service with the Russell Manufacturing Company dates from January 31, 1929, when I started in the San Francisco office in the capacity of order clerk. On May 24, 1929, I was given the position of assistant service manager of the Pacific Coast division of the company and on August 1, 1929, was transferred to Los Angeles to open a branch office in that city and to remain as manager of that branch."

Mr. Shaw's experience demonstrates the practical value of an education received through the Marine Corps Institute, and is only one example of many cases.

AERO GONDOLIERS, NAVAL AIR STATION, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

Sergeant Akins has been mourning for the past few days over the disappearance of his devoted dog, which answers to the name of "Hey Hey," "Halitosis," and "Pie Back." The dog is of doubtful breed, and a perfect description of the animal has not yet been given. However, anyone finding a dog which might answer to any of the above names, please notify Sergeant Akins and receive a suitable reward.

We have now gotten together and organized a basketball team. At present it is not very strong, but practice makes perfect, and the boys are having their workout every day; so before the season closes we should have a pretty good team, and should be able to battle off the greatest percentage of our opponents. Any team on the station, or near it, that might like to have a scrimmage with us should get in touch with the athletic officer here at the barracks.

The latter part of this month we expect to be in our new mess hall. The old one is located on the second deck, the new one on the first. This will no doubt cause Private Farobent to lose a few minutes bunk fatigue, and we want someone to tell us the best way for him to overcome this inconvenience.

A certain party among us here still believes in that old saying, "two can live as cheaply as one." We congratulate you on your stand, Brother Charlie, and we wish you all the luck in the world.

Boys, the outside is not what it's cracked up to be. Jobs are hard to get and money is even worse. Anyone of this command who is contemplating quitting the old Marine Corps for good would no doubt profit greatly by consulting C. M. May before making up his mind. May has just returned to us from the great open spaces, and from the smiles on his face, we judge he is very glad to be with us again. Boys, it's the old saying, "They always come back for more." Think fast, Hargrove, and ship over before it is too late. We welcome you home with us, May, and here's wishing you luck in making your rating back quickly.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON

By Raymond G. Howard

Well, folks, draw close and listen, for we Gyrenes stationed up in this he-man's country have decided to break into print and part with the information of what is happening up in this neck o' the woods.

First, we held a dance in the mess hall on Friday, December 20th, and what I mean, it sure went over with a bang. The hall was effectively decorated and of course most of the credit for the success of the dance is due Lieutenant Litzenberg, our genial morale officer, and Sergeant Bert C. Green, who is, as everyone knows, the successful recruiter.

Among the notables who attended the dance were Colonel and Mrs. Richard S. Hooker, Lieutenant-Colonel Kilgore, the assistant Adjutant and Inspector, his secretary, Mr. Brady, and Captain and Mrs. Nathan E. Landon. You old timers will be surprised to hear that Sergeant "Pop" Barnes, who will retire soon, attended the dance and offered real competition to the local sheiks. He made a hit

with his manly form and his pretty, yellow "hunger stripes."

The boys here are all hoping for bigger (they couldn't be better) drafts, as we get 100 men one day, and two weeks from that time we are back to the old grind of "day on and day off." We have had men join from the Orient and Nicaragua lately and there are no kicks at the present time, but it seems that we have all the short timers in the Marine Corps stationed here.

We are glad to inform the many old timers who know the name of Sergeant-Major Murphy that he is being promoted to the rank of Marine Gunner, and at the same time we are very sorry that he is leaving us for the Far East. All those men who have come in contact with him will agree that he is truly a Marine. The sergeant-major's empty chair is being held down nicely by First Sergeant Tom Woody, and we are all pulling for Woody for promotion. He certainly deserves it and he is all man. First Sergeant Thomas O. Kelly is, in the opinion of the writer, doomed for the matrimonial plunge soon, as he received a beautiful Shrine ring from a "good friend" recently.

The Marines at this post are going in strong for basketball and under the tutelage of Lieutenant Gerard we walked off with the 13th Naval District title. Not a single game did we lose. And, Quantico, keep your ears upon when baseball season rolls around, as we sure have some wonderful talent around here and we are looking forward to a very successful season.

AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, SECOND BRIGADE, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

By William B. Edmondson

About forty-five new men joined us last week from Dago and are being broken in on their various jobs. I haven't any dope as to who's who amongst them or would pass the info along. Will give them a line in my next.

Marine Gunner Walter L. Pounders was promoted from the rank of Master Technical Sergeant on the 5th of December and is getting along fine, thank you. He stood his first O. D. yesterday and discharged his duties flawlessly, although he seemed as nervous as an old maid entertaining her first beau.

First Lieutenant Lawson H. M. Sanderson, whom we regard as the greatest pilot in the Corps, departed for the United States on the 5th of December to enjoy a well-earned leave. The lieutenant is quite a character. Having stepped up from the ranks himself, he seems to understand enlisted men better than most officers do and in consequence is very popular with the cannon fodder.

Our sky-gazing department has been sadly neglected in the past, so it's time these boys came in for a little publicity. Sergeant Martin is chief aerologist and daily climbs the ladder of the sky in a Corsair. When at about twelve thousand feet altitude he does mysterious things with this and that gadget and returns to earth with infallible information concerning the weather. He is ably assisted by Corporal O'Brien, who does most of the hard work. Not because the sergeant is lazy, you understand, but because—well, little corporals must work if they expect to make sergeant, and, besides, they don't get paid for what they know.

Major Mitchell, our new C. O., arrived from Dago on the 8th of December and relieved Captain Davis, the temporary commanding officer. The major has instituted several changes in the routine, such as infantry drill on Saturdays, and a few orders to make the boys behave. We drilled for half an hour last Saturday for the first time in many moons and didn't do half bad, believe it or not.

Major Bourne left for the States on the first, via a Pan American Airways Sikorsky. Just before leaving, the major was presented with a pair of gold wings by the enlisted personnel of the command. Q. M. Sergeant Berger made the presentation speech, and a good speech it turned out to be. The major was almost overwhelmed by a storm of hand-clapping and, like George Washington on a similar occasion, was hard pressed to find fitting words to express himself. He finally did utter a few, which were immediately drowned out by thunderous applause, and took his departure, shaking his fists affectionately at the grinning men.

First Lieutenant Charles Kail also returned to the States on furlough around the first of the month. It is understood that he will be transferred to Quantico when his leave expires, so we shall probably not see him here again.

Corporals Dillow and Yale recently conceived the idea of selling ice cream during the movies, put the idea up to our athletic officer, Lieutenant Palmer, and we now enjoy excellent cream almost every night at the reasonable price of ten cents per cup. Part of the proceeds go to the athletic fund and enough money has already been turned in to buy a new orthophonic, among other things. The machine will arrive sometime in January, we hear, and all hands are impatiently awaiting its coming. Music—good music—is almost indispensable in a place like this. It's a great little monotony chaser unless it is overdone.

Fokker No. 1 is being put through a series of radio and load tests preparatory to being flown to the U. S. for general overhaul. Lieutenant Hart and Staff Sergeant Claude will navigate and pilot the crate, in the order named, and can be seen at almost any hour of the day poring over maps leading northward.

Several weeks ago considerable excitement was caused by a young volcano trying to emerge from Lake Managua. The effort was a failure, but for several hours the youngster spewed up enough steam and sulphur to discolor a considerable stretch of water.

Admiral Campbell arrived in Managua about two weeks ago for his regular inspection of the Second Brigade. A diversion from the regular routine took place when the admiral, after inspecting the line and aviation, made a trip, via motor truck, to Matagalpa. Planes kept track of his movements daily. It's no joke to make such a trip, even in a motor truck, if for no other reason than that mosquitoes are no respecter of rank. We give the admiral all due credit.

MARINE DETACHMENT, N. T. S., NEWPORT, R. I.

By "Pop" Friend

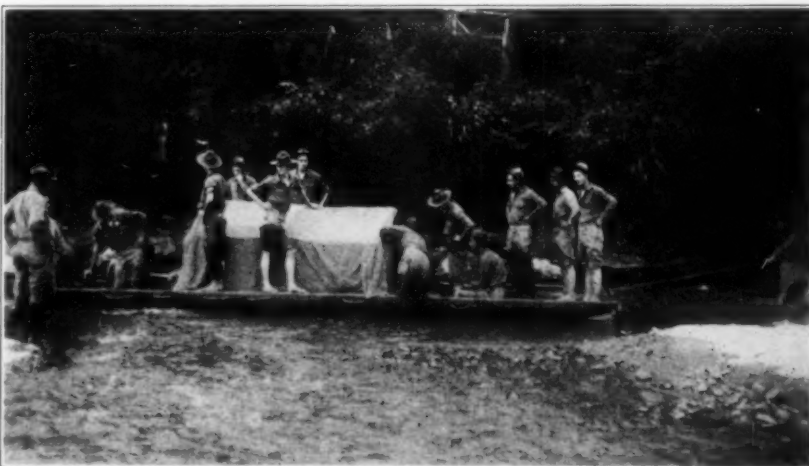
After serving sixteen faithful years in our Corps, Sergeant Charles Ryeson is retiring shortly; and we regret to lose him. Charley expects to follow the chicken raising business up here in New England. Never invite some of the boys up to your place for one of those famous spring chicken dinners, Sarg. All the boys wish you the best of luck in your new venture.

At present the only relief for this post would be: "Where is the 'Lost Battalion'?" Everyone around here seems to think that the boys we are waiting for took the boat back to Quantico. Private Ausmus is heading a patrol of Marines from here, so beware, boys, and make it snappy, as Ausmus is the boy who can find anything. He can even grow a full-sized moustache over night; and he can make the girls like it, too.

Corporal Richard "Pop" Coleman is now holding down the job of captain's orderly, and, boy, how he likes it! Take it from us, when there is any furniture to be bought, especially chairs, see Pop—the man who knows what to sit on. How's the foot, Pop? Did you find any bones in the shoe?

Private Dinty Moore is our Fall River sheik. What a line that boy's got! He

(Continued on page 39)



Marines in Nicaragua have a Navy all their own, and are here shown navigating the waters of the Coco River. A rather crude method of travel, but less difficult than hiking through the rough underbrush of the mountainous trails. (Photo by Proctor.)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

301ST COMPANY, U. S. M. C. R., WINS LEGION PRIZE DRILL

By Cpl. L. G. Meredith

Boston, Mass., Jan. 11 (Special dispatch to the Leatherneck).—Last night, at the third annual military ball of the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion, the 301st Company of the United States Marine Corps Reserve, Captain Harry C. Grafton, Jr., commanding, won the trophy awarded to the highest ranking platoon in the prize drill, offered by the American Legion as a feature of their military ball, held at the Hotel Statler, Boston. The cup is named after Lieutenant Norman Prince, one-time member of the LaFayette Escadrille, who lost his life in the World War. Frederick H. Prince of Boston, donated this trophy in memory of his son, to be awarded by the American Legion to the winner of the prize drill. The other competitors were First Corps Cadets, Lieutenant Francis W. Sweeney, commanding, and Battery A, 102nd Field Artillery, 26th Division, M. N. G., Captain C. H. Hilton, commanding. This is the third trophy won by the 301st Marines in the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion competitive drills. It was decided some time ago by the members of the company that the trophy would be theirs and since all good things are supposed to come in threes they figured more or less safely, because they already have two trophies from the American Legion prize drills reposing in the company quarters in the Reserve Barracks at the Boston Navy Yard.

It is interesting to delve into the history of this organization and see why it is that these young men, drawn from all stations in life, unite under a common tie, that old "Semper Fidelis" spirit so well known to Marines in and out of the service. The former company commanders have always depended upon the men to crash through to a real Marine finish in any task set before them and so far they've never failed to do that.

The company was organized in April, 1926, under the command of Captain John J. Flynn, U. S. M. C. R., with a very efficient staff composed of Second Lieutenant Samuel D. Irwin, U. S. M. C. R.; 1st Sergeant Louis J. Hoepfner, U. S. M. C. R., and Gunnery Sergeant Arthur L. Andrews, U. S. M. C. R. (the latter is our present Marine Gunner and commander of the prize drill platoon). Another factor that aided the company in getting off with a good start was that Major Joseph J. Murray, U. S. M. C., was assigned to duty with the company as inspector-instructor. The organizers worked hard to make a first-class fighting unit out of the newly enlisted members and so well did they do their work that after the 301st Company completed its annual tour of duty at Quantico, Virginia, in 1927, it was awarded the Major Eastman Trophy for General Military Efficiency, a trophy that had not a few competitors. The organization celebrated its second birthday (1928) in a

most fitting manner by winning the trophy offered by the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion at its first annual military ball. Captain Flynn commanded the company and Second Lieutenant Irwin commanded the prize winning drill platoon. The following year the 301st Company added to its laurels by taking the trophy offered by the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion at its second annual military ball. The company, on this occasion, was commanded by Lieutenant Irwin, who was also commander of the prize winning drill platoon. Once more the Boston company forges to the front and takes the trophy offered by the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion, on the occasion of the third annual military ball of that organization. The company commander is now Captain Harry C. Grafton, Jr., U. S. M. C. R., and the commander of the prize winning drill platoon is Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, U. S. M. C. R. The competitors for the first two cups were the First Corps Cadets, the drill platoon selected from the United States Naval Reserve in the First Naval District and the drill platoon from the Boston University Officers Training Corps.

Getting back to the story of the present event, the Marines assembled last night in their quarters in Building No. 36, Boston Navy Yard, where they have been working out some unique drills under the watchful eye of Marine Gunner Andrews, and were reviewed by the Inspector-Instructor, Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., and his staff (quite a distinguished staff, too), consisting of Captain Smith, U. S. M. C., Post Q. M. at Boston; Lieutenant Commander Paul F. Ives (Aviation), U. S. N. R. F., and Lieutenant Waldo H. Brown (Aviation), U. S. N. R. F. Major Budd was well pleased with the appearance of the men and his staff expressed the same opinion.

After the review, the members of the command embarked in a fleet of taxicabs and after crossing the city dropped anchor in front of the Hotel Statler, where the big event was to take place. Their snappy dress blues were accentuated by brass work so bright that it dazzled, and white hats, belts, gloves and rifle slings as white as the driven snow. As the members of the company made their way through the hotel lobby to the ball room, they drew the undivided attention of the many guests.

A short period before the drill was devoted to dancing and at ten o'clock the prize drills began. The first unit on the floor was the platoon from the First Corps Cadets, Lieutenant Francis W. Sweeney, commanding. Next came the platoon from Battery A, 102nd Field Artillery, M. N. G., Captain C. H. Hilton, commanding. Last but not least, the platoon from the 301st Company, U. S. M. C. R., Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, commanding.

While the judges, Colonel George Penny, U. S. A.; Captain E. G. Chapman, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Commander Hugh

M. Brannon, U. S. N.; Second Lieutenant R. L. Peterson, U. S. M. C., and Colonel George Stebbins, U. S. A. (R), decided who had made the most number of points amongst the three drill platoons, an impressive ceremony took place. This was the presenting of the national colors to our commanding officer, Captain Harry C. Grafton, Jr., U. S. M. C. R., by Lieutenant Waldo H. Brown (Av.), U. S. N. R. F., well known New England manager of the Colonial Air Transport. The chairman of the judges announced to State Commander John J. O'Connor that after considering the merits of each platoon they had decided that without question the 301st Company, U. S. M. C. R., had the best drill platoon and presented the ratings of the units as follows: Marines 423, First Corps Cadets 389, and Battery A, 102nd F. A., M. N. G., 359. As State Dept. Commander O'Connor presented the trophy to Marine Gunner Arthur L. Andrews, he complimented him very highly on the efficient manner in which his platoon had performed their drill and said that it was a pleasure to award the trophy to so efficient an organization.

Following this ceremony came another, equally impressive. At eleven o'clock, a few minutes after the presenting of the trophy, all lights in the ball room were extinguished and a spot light swept the room, settling upon the stage, where it revealed a veiled picture. The picture was unveiled, revealing the portrait of the late Premier Clemenceau, "Tiger" of France, which was painted at the Peace Conference by Sir William Orpen and later purchased by ex-Governor Alvan T. Fuller, who loaned it for the occasion. A silence fell on the throng as the sounding of taps followed the eulogy of Clemenceau, read by Commander O'Connor as it would have been broadcast from the Metropolitan Club in Washington, where General Pershing was speaking, had not the hook-up failed. The lights came on and everyone came to attention, the assembled troops presenting arms, as the orchestra played the Marseillaise and the Star Spangled Banner. Then the military units marched off the floor, the last being the Marine platoon, with their colors flying and the trophy secure in the arms of Marine Gunner Andrews, who found the taste of victory rather pleasing.

After a few dances, "AMOS 'N ANDY," popular radio stars, entertained, followed by dancing by stars from "Pleasure Bound." After that more dancing.

A record attendance, included officers of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish-American War Veterans, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Fusilier Veterans' Association, the Lancers, the Second Corps Cadets of Salem, the Veterans' of Foreign Wars, Military Order of the World War, the Governor's Guard of Hartford, and the Canadian Fusiliers of Montreal.

The special invited guests were Governor Allen, of Massachusetts; Mayor Cur-

ley, of Boston; Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, commandant of the First Naval District, and Major General Preston Brown, U. S. A.

CONCERNING THE 304TH COMPANY, F. M. C. R.

"Poisonalities"

By Pvt. Wm. McK. Fleming

Judging by the long Bambino drives, it looks as though an extension to the armory will be required for those indoor baseball games. Following the Battalion Drill of December 9th, we were challenged to play the sixth division team of the Naval reserve. It sure was a grand old slugging match and the Gyrenes came out on top with a score of 22 to the Gobs' 8.

On December 23rd the 2nd Naval Battalion held its annual athletic meet. The Marines had but one entry—Pfc. Blinn—for the high jump. Frank came out second and the boys went home happy.

In a recent issue of the "Leatherneck" we read the amusing incident concerning the company clerk who asked the h. b. top-kick whether or not he should type his initials on the letters for purposes of tracing back and the top-kick's answer that his dirty finger mark on the paper would be quite sufficient. All of which tends to remind us that in our usual write-up of certain fellows we have overlooked someone—our company clerk, Corporal Malloy. We recall at Mr. McKinless' farewell dinner, the retiring officer listened attentively to the plaudits being given and then said that he could not have done the work at all if it were not for the religious cooperation of his clerical assistants—the first sergeant and the company clerk. It is not desired here to eulogize, but it might be well at this time to appreciate the fact that most of us set aside Monday evenings for drill while Joe reserves Monday night and part of Tuesday morning busily carrying on the various detailed work that is so essentially involved in any organization necessitating official correspondence, records, etc.

Wonder how Corporal Lynch is getting along in his studies of medicine? Of course it's none of our business but we think he'd make a better dentist. Business would be plentiful if he'd just say, "Oh, yes, I fix my own teeth."

It took quite a while for the news to get around that Pvt. Mayer (the well-dressed Marine) marked time to Mendleson's famous march many issues of this periodical ago. To Joe we extend our belated but heartiest congratulations.

Among the little incidents we have discovered recently are: Buttons on the sleeves originated long ago as a means to stop the soldiers using their sleeves for handkerchiefs. . . . Pvt. O'Geary does not carry any prayer book. . . . Sgt. Dean is just as salty and "regulatory" in civil life. . . . The Anderson family may well boast of 100% Americanism with Pvt. Ray and Corporal Eddie in the Marines and another brother in the 2nd Naval Battalion. . . . Pfc. Blinn and Privts. Costello and Shaughnessy have been reported contemplating singing on the air. Sez you! . . . Lots of "old timers" visiting the 304th Company proving "There are no ex-Marines."

THE LUCKY BAG

The Chronicles of the 303rd Company
F. M. C. R.

The "Lucky Bag" was shut tight last month, but this being the Christmas season, is brim full of news and wise cracks.

The month of December was welcomed by an old-fashioned doughnut and coffee jamboree aboard the ship upon the occasion of the presentation of prizes to the winners in the competition shoot. The prizes were donated by Captain Krulewitch and were gracefully presented by Major Deronde, former commanding officer of the company. After the presentation, Major Murray and Judge Thomas Fennell spoke, and their interesting talks were received with great applause.

The high scratch winners were Corporal Neider and Private First Class Fitzgerald. Each received a plaque bearing a bronze Marine Corps insignia, and each of the other winners received a ring. Among the recipients of prizes were Privates Syrop and Szenzy, two recruits of the company, each of whom expects to show up well on the range at Quantico this summer. After the presentation of prizes and the speeches, the division room took on the aspect of an old time Red Cross hut, with Sergeant Wilson, First Sergeant Calisch and other members of the entertainment committees dishing out dough—nuts.

The 303rd turned out well for drill during the month of December in spite of the non-authorization order from headquarters. Even during Christmas and New Year's week, a considerably larger number of men appeared than were credited as actually attending drills, since no credit was allowed to those men who did not attend the regular drill period.

The company was the recipient of many cards of Christmas greeting from all over the country, including cards from members of this company who are now serving with the regulars. In addition, the company commander received greetings from many of the far-flung posts of the Corps in the Orient and in the Tropics.

The most pleasant incident occurred toward the end of the year when Captain Krulewitch was escorted into the division room by Lieutenant Donovan and was presented with a handsome cigarette case, beautifully inscribed as a token of the good will and affection of the company. First Sergeant Calisch, on behalf of the company, expressed, in a few well-chosen words, the feeling of the company toward its commanding officer and presented the gift. Captain Krulewitch, for the first time in his life, was unable to make a formal speech of acceptance, but thanked the company for the expression of their kind wishes towards him, expressed in the form of their beautiful gift.

Major Rorke, the commanding officer of the 19th Regiment, has expressed himself as particularly pleased with the attendance of this company during the "payless" period and in addition, complimented the company while on a recent visit. He was very much interested on having the men familiarize themselves with the secondary batteries and, in par-

ticular, the mechanism of the 4-inch piece. The same general routine will be practiced in the loading and training of the 5-inch piece, of which, at the moment, there is none available aboard the ship. Lieutenant Donovan has been putting to good effect his excellent training at the Naval Academy and the man must have taken to the work like a duck to water.

A number of the men have enrolled in the correspondence courses of the Marine Corps Institute and are pushing ahead rapidly. Our always efficient company clerk, Corporal Cassel, has made application to enroll in any pay course available; and if there is such a course, the corporal will undoubtedly, like Abou Ben Adam, lead all the rest. Private First Class Caldwell's New Year's card was the snappiest thing we have seen in some time. In addition, his location, "Useless Stating Address," was typical of the old time Marine Corps.

Incidentally, we wish to give notice to those friends of the Marine Corps who, for some reason or another, have not been heretofore advised that every man, woman or child who has ever been connected with the Marine Corps in the past, who is associated with it in the present, or who hopes to be part of it in the future, is welcome as a friend aboard the "Illinois" at any of our regular drills, and at any other time as a guest of this company. "Semper Fidelis" to the 303rd is not only a Latin maxim, but it means to this company: Friendship and Fidelity to everyone connected with the Marine Corps in the past, present, and future, and a cordial welcome to each and all of them.

For the New Year of 1930 and for every year, the 303rd extends its cordial greeting for happiness and prosperity to all of its friends and well-wishers, and takes this occasion to present arms to our commander-in-chief, Major General Wendell C. Neville.

309TH COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The 309th Company has gotten well under way with their mid-winter training program. The cooperation of the officers of the Basic School at the Navy Yard, and of the Philadelphia Reserve officers not attached to any company, has helped to make the training and drill periods most interesting and instructive.

Except during the holidays, the company has met regularly each Monday night, and a good attendance has been maintained. In connection with the semi-annual inventory, each man's clothing and equipment was checked and inspected on the last drill night in December. There were quite a few worried countenances that night. Now that Santa Claus has come and gone (he visited the company recently with the American Eagle replacing his reindeers), the men are eagerly looking forward to the morning in July when they will entrain for the annual battle of Quantico.

First Sergeant Thompson has a new Roosevelt sedan. He was afraid a motorcycle wouldn't meet his needs at Quantico this year. He plans to call for the company officers on drill nights and take them home after drill during the year, and to drive them around at Quantico. Fine idea? Who gave that horsé laugh?

(Continued on page 42)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant W. E. Maxwell; Associate Editors, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost and Sergeant Frank H. Bentfrow; West Coast Representative, Gr. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Calif.; Advertising Manager, Corporal Walter E. Whitcomb; Circulation Manager, Sergeant Harry E. Hesse; Staff Artist, Corporal Gordon E. deLucy; Typist, Private Paul D. Horn.

The Personnel Bill

THE report of the House Naval Affairs Committee on the Marine Corps Personnel bill was accompanied by a minority report which differed materially from the majority report. In the majority report, it was maintained that the following results would be accomplished by the bill:

(1) Regularity in the periods spent by each officer in each of the higher ranks as well as a better adjustment of the periods in each of the lower ranks, affording proper opportunity for acquiring the experience necessary for advanced rank without unduly prolonged service in any rank, and thereby increasing the efficiency of the officer personnel.

(2) Readjustment of the percentage distribution of the total number of Officers in the Marine Corps, without changing that total number, among the several ranks. This redistribution would decrease.

(3) Assurance to all Officers who pass regularly through the lower grades that they will be afforded opportunity for selection before becoming subject to retirement because of any possible stagnation of promotion.

(4) Protection of the interests of the large group of wartime officers who were in 1920 amalgamated with the regular Marine Corps.

(5) Transfer of the present permanent Staff Officers of the Marine Corps to the line, primarily to afford officers performing staff duties equality of opportunity with those engaged in line activities.

Among the important comments made in the minority report are the following:

(a) Entirely different results than those contemplated by the majority will occur.

(b) The elimination by retirement of enough field officers each year to insure the promotion of one-seventh of the number of officers in each grade, is not approved.

(c) It would have a harmful effect on the morale of the service to annually select as unfit for promotion, a large number of officers of long service in the Marine Corps.

(d) That it is considered doubtful that the bill would eventually result in economy to the Government, because before the economy time arrives, new pay bills might have to be considered.

Among the important amendments proposed by the minority, are the following:

No officer shall be eliminated from the active list, or placed on the retired list for the purpose of creating vacancies for the promotion of other officers. No officer shall be eliminated by retirement or otherwise, as a result of the proceedings of any board or court before which he is not brought to appear and afforded an open examination or trial. Total abolishment of distinction between line and staff officers and promotion to the rank of Captain upon completion of seven years service as proposed. Another amendment would provide that all officers with less than twenty years of service found not professionally qualified, be discharged with one year's pay.

Another amendment provides that no officer shall be disqualified for promotion by any board by which he is not brought to appear and permitted to offer proper objection to its membership, and confronted with the evidence in the case and permitted to offer a defense.

In conclusion the report states: "The Marine Corps must conform to retirement in the whole Military-Naval system now being sought by all people and to the policy of President to cooperate with all nations to that end."

Our Cover Paintings

ON the editorial page of the August, 1929, issue of THE LEATHERNECK, mention was made concerning the series of covers the editors intended to use. We believe the time is now ripe to explain the three-fold purpose we had in mind. First, the paintings illustrate some phrase of the Marine's Hymn. Second, they furnish a correct example of the uniform worn at the period illustrated; and third, the written article presents in detail a correct historical sketch of the incident. No pains are spared in the research required to make these absolutely accurate in the minutest detail.

We have on file many letters of commendation. One in particular says, in part: "... they seem to fill a definite need. I am sure the reading public, even among the better informed, is woefully benighted where Marines are concerned, and many Marines (including myself) know little of their Corps' history."

That, then, is our purpose. We have given you "From the Halls of Montezuma," showing Marines in the ancient Aztec courtyard, and a story of the storming of Chapultepec. You have had "To The Shores of Tripoli," depicting the planting of the fifteen-starred American flag on the hostile breastworks at Derne, and a story of Lieutenant O'Bannon and his march through the African desert.

This month we present "We Fight Our Country's Battles," a romantic picture of Marines attempting to carry the heights of Fort Fisher. For the next issue we have "On the Land as on the Sea," picturing Marines in the fighting top of the "Bon Homme Richard," during its immortal engagement with the "Serapis." Following that we will offer "First to Fight for Right and Freedom," which pictures Sergeant Quick signaling the fleet at Guantanamo Bay; for which deed he was presented the Medal of Honor.

While we are aware that it is unlikely our Marines went into battle wearing the dress uniforms shown in our series, we are only adopting artistic license which will enable you to see what uniforms were worn in various periods, and at the same time the engagements upon which the Marines' Hymn was founded.

Our January cover showed a mounted Marine outside the Great Wall of China. This, not one of the series mentioned, was captioned: "When I Ride Like a General up to the Scud and Ride Back Like Tod Sloan." One of our subscribers has written, asking us to make clear as to whom Tod Sloan might be. We may say that Tod Sloan was a very famous English jockey, and the title is a quotation from Mr. Kipling's poem, "Mounted Infantry."

We trust our readers are enjoying this remarkable series of covers, and hope the articles will further familiarize them with the unparalleled achievements of our Corps.

A Word to Our Agents

IT will be very much appreciated if our agents at all Marine Corps posts and stations will endeavor to advise us as far in advance as possible when they expect to be transferred or discharged. This notice should be accompanied by a recommendation for the appointment of a new agent. Experience has shown that it is advisable to appoint agents from the office of THE LEATHERNECK. This also gives us the opportunity at the same time of transmitting special instructions to our agents.

Washington's Birthday

FEBRUARY 22, 1930, marks another anniversary of the birthday of George Washington. From generation to generation his name has been handed down as the greatest of all American patriots. Since the time of Washington, many Americans have performed heroic deeds of valor and rendered invaluable assistance to the United States, but it is not likely that any one man will ever be able to take the place in the hearts of the American people that George Washington holds.

We know him only from history, and yet from early childhood every American is taught to revere the name of the Father of Our Country. In this modern age of rapid progress it is remarkable that the memory of a man should survive for so long a time, and yet to our serious-minded citizens it is not so remarkable, for the whole nation has learned to love and worship the memory of George Washington, our first President; our first Commander-in-Chief; first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. No greater tribute can be paid to any man.

RETIRED OFFICERS AND MEN CLASS II, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE ATTENTION!

You are now eligible for enrollment with the
MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE



The Marine Corps Institute is pleased to announce that, as the result of a recent decision of the Major General Commandant, the privilege of enrolling for a correspondence course with the Marine Corps Institute has been extended to officers and enlisted men on the retired list of the Marine Corps, and to members of Class II, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

The Institute has, in the past, received numerous requests for enrollment from retired officers and enlisted men and from members of Class II, F. M. C. R. It is believed that this decision of the Major General Commandant will be welcomed by the officers and men concerned, and that a large majority will take advantage of the opportunity offered.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a wide selection of technical, commercial, and academic courses, and, as a large number of the officers and men affected by this recent decision are engaged in civilian pursuits, it is believed that this opportunity to secure, **FREE OF CHARGE**, an up-to-date course of instruction in the profession or trade in which they are now engaged, will be gladly accepted.

For your convenience a coupon listing the courses taught by the Marine Corps Institute has been included at the foot of the page—**SEND IT IN NOW—DO NOT LET THIS OPPORTUNITY PASS BY.**

Why not write for full information about the course in which you are interested?

Are you the type of man who would take advantage of a bargain? Would you jump at the chance to secure \$100.00 worth of honest value for \$1.00? Would you be even more eager to secure the same value **FREE**? We know that you would.

Then **WHY** don't you take advantage of the correspondence courses offered by the Marine Corps Institute? The average cost of these courses to a civilian would be \$100.00. To you, a **MARINE**, they are **FREE**. Without spending a single dollar **YOU** can secure \$100.00 worth of **HONEST VALUE**.

Check the subject in which you are interested on the coupon below and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute—**NOW, BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE.**

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

Academic and Business Training Courses

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Lieut. Prep. | <input type="checkbox"/> Naval Academy Prep. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography & Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Standard High School |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | | |

Technical and Industrial Courses

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying & Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor & Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture & Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____



WHAT THE LEAGUE MEANS

THE Marine Corps League is a patriotic and social organization embracing Marines in civilian life and those in active service.

It aims to perpetuate the traditions and spirit of the United States Marine Corps through constant association of groups of men who have at any time served under the globe and anchor in peace as well as war time. There is no distinction.

All are eligible for membership who are now actively connected with the Marine Corps or possess an honorable discharge from active service. Members of the Marine Corps Reserve may become associate members of the league, without vote, after they have served for one year in the Reserve and shall have completed one tour of camp duty. This does not apply to reservists who have served actively in the Marine Corps, as their discharge papers automatically make them eligible for full membership.

The Marine Corps League has detachments in thirty States, which hold monthly or semi-monthly meetings conducted under a unified ritual, promote social and patriotic functions with the Marine Corps spirit and atmosphere always predominating. The official uniform of the league is the regulation Marine Corps dress blue, scarlet overseas cap with gold piping and M. C. L. embroidered in gold silk on the front and detachment designation on right side. The official equipment of each detachment includes standard National and Marine Corps colors, with Marine Corps League and the detachment designation in gold leaf letters across the corps flag.

The Marine Corps League was organized at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City in June, 1923, succeeding the Marine Corps Veterans Association and has since held annual conventions in Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Erie, Pa., Dallas, Texas and Cincinnati. The next convention will be held in St. Louis, Mo., next September.

At each national convention the national officers are elected to include the national commandant, six divisional national vice commandants, a judge advocate and sergeant-at-arms. The adjutant-paymaster and chief of staff are appointed by the national commandant. The divisional vice commandants have supervision over apportioned areas which cover every State.

The Marine Corps League has contributed through detachment donations the sum of \$6,000 toward the Belleau Woods Memorial Fund and is working on a plan to have a strictly Marine Corps memorial erected at the cross-roads above the town of Lucy-le-Bocage, where the Marine Division fought so valiantly in France.

National Commandant W. Karl Latons is our "skipper." Write to him at

By FRANK X. LAMBERT National Chief of Staff

the executive offices, 108 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass., if you are interested in joining the league or forming a detachment.

MEMBERSHIP CONTEST

1. Membership contest will date from November 1, 1929, for the year of 1930.

2. Each new member recorded between November 1 and May 1 will count 10 points. Old members who rejoin will count 5 points.

3. Each new member recorded from May 1st to ten days before convention time will count 5 points. Old members who rejoin in this period will count three points.

4. If dues are paid in advance by old members they shall count 3 points for each membership.

5. The prizes will be as follows:

1. Beautiful silver engraved shield, value \$50.00.

2. \$25.00 in cash.

3. \$15.00 in cash.

4. \$10.00 in cash.

6. Awards will be made by agreement of National Officers upon viewing records.

National Commandant's Cup

1. Those eligible are active detachments who unaided organize a new detachment in some neighboring city, also ladies auxiliaries.

2. The award will not be based on numeral strength or size of the new detachment, but in recognition of the energy and progressiveness of the new organization.

3. Award will be made on decision of the National Officers.

Suggestions

Get your detachments divided into two teams, Reds and Blues, and go after members. Let one side or the other pay for the dinners if they lose. Set a time limit and have reports. Then choose new sides and start again. Have generals for leaders of each side, and captains for section leaders, etc., down the line. Report totals at all meetings.

Keep your eyes peeled to get that new detachment going and swap visits back and forth. You are a part of the National Organization and must function as such. Report your new members to headquarters or the paymaster at every meeting. Let's go.

Offer a dollar attendance prize at each meeting. Have all names of everyone on your roster dropped into a hat. Pick one at each meeting and if the fellow does not happen to be present, then the next time it will be two dollars for the name selected. In many cases this runs up into \$5.00 and \$10.00 and it's a great joke on the bird that misses a meeting

when his name is drawn and loses the five spot or whatever it may be. Be sure that you have the names of ALL members in the hat, and remember only one draw. It multiplies for the next meeting.

Get some clay pipes and a few jars of tobacco and get a good speaker and invite all veteran organizations to be present, especially the old timers. Get the good will of the public.

W. KARL LATONS, Nat'l Commandant.

DETACHMENT BRIEFS

Commandant Charles Maisel of Waco Texas Detachment, recently appointed a committee of three consisting of R. B. Stanford, W. L. Baine and James Irwin, to consult with officers of the American Legion relative to plans for a campaign to erect a memorial monument in Waco to soldiers, sailors and Marines of that city who lost their lives in the World War. The conference later submitted its plans to city officials for their suggestion and cooperation.

Portis Detachment of Birmingham, Alabama, has outlined an active schedule of social activities. Their recent meeting was attended by the county solicitor and two other notables as honored guests. Mrs. Hilda Courtney, an accomplished musician of Birmingham was elected an honorary member of the detachment and in the future will furnish music at all social gatherings. Acting Adjutant A. Paul Goodall reports unusual enthusiasm among the members resulting in exceptionally lively meetings and predicts that Portis Detachment will soon be one of the outstanding detachments of the league. More power to you Paul.

National Commander W. Karl Latons while paying an official visit to Newark, N. J., Detachment last month, addressed the Veterans' Alliance meeting at the City Hall. Commandant Latons, Prof. Basil H. Pollitt, national judge advocate of the league, and Frank L. Dale, state commander of the Veterans' Alliance, later filed application for the league to membership in the Veterans' State Legislative Alliance at Trenton.

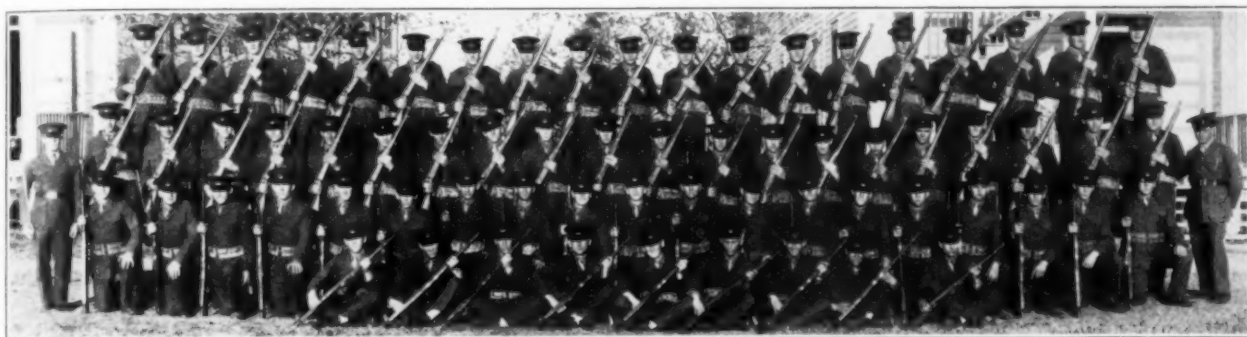
Past National Vice Commandant Alfred Marasco of Irvington, a member of Newark Detachment, is addressing various clubs throughout the county in a campaign for the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve being organized by Col. James F. Rorke, commanding the Nineteenth Regiment. Sergeant Moran is enrolling men for the Second Battalion in northern New Jersey at the Newark post office.

Commandant Charles Maisel of Waco Texas Detachment, has outlined plans for the coming year which include a

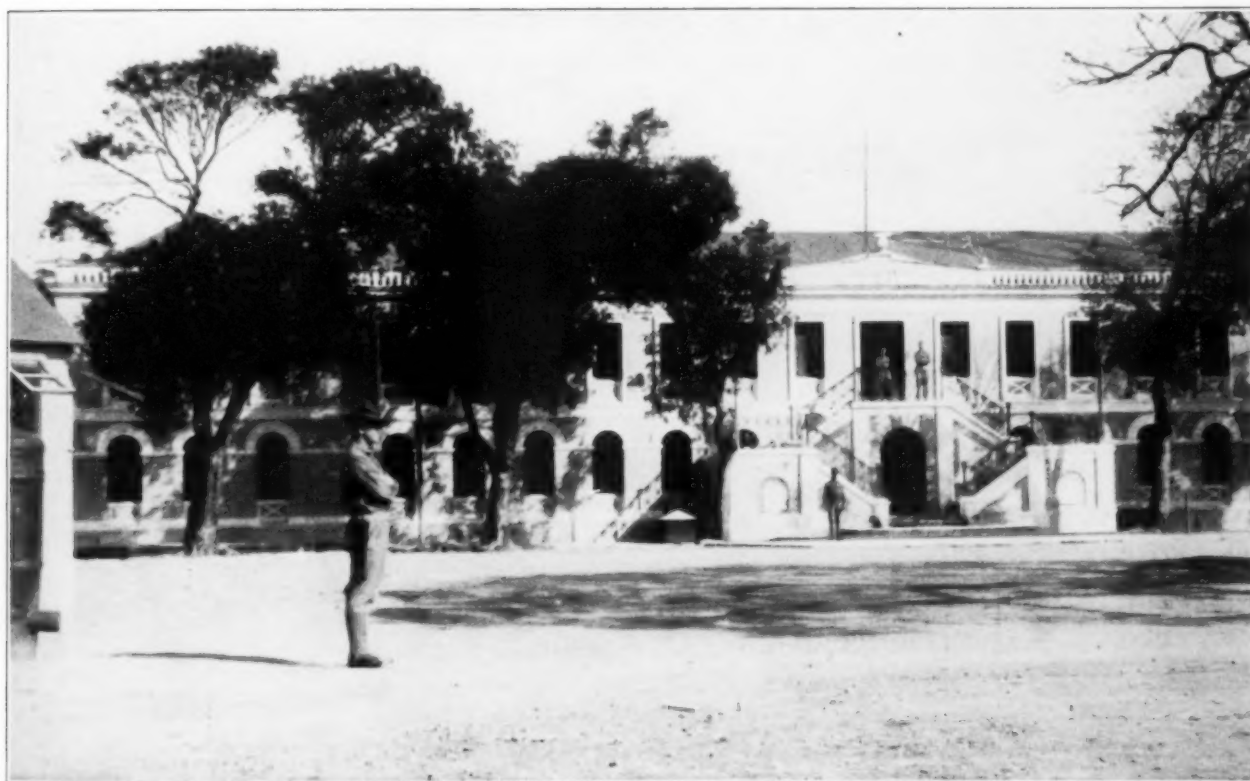
(Continued on page 51)



Recruit Platoon B-122, Parris Island, S. C. Drill instructors: Corporal Higginson, Corporal Johnston, Corporal Bentley.



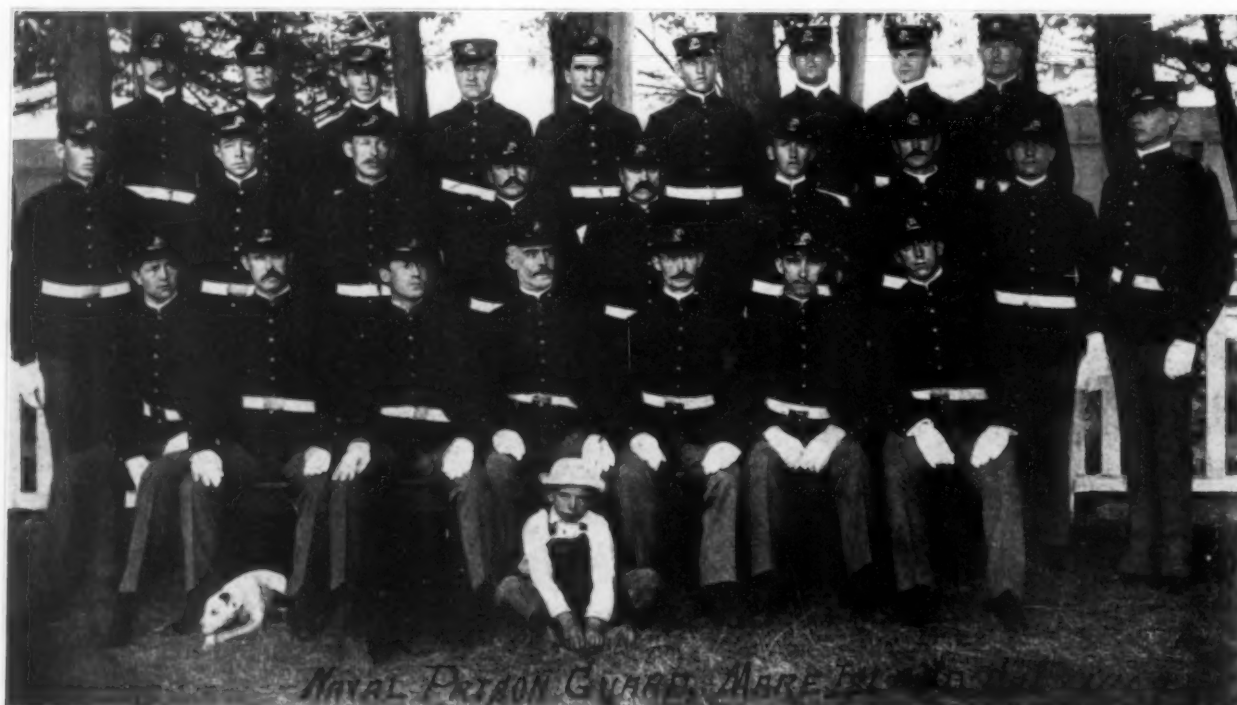
Recruit Platoon A-121, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C. Sgt. Graham and Cpl. Douyard, instructors.



Guard duty at the Marine Barracks in picturesque St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. (Photo by Sergeant William C. Fearon.)



Baseball aggregation who played on the U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters team way back in 1909.



Marine Detachment composing the Naval Prison Guard at Mare Island, Calif., 1902. Know any of 'em?

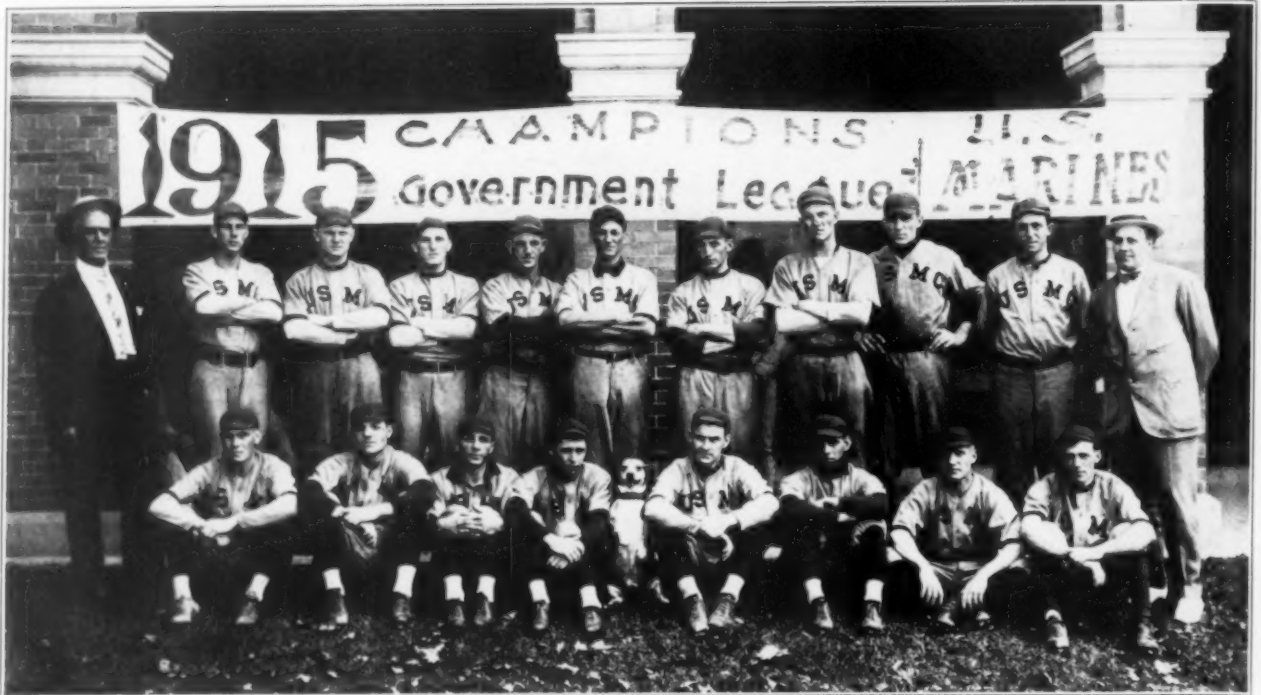


AMERICAN LEGATION GUARD TRACK AND FIELD TEAM 1929

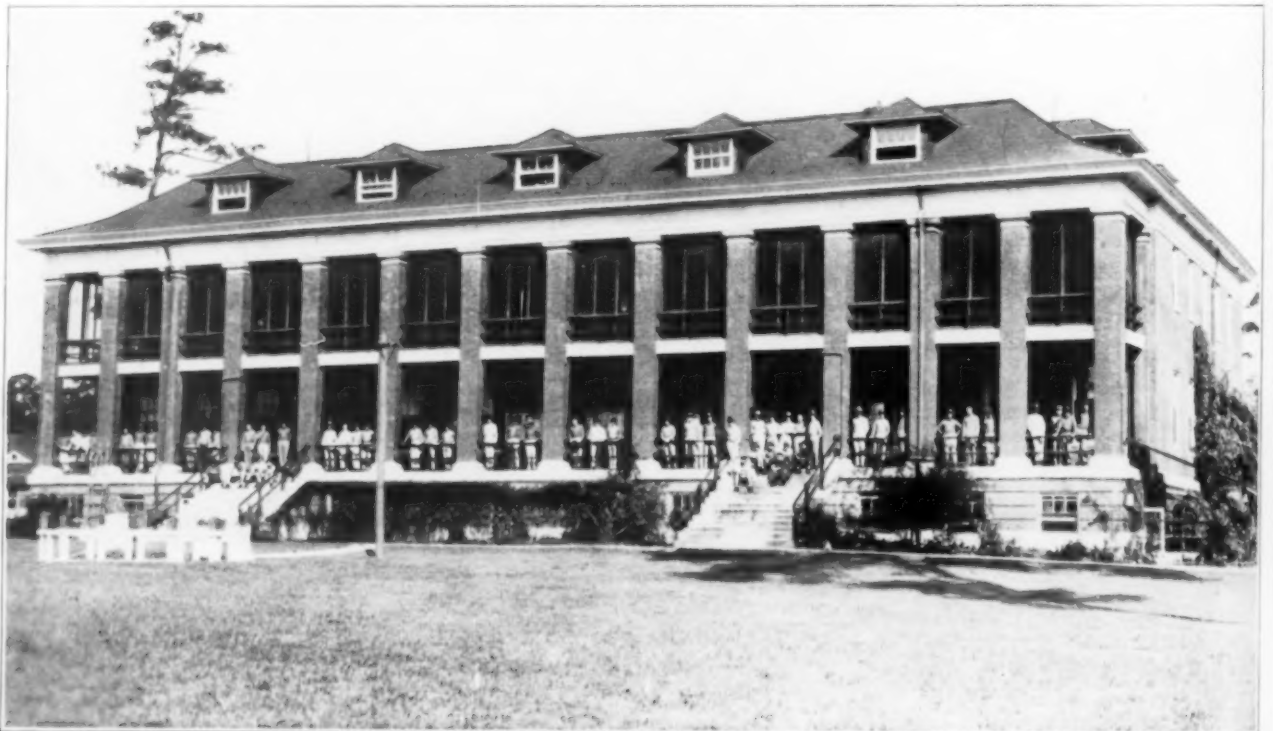
Front row, left to right: Gard, Pearl, Dyer (team captain), Colonel T. Holcomb (commanding officer), Lieut. W. O. Thompson (coach), Mees (relay team captain), Brownell, Long. Second row: Brown, J. Kosloski, Tredway, Shipley, Balbaugh, Keer, Ballard, Tipton. Back row: Nelson, Dobbins, Tobin (tug-of-war coach), Bell, Brown, H. E.



Members of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Saratoga." Captain R. C. Thaxton, U. S. M. C., commanding.



Back row: Sgt. Maj. Hulburt, Denman, Strain, Jenkins, Fitzgerald, Burns, Mims, Williams, Parker, Olcott, Mr. Douglas (manager). Front row: Walbridge, Goodwin, Wyzynski, Richards, Baylis, Perry, Murphy, Quackenbush.



An excellent view of Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Charleston, S. C. Looks as if chow bumps have just sounded.

Only 28 years old and earning \$15,000 a year



Works in Shoe Factory

W. T. Carson was forced to leave school at an early age. His help was needed at home. He took a "job" in a shoe factory in Huntington, W. Va., at \$12 a week.



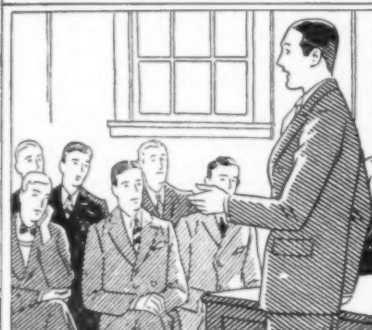
Starts Studying at Home

Carson determined to make something of himself before it was too late, so he took up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and studied in spare time.



Now Owns Big Business

Today W. T. Carson is the owner of one of the largest battery service stations in West Virginia, with an income of \$15,000 a year. And he is only 28 years old!



Lectures at College

Just a few months ago a large college asked Carson to lecture before a class in electricity. That shows the practical value of his I. C. S. course.



How to Earn More Money

If the I. C. S. can smooth the path to success for men like W. T. Carson it can help you. If it can help other men to earn more money it can help you too.



The Boss is Watching You

Show him you are ambitious and are really trying to get ahead. Decide today that you are at least going to find out all about the I. C. S. and what it can do for you.

Mail This Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 5279-J, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Organization
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Window Trimming
- ☐ Complete Commercial
- ☐ Accountancy (Including C.P.A.)
- ☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting

- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Show Card Lettering

- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Civil Engineer

- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Plumbing & Heating
- ☐ Steam Engineering
- ☐ Radio
- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Blueprint Reading
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman

- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Airplane Engines
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

© 1927

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

The pleasure of spending two weeks at the Citadel Military College, Charleston, S. C., was mine in December, and while there I was privileged to read through the long list of students who have graduated there since its foundation in 1842. The first class numbered six men and was graduated in 1846. C. C. Lew, the first honor man of his class, afterwards founded the Hillsboro Military Academy, North Carolina, who was killed at Sharpsburg in September, 1862, while commanding Anderson's Brigade. The spirit of the Corps of Citadel Cadets had always been of high character, and the training which the cadets received has met the heartiest commendation of the War Department, which for many years, while such a classification existed, rated the institution as a "distinguished college." Naturally, therefore, as opportunity afforded there has been no lack of desire on the part of cadets to enter the service of the Marine Corps, especially during the Great War. Quite a number of these are still suffering from wounds received in battles in France while others of this splendid group paid the supreme sacrifice, some in France, and others in Santo Domingo and Nicaragua, while doing duty in these countries. The College Weekly is called the "Bull Dog," and the slogan of the college is: "Once a Citadel man, always a Citadel man," thus forming a decided relationship with the Corps of Marines, to which the body of Cadets always look with admiration and respect.

Since my last mention of Marines at the Charleston Barracks, quite a few changes have taken place; first, was the well-deserved promotion of the Major, now Lieutenant Colonel Frederick A. Gardner, an honor appreciated by the men of this detachment as well as by the Naval Force in the Station. Lieutenant E. Selby had left for tropical duty, and Captain Charles E. Rice reported in from the west to the East Coast for the first time. It's rather a change, Captain, from San Diego to Charleston, but I guess that after two years, you will regret to change over again, for South Carolina surely does grip a person's affections, especially around Charleston. Lieutenant Thomas C. Perrin had also reported in again from Boston, although Lieutenant Daniel R. Fox was away on temporary duty with the special force that has left for Haiti. First Sergeant Dessaau, with nearly twenty years of service, has been transferred to the U. S. S. "Wyoming," his place being filled by another twenty-year man, First Sergeant Buckey. Rumor was current that

Buckey's first duties were to go on a diet; this however, I was unable to confirm. Quartermaster Sergeant Tabor was still in evidence, faithful in work to the smallest detail, while the Police Sergeant, Joe Bianchi, was constantly making efforts to keep the buildings and grounds in proper shape. The clerk, Corporal MacDonald, had left the "Southern" in Boston, and was feeling highly pleased with the change that had been made, both in place and in climate. Sergeant Newlands is now mess sergeant, and is proving quite an adept at the management of things. The men highly endorse approval of what he provides and I never saw the tables or mess hall more spotlessly clean. A basketball team has entered the City League, and with Privates Levi and Jackson as outstanding forwards, surely the Marines this season should carry off the honors.

Dover, N. J., is one of the places that was crowded out of my last series of notes, and I must try to make amends for this treatment, for I always have a good time at Dover, and my last visit was no exception. Lieutenant James Ackerman gave me no end of splendid welcome, and, as ever, the Galley Fires were burning so beautifully that the cook was able to place on the tables a most beautiful spread, and believe me, Daniel E. Ludtke knows how to cook, while his messmen, Raymond W. "Red" Masin and William L. "Banjo Eyes" Moffett, gave really first-class service. The Quartermaster Sergeant is that quiet thorough-going Charles B. Hirsch, a man of the sort who cannot be rushed, but gets through. Sheffield M. Banta is the First Sergeant; Allen M. Ennis, "POP," the police sergeant, Patrick K. Woodward, the efficient mess sergeant, with Sergeant Thomas J. "Frog" Michaud, and a group of seven corporals making up the non-coms' roster, including "Frenchy" Belanger, "Speedy" Henderson, and George L. Lorman, Post Exchange steward. They call their company clerk, Walter J. Baade, "Brains," and from all I saw, he has some, and knows how to use them. There is also a barber and a milkman on the reservation, a private, by name, William A. Burton, nicknamed "Sheep-Shearer." To meet Burton delivering milk, dressed in his huge sheepskin coat, and driving an old-fashioned and steady-going horse and buggy, is quite a novelty to the Marines who have only seen service of a few months and hail from some city. Nevertheless, it is one of the links between the present and the past occasionally to be met in remote places. Chief Jacobs of the Medical Staff is an expert marksman and if there are rabbits, it is said that he can get them. He was out for some for the general mess during my visit, but reports came in that he was somewhat bewildered while out, and had gone after bear. They have not written me as to his success, but if he caught cold in the snow, his "pill-rollers," "Red" Miller and "Sparky" Campbell, will have some strenuous work before he gets properly thawed out.

Amongst the recruiters, there is always plenty doing, and therefore I was surprised the other day to learn that my old friend Sergeant Miller Ebright of New Orleans had gone out on his sixteen

years. When asked by a comrade what he intended to do as a civilian, he is reported to have replied, "I think that I'll work in a bank; there seems to be money in it." The wonderful and talented Sergeant Robert Gordon, editor, and artist, and publisher, par excellence, says of Ebright: "Miller was born at Lake Fork, Ohio, on May 31, 1887. Practically nothing is known of the childhood and youth of Ebright by the staff biographer, so we won't go into that. It is sufficient to state that he enlisted in the Marines at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 15th day of September, 1913, after an unsuccessful attempt to borrow a cigarette.

Ebright first did squad's right at Norfolk, Va. He was a part of the expeditionary force at Cubera, Porto Rico, in January, 1914; went to Vera Cruz, Mexico, in April of the same year, but even his presence would not induce Huerta to salute the flag, so 1915-16-17 found him in Haiti. He saw service in France in 1918 and 1919, and upon his return to the U. S. A., he came to New Orleans, where he has been ever since, except for an occasional trip to Westwego."

The leading recruiter of the Southern Recruiting Division at present is Sergeant William T. Faulk of Jacksonville. Faulk is a fine boy and one of whom the people of this Florida city is proud. Quite a number of the citizens spoke of him and his excellent bearing which they said worthily represented the high character of the Marine Corps.

The poem selected for this month is one by H. Ross Ake, entitled

"Hitched To The Holdbacks"

"There's many a capable prancing steed,
Full of endurance, spirit, and speed,
Champing the bit for a chance to lead,
But he can't when he's hitched to the holdbacks.

"There's many an asinine, braying plug,
Will work at the breeching, but not at the tug;

No burden worth while did a man ever lug,
With an ass merely hitched to the holdbacks.

"The thing we need now in the office and mill,
In the store, on the farm, and on Capitol Hill,

Is men—only men—who will pull with a will;

Not Asses, hitched just to the holdbacks."

May we, none of us, ever be "hitched to the holdbacks," or we'll never be fit for the Marine Corps.

It was a great privilege to meet again the father and mother of Jewell Buckman, who was one of that wonderful group of boys who gave themselves in the big sacrifice at Belleau Wood. I met Jewell first of all in the "Y" building at Brevannes early in March, 1918, when a Mr. Hudson was secretary. As near as I can remember it was the week before we left for Verdun, and on or about the day when orders came for everybody to have their heads clipped to enable us to wear properly the helmets

(Continued on page 42)

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Such a bunch of Christmas cards as descended upon the chauffeur of this column! For instance, there was the one from an ex-Marine out in Custar, Ohio, who wrote on the back of his card that he liked to see the news in the Brig about Brooklyn, and who signed himself Louis X. Dibling, and just couldn't resist adding "Semper Fidelis." There was another one made up specially for Ernie Schaaf, ex-Navy battler, and his trainer, Phil Schlossberg, which was sent this column, and contained such very good advice for the New Year that we can't resist quoting the stanza that read:

"What though throughout the passing year
The grapes of wrath were poured—
Lay off the alibis, Old Dear,
The world is merely bored."

Then there was a real swanky one off the U. S. S. "Texas," from a chap in the Marine detachment named "Gene Scruggs." We don't think we ever met Gene, but we thank him very much for the "Texas" card. Somehow we are lucky enough to be remembered by someone on the "Texas" every year, and maybe that ship doesn't get out a classy card. Incidentally, the "Salt Lake City" had a very handsome greeting card, her very first, and we are going to treasure and treasure it, along with another one that came all the way from the Asiatics, and had a picture of that gallant, antediluvian old tub that has made so much history out there—the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh."

We don't want to forget the coy chap, too bashful to sign his name, who sent us a U. S. Marine Christmas card from the Philippines; the nice letter we got (and unfortunately lost) from the boys right near here at Fort Lafayette; and last but not least, the very military letter that came from "Headquarters and Headquarters Company, Second Regiment, First Brigade, Marine Barracks, Port au Prince, Haiti." It was dated "12 December, 1929" from "First Sergeant Walter M. Cooke, U. S. M. C., to Lou Wylie, via U. S. M. C. S. S. "Goodwill." The subject was "Seasons Greetings from Shipmates in Haiti," and besides being ever so complimentary of the Brig column, it ended up with so many good wishes that we almost felt as though we were cheating folks who might be less fortunate, but then when we realized that they were really sent to no one else but us, we decided to be real stingy and keep them all just for ourself the whole year round. Maybe next year, if we get a new consignment we will pass these on to someone else—and then again maybe we

won't. We are getting awfully stingy that way.

As we said before, we were remembered by the boys at Fort Lafayette as well as over at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and the New York recruiters, and all in all, it's a very-very nice feeling. We envy you, each and everyone, who wear the Globe, Anchor and Wings. It is a symbol of bravery, service and chivalry, and just in case some of you may have forgotten it, we want to repeat what we have said an awful lot of times in this column—that the greenest boot who is a whole souled Leatherneck is a finer man, morally, physically and mentally than ANY fellow on the outside, or he would have never been attracted to the Corps in the first place. And we frankly say that we envy him.

To all those who sent us cards, and there were lots that we haven't the space to acknowledge, and to those who thought of us and didn't send cards, we are very grateful, and thank you.

* * * *

Soon we are going to have some first-hand dope on the Marines on board the U. S. S. "Salt Lake City." By the time this gets into print the snappy new cruiser, with her speedy looking streamlines, should be in New York, and we then hope to be able to give readers of this column full dope on the complement of Marines that make up her detachment.

* * * *

Romany Marie is a Gypsy woman, well educated, and proud of her Romany blood. For more years than even Marie likes to admit, for she is still handsome and entirely feminine, she has been the good angel to down and out artists, poets and painters in Greenwich Village. At her tavern, 15 Minetta St., she sits at a smoke clouded table, deep in some argument on philosophy, the latest art, or a new dancer, or she walks, like a pacing pantheress, back and forth through the long room. Sometimes she stops to converse with a guest, but only a favored few are permitted to join her at her table. Intense, keenly interested in everything from which she can glean knowledge, beauty, or rhythm, she appraises and assorts her guests as they enter, undoubtedly grading and tabulating them in her mind as she looks them over. Always she is casually polite even to the most uninteresting who come to sip her tea and look at the exhibits of modernistic art that adorn the tavern walls, but one feels that here is a person that only the unusual can hold for very long; the thin subterfuges and petty hypocrisies will wilt before the flame of her dark eyes. Last Saturday we found her with several Rumanian newspapers spread out before her. At her table were a newspaperman, an artist, and a U. S. Marine officer. As her quick, heavily jewelled hands darted like birds, back and forth, she wove with the spell of her conversation a thread that united these three men whose widely divergent interests would otherwise have undoubtedly resulted in boredom to all concerned. Feeling sure that the world court was under discussion, or the Nicaraguan situation, or even perhaps the new art, we cautiously edged into the circle to learn that Marie, abetted by the Marine officer, was extolling the flavor of a rare Italian cheese little known in this country.

Old Banners of the Corps

Here are old flags, with stars grown wan,
And tarnish on their cords and fringe
of gold,

And bars grown pale that once in summer suns

Were undulant and fluttering colors bold.

Where are the clouds of battle smoke
Through which these emblems blazoned fair?

Where are the hands that, quick and true
Flung out their folds upon the air?

Where is the bugle's clear, high call,
Shattering the silence into silver rain?
Where are the stalwart lines of fighting men

That moved beneath these flags like windswept grain?

Perhaps in some fair skyborn land
Where souls of bravest warriors gathered are,
There boast the followers of these flags
Of every fringed fold, and gleaming star.

To us is left these yellowing folds of silk,
And gallant memories that are laurel crowned,
But the real spirit of these hallowed flags
Waves over a terrestrial camping ground.

* * * *

A New York daily, commenting upon the recent fire that destroyed a gig alongside the "Saratoga," printed a picture of the giant aircraft carrier over the caption "The Saratoga, formerly the New York."

Maybe, in another reincarnation.

* * * *

We hate to admit it, but we are not over Christmas yet. There is still half a fruit cake, two boxes of candy and a lot of salted pecans on which we have made no appreciable inroads, and until they are entirely consumed and we are thoroughly back on the old corn beef and cabbage diet, this column simply cannot be up to snuff. It is strange, but for twelve months we skimp and plan and save, and live on the plainest of food so that we can gorge ourselves for a couple of weeks on rich food that will send us gladly back to start skimping and saving on the old diet again.

* * * *

If there is one thought we would leave with you for February, it is, skirts may grow longer, and hats change shape, but except for the yearly increase in price, the goofy little heart-shaped papers, with lace around them and two white doves tied up with a pink bow, are just about as utterly utter as they were when our great-great-grandmother thrilled to that anonymous question "Will you be my Valentine?"

The expression "letting the cat out of the bag" is of nautical origin. When punishment by the use of the cat-o-nine-tails was abolished the "cat" was placed in a canvas bag and its use became an infraction of the law. Hence the meaning that when the "cat" was taken from the bag, trouble would ensue.—U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings.



SHORTS ON SPORTS

Vallejo Boxing Arena, California, Dec. 12, 1929.—Jimmy Lombard, ex-Marine and former all-service lightweight boxing champion of 1928, won all the way from Roy Stice, of Richmond, Calif., in four sharp, fast rounds. They are in the junior welterweight class.

Mare Island Marines win basketball championship of the Fourteenth Naval District. Sergeant A. J. Ross of the Mare Island Marines, is the captain and manager of the team.

San Rafael Athletic Club, California, Dec. 6, 1929.—Jimmy Lombard, former Marine, fought a draw with Andy Kellner of San Francisco after four fast rounds. Both are in the junior welterweight class.

Vallejo Boxing Arena, Calif., Dec. 5, 1929.—Marine Rex Gannon of the Mare Island Marines won a decision from Battling Dome of Richmond, Calif., after four rounds of swift action.

San Rafael Athletic Club, Calif., Dec. 6, 1929.—In a four-round session, Roy Alexander, former Leatherneck, and the 135-pound champion of North China Legations while serving at Peking, 1926-1927, won the best bout of the evening by a decision from Tommy Barcia of Mexico City. Four rounds; lightweights.

Vallejo Boxing Arena, Calif., Dec. 5, 1929.—In the curtain-raiser, "Bummie" Peters, tough Greek of Benicia, Calif., knocked out Marine Loyd Emory in the second round of a four-round bout. They are middleweights. The Mare Island Marine substituted for Sailor Hill of the Navy Yard.

Tpr. William C. Riddle, lightweight boxer, who recently returned from duty in China, is now stationed at the Marine Barracks, Mare Island, California. Riddle has a very good record, having fought the best in the 130-lb. class. The bugler boy likes to fight, and will be matched on a card around the Bay Cities some time soon.

The U. S. S. "Lexington" has two contenders for honors in the U. S. Battle Fleet boxing eliminations who are expected to go a long way according to news from "The Minute Men," the ship's paper. The names of the boxers are Ray Spiker, Corporal, 105 lbs., and Forrester, Private, 128 lbs.

SPRING BASEBALL TRAINING

Now that winter is on the wane and football gear has been cleaned and shelved for another year, our thoughts properly turn to our next major sport.

On March 1st the ball-tossers from all parts of the Corps will gather at Quantico, where under the tutelage of Coach Tom Keady they will limber up for the coming season of the great American game.

Most of last year's stars will be with the team again, as will other men who during the winter have been recommended by various post athletic officers.

It is hoped that all men who believe they have qualifications necessary for a berth on the Big Team will soon communicate with the Headquarters Athletic Officer, with a view of being ordered to Quantico for a try-out. These applications should have the endorsement of their respective athletic officers, and should include the applicant's experience, position played, etc.

The home schedule for 1930 includes some old and familiar clubs and a sprinkling of new ones, indeed a very attractive schedule.

Upon completing the home schedule the team will make a swing through New England on a barn-storming trip, as they did last year. Arrangements have been completed for the team to make their headquarters at the Marine Barracks, Boston, Mass., where Colonel Hoadley has placed at their disposal all of his facilities.

Bus trips will be made during the two-week sojourn and, altogether, about eight games will be played.

1930 BASEBALL SCHEDULE (HOME)

March 24—Drexel Institute.
March 29—University of Vermont.
March 31—University of Vermont.
April 3—Villa Nova College.
April 4—Dartmouth College.
April 7—Lafayette College.
April 9—Harvard University.
April 12—Juniata College.
April 14—Catholic Univ., at Washington.
April 15—Gullford College.
April 16—Susquehanna University.
April 17—Susquehanna University.
April 18—New York University.
April 19—New York University.
April 21—Boston College.
April 22—Manhattan College.
April 23—Manhattan College.
April 26—University of Delaware.
April 28—Catholic University.
May 3—McKinley-Tech.
May 6—Temple University.
May 7—Temple University.
May 9—Wake Forest College.
May 13—Virginia Military Institute.
May 16—Washington College.
May 17—Washington College.

All the above games will be played at Quantico except the Catholic University game in Washington, D. C., April 14.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Vallejo, Calif., 19 Dec., 1929.—Marine Eldred of Mare Island won a four-round decision over Ted "Kid" Evans at the Vallejo boxing arena. Both men are middleweights.

Vallejo, Calif., Dec. 4, 1929.—Roy Alexander, ex-Marine, fought a four-round draw with Roy Stone of San Rafael; lightweights.

Pfc. Stanley A. Newman, welterweight champion of the Orient and Far East, is at present serving at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Calif., and will be seen in action in the rings of San Francisco and the Bay Cities. Newman's greatest wins were over two of the best in China: Soldier Appleton, 145 lbs., of the East Yorkshire Regiment, British Army, and a brother Leatherneck named Cuberthson. Newman knocked out both of the above named opponents in double time.

Vallejo, Calif., Dec. 19, 1929.—At the Vallejo boxing arena, Bob Stinnett of Richmond, Calif., won a four-round decision over Marine Bobby Roberts of the Mare Island Navy Yard in the semi-wind-up. They are middleweights.

Vallejo, Calif., Dec. 19, 1929, Vallejo Boxing Arena.—Roy Stice of Richmond, Calif., won the decision from Roy Alexander of Vallejo in a four-round bout. They are lightweights.

Vallejo, Calif., Dec. 19, 1929., Vallejo Boxing Arena.—Marine Rex Gannon, Mare Island welterweight, won a three-round decision over Battling Dome of Vallejo, in the curtain-raiser.

Santa Rosa, Calif., Dec. 17, 1929.—Marine Rex Gannon of the Mare Island Marines, knocked out Sunshine Price of Santa Rosa in the first of a four-round bout. They are welterweights.

Santa Rosa, Calif., Dec. 17, 1929.—Young Demsey of Santa Rosa, knocked out Roy Alexander of Vallejo, Calif., a former Marine and one time lightweight champ of the Foreign Legations, China, in the fifth of an eight-round main event. Both are lightweights.

Santa Rosa, Calif., Dec. 17, 1929.—Marine Bobby Roberts, middleweight champ of the Twelfth Naval District, kayoed "Wild Bill" Lawrence, 165, of Santa Rosa, in the fourth round.

SAN DIEGO LEATHERNECKS WIN MANY CHAMPIONSHIPS IN 1929

By Don Haislet

A review of athletic activities at the San Diego Marine Corps base for the year 1929 reveals the fact that the Devil Dogs of the west coast were outstanding athletes during the year, and that several champions were developed under the direction of Johnnie Blewett, head coach. National championships were attained in swimming and track events and many local records were broken by Marines during the year just closed. The western base was represented in practically every branch of athletics.

Starting the year's program by taking the basketball title with nine victories and one defeat, the Leathernecks obtained a first-rank position in the Eleventh Naval District from the very beginning of the season. Jesse Brewer, high scorer of the district, who tallied 106 points during the 10-game series, probably was the outstanding service basketball star of the west coast. Backed by the efforts of Stephens, Trees, Donnelly, Phillips and Jackson, he led his teammates to decisive victory throughout the season until the last game, when the Naval Training Station Boots defeated the Marines 26-23 after a bitterly fought battle. It was the second straight basketball championship for the San Diego base, and indications at present are that the Eleventh District title for 1930 will rest with the Leathernecks, too.

Owing to a shortage of available material, the Marines withdrew from the winter baseball league, starting February 1, and the first entry into baseball was not made until after the arrival of the "Henderson" from China on March 8, when Lieut. "Barney" Watchman and his crew of North China League stars appeared on the scene and started the ball club. With the few available men already at the base, the newly arrived Marines started a long and successful practice season which lasted until the opening of the summer service league, and included games with various high schools, battleships, the State college and a few independent teams. In the league they were unable to withstand the attack of the U. S. S. "Langley" sluggers, and dropped the championship to the airmen, taking second place in the 10-game series. The official opening of the baseball league was conducted by Maj. Gen. Lejeune, who happened to be in San Diego on an inspection tour at that time.

In track and field competition the Leathernecks were in a class by themselves. Captained by Charles O. Glick, without doubt one of the greatest all-round service athletes in the country, the Marines amassed 64 points in the Naval Operating Base track and field meet at the Naval Training station May 4, defeating the Boots, defending champions, by 10 points. Glick scored 21 points individually, and broke the field record in the shot-put with a distance of 38 feet 7½ inches on his second try. He also won the 100-yard dash, 220-yard low hurdles and finished second in the 220-yard dash and 120-yard high hurdles. The tug o' war, which has been one of the high points in the track meets for some years past, again went to the Leathernecks.

The latter part of May Glick again led his teammates to victory in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. track meet, also held at the Naval Training Station. Glick's marks won for him a national championship in this event, and he also was national champion in the annual Hexathlon indoor meet earlier in the year. Clyde Poppleman, Dashiell and Stephens also contributed to the victory.

Volley ball, a new sport for San Diego service men, offered the opportunity for another championship for the year, the Marines winning every game except two which went to the training station in the final frame. Tucker, Sitton, Stephens, Poppleman, Roberts, Johnson and Walker formed the nucleus for the winning team.

Boxing did not play a very prominent part in the year's program of athletics,



THREE QUANTICO STARS OF THE SQUARED CIRCLE

Left to right in the above photo are Henry Pace, 140-lb. class; "Chick" Brown, 150-lb. class, and Jimmy Diaz, 135-lb. class. Center, 85 lbs. canine fury in the person of "Bozo," the Quantico mascot. The three boys pictured above are favorite stars at the Monthly Smokers, all putting up excellent fights. At the last showing Pace lost the decision to Ray Bowen from Washington. Brown and Miller, a German boy with only a short time in this country, fought one of the best fights seen in some time, with Brown winning on points. Diaz, matched with a boy named DeLacy, from Washington, fought a clever fight declared a draw by the judges.

but one smoker being held during the month of May. Few boxers of note were stationed at the base at any time, although Amato, now in Quantico; Braunstein, "Tony" Starr and Harold Anderson trained at the gymnasium and made good showings in downtown bouts. Newspaper comments on the one smoker, however, were to the effect that the program of boxing and wrestling arranged for the one smoker of the year was a very good one.

Kenneth Utzman, formerly of the Pearl Harbor swimming pool, who has been in San Diego for a year or more, won a national Y. M. C. A. championship, two local championships and tied one record in the annual Army and Navy "Y" pentathlon swim. He was several hundred points ahead of his nearest competitor. In the Silver Gate swim, a rough-water event conducted annually by a San Diego newspaper, over the channel between Point Loma and North Island, Fred L. Kimball led the service class to win a

beautiful large loving cup, and Utzman and Brougner of the Marines finished second and third, respectively.

Football practice started on August 5. The outlook was anything but bright, in view of the fact that 10 of the big men of the 1928 team had been sent to Quantico for the All-Marine team, but with the remaining material available, Blewett developed a squad that made a good showing for the season, although the loss of a game to the Submarine Division cost the Leathernecks the title for the district. The first game of the year was played in San Francisco against the Olympic club, in which the Marines held this strong aggregation to 22-0. Other outside games of the year were played at Los Angeles, the Leathernecks beating the west coast Army 10-7 at the Coliseum on October 20, and losing to the Los Angeles Firemen 6-0 at Wrigley Field November 3. Home games against other service teams resulted as follows:

Sept. 28—Marines 32, U. S. S. "New Mexico" 6.

Oct. 13—Submarine Division 13, Marines 0.

Nov. 11—Marines 12, U. S. S. "Tennessee" 7.

Nov. 17—Marines 12, U. S. S. "Mississippi" 0.

Nov. 24—Marines 30, Naval Training Station 0.

A new athletic field now is under construction at San Diego and will be located near the main entrance to the base. Immediately upon completion of the baseball diamond, practice will start for the winter service league, a ten-game series, starting February 1. Basketball will be finished during the month of January, and athletic interest will center around the ball diamond during the remainder of the season, as the team will be kept intact for practice purposes until the summer service league starts in June.

During 1929 the athletic detachment was in charge of several different officers. Lieut. Charles Bayliss, Capt. E. C. Nicholas, Lieut. "Barney" Watchman, Lieut. William D. Saunders, Lieut. "Bob" Hunt and Capt. Harry V. Shurtleff in turn have commanded the athletes, the latter now having charge of the detachment.

TONY STARR A METEORIC RINGSTER

When Greek meets Greek they usually start a restaurant, and when two ex-Marines meet they generally have some other racket up their sleeve. When K. S. (Pop) Huby, a one-time first sergeant in the Corps, saw Tony Starr chasing a lot of heavyweight fighters all over the various rings in which they met, he annexed him to his already considerable string of boxers.

Tony Starr, known throughout the Corps as Anthony Paul Iciak, was discharged last November. He has gone the route of foreign duty, enlisting in New York, serving in Hampton Roads, Cuba, Nicaragua, and San Diego. He finished up his cruise in Shanghai, China, where he was light-heavy, and heavyweight champion of the Orient.

Tony has had six professional bouts since being discharged. Four of them he has won by knock-out and the other two by decision. He knocked out Tony Ayerza in the second frame, he gained



U. S. S. "Sacramento's" Baseball Team; most of them are Marines. Top row, left to right: Mills, P; Honea, 1B; Watson, 3B; Mosser, P; Ramey, CRM, Mgr.; Brown, P; Krueger, outfield; Avery, C. Bottom row, left to right: Meeks, C; Marlowe, RF; Spud Delucia, LF; Nay, CF; Connolly, SS; Lanza, 2B. Center: Sunshine, mascot.

a decision over Wild Bill Thaler in six rounds. He put Joe Boston to sleep in the second, Georger Barach in the third, and Nadie Brown in the fifth. Big Ed Herting lost the decision to him in a ten-round go. In the Herting affair Tony gave away fifteen pounds.

Starr is rapidly gaining popularity with the press and public on the West coast and sports writers say that he is likely to develop into a heavyweight threat. His adversaries complain that after he busts them one they see so many Starrs that they think they're battling a constellation.

MARINE CORPS, N. T. S. FIVES SHARING LEAD

With the Marine Corps Base, Naval Training Station and U. S. S. "Omaha" squads still tied for the lead, the San Diego Naval Operating Base league basketball race will enter the fifth round of play this week at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Seven games are on the schedule.

The standings and schedule for the week, announced last night by Fred Engelhart, service "Y" physical director, follow:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Marine Corps Base	4	0	1.000
Naval Training Station ..	4	0	1.000
U. S. S. "Omaha"	4	0	1.000
Naval Hospital	3	1	.750
11th Squadron	3	1	.750
Marine Aviation	3	2	.600
U. S. S. "Altair"	2	2	.500
U. S. S. "Melville"	1	3	.250
Naval Air	1	4	.200
U. S. S. "Litchfield"	1	4	.200
U. S. S. "Aroostook"	0	4	.000
Naval Reserve	0	5	.000

Monday

6 p. m., U. S. S. "Melville" vs. U. S. S. "Aroostook," postponed game from Jan. 8; referee, Jessen; umpire, Morrow; 7:15, Naval Hospital vs. Marine Base; referee, Todd; umpire, Mashin; 8:15, P. S. S. "Altair" vs. 11th Squadron; referee, Todd; umpire, Mashin.

Wednesday

7:15, Training Station vs. Naval Re-

serves; 8:15, Naval Hospital vs. U. S. S. "Melville"; referee, Jessen; umpire, Gross.

Friday

7:15, U. S. S. "Aroostook" vs. Marine Base; 8:15, Naval Air vs. 11th Squadron; referee, Gross; umpire, Jessen.

—San Diego Union.

"SACRAMENTO" SHOWS SPEED AND POWER ON DIAMOND

By Bob Ramey

The USS "Sacramento's" baseball team has played ten games against other Navy teams since arriving in the Canal Zone, winning eight and losing two games. Both games lost by the "Saccy" were to the strong Coco Solo nine. The teams defeated were: The "Rochester," "Galveston," "Asheville," "Salinas," and the S. 12.

The U. S. S. "Sacramento," the smallest ship in the Special Service Squadron, is fighting hard to take the squadron championship for this season. She still has her first game to lose to a squadron team, and unless old King Neptune takes too heavy a toll on the boys when the line is crossed on our way to Ecuador this month, she doesn't expect to lose any. We have a good team with plenty of fight, especially when playing against other ships of the squadron.

In the accompanying photograph the eight men in the top row are all Marines from the ship's detachment.

DO YOU KNOW SPANISH?

The Marine Corps Institute has a vacancy for a Spanish instructor. Only men with a thorough knowledge of the language, both grammatical and conversational, need apply. Letter of application must be written in Spanish.

Address:

THE DIRECTOR,
Marine Corps Institute,
Marine Barracks,
Washington, D. C.

PEIPING SPEED SKATERS AND HOCKEY PLAYERS HOPEFUL

With a greatly enlarged ice rink in which to cut fancy figure eights, and skim in pursuit of the hockey puck, Peiping Marines who are skating enthusiasts are looking forward to an enjoyable season. There are so many ways a skater can enjoy himself, fancy skating, speed, hockey, and all sorts of games on the ice. Crack the whip, sting goal, and prisoner's base will bring back the old school days vividly. There is something about ice sports, the fresh air and exercise, that is more refreshing than any other.

Much enjoyment was afforded the command last year on the rink. There were hours set aside for the many pastimes it offered, plain skating, hockey games and the huge ice carnival, which was one of the main events of the ice season in Peiping.

Last year the Peiping Marines were fortunate enough to have two men representing that city in the Interport Hockey games, a part of the athletic classic. They met a team from Tientsin for the hockey supremacy of North China. Although the Peiping boys lost, the two Marine representatives proved worthy metal and it is generally supposed that they will be offered their berths again this year.

"PHILLIES FIGHTING BOY"

By Don J. Leonard

Here in Philly the Marines take pride in their coming champ who is known as "PHIL HARDY" when in the ring, but to us he's Philip G. Hauser, Private First Class, U. S. Marine Corps, and better known to the Marines hereabouts as "Phil."



"Phil Hardy"

He has had five fights with boys in this neck of the woods, and has won three, two of them by the knock-out route and has had one draw and lost one.

He tips the scales at about 155 and is about five feet eleven inches tall, constant training keeps him in the pink of condition at all times. He trains in "Harry Kid Brown's" Gym in Philly, and works with boys like "Benny Bass," Jackie Fields, and numerous others, so you can readily see that he is no slouch.

I have been given permission to make this announcement by Phil, in that he challenges any Marine in the middle-weight class to a bout. We have a lot of confidence in Phil and we all know that he will make good and in a few years we will be able to say "I knew him when he was in the Marines, he used to be a buddy of mine."

In the near future you Leathernecks are going to hear more about Phil, and I'll let you know just how many bouts he wins.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

San Rafael, Calif., Dec. 19, 1929.—Andy Kelleher of San Francisco, won a four-round decision over Jimmy Lombard, former Leatherneck and all-service featherweight, champ of the Orient and Far East, 1928-1929. Both are 135 lbs.

San Rafael, Calif., Dec. 19, 1929.—Eddie Edelson of San Francisco, won a four-round decision over Marine Lou Rabbe of Mare Island Navy Yard Marines. They are lightweight. Rabbe has been honorably discharged upon expiration of enlistment and returned home to Oklahoma.

Dec. 31.—The Mare Island Marines, with a great rally in the second half, defeated the U. S. S. "Preble" cagers by a score of 22 to 12 in a Mare Island-Navy Y League game last evening at the Industrial Gymnasium.

Mare Island, Dec. 21.—Nine basketball players of the champion Mare Island Marine team, recent winners of the Mare Island Service League pennant, will be given trophies next Monday evening at the Industrial Gymnasium at Mare Island as follows: Crabtree, McGowan, Flagg, Davenport, Sham, Adams, Beck, Sullivan and Kerr.

Purdue's coaching trio, Noble Kizer, Mal Elward and Earl Martineau, is a real band of "warriors," for all three men served with the Marines during the World War. That same spirit that made all three good "soldiers" has been invaluable in their work together as coaches, and work that will produce results is expected to come from their combined efforts.

Guam, Nov. 29.—Sailors of the United States Army transport "Chaumont" trounced their brethren of the transport "Henderson" here today, 6 to 5, and laid claim to the baseball championship of the Pacific transport fleet.

Vallejo, Calif., Dec. 5.—Billy Ray, Crockett, won the third straight fight of his comeback, when he knocked out Marine Eldred in the second round. A well placed right to the body sent the Marine to the canvas for the final count. Ray was the master of the situation throughout.

The first All-American from the west coast to receive consideration from the late Walter Camp went into the first eleven from Mare Island. He was Johnnie Beckett, former Oregon grid star, who whooped it up with the Mare Island Marines along about war time.

Glenn Huckaby, the beak-busting ex-Leatherneck, is now in New York City where he is going through four months training for Federal Prison Guard. If he passes his examinations he will be ordered to either Leavenworth or Atlanta. Perhaps some of his opponents will be glad to learn that he then intends to hang up the mitts for good.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 23)

snows 'em all under, all the Poles and Irishers from Spindle City.

The baseball team here is a dandy. With encouragement from our commanding officer, Major John L. Doney, and First Lieutenant Cyril Martyr, they have displayed high caliber style. The cup is just a matter of time. Honorable mention must go to such stars as Corporal Roy, one of the best field goal tossers in these parts. Private Chew, another cagey and snappy player, Private Bell, the boy who keeps them all guessing, and a host of others who are to be heard from soon. When the "Lost Battalion" arrives we expect to have some material for a baseball club. That's a big sport here in Newport. Last year so many of the Marines were getting paid off that the team didn't show very much class. We hope to do better this season.

We have plenty of recreation. The pin-setters are on the jump from morning till night. They set 'em up and the star bowlers knock 'em down. Then, of course, the pool sharks collect around the green-covered table and trot their stuff; also we have a good radio. A school is being conducted every day in the line of company organizations in the field. We expect to be one hundred per cent perfect when school is finished.

Our able canteen yeoman is none other than Pfc. Parker, with his sweet smile and schoolgirl complexion. He could sell Wrigley back his gum, providing he received the wrapper in return.

Station Newport will now sign off. Our next report will be of how the "Lost Battalion" was found, and who found them.

AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE

The rigid formality of military communications frequently border on the amusing. We were recently in receipt of a memorandum, some thirteen years old, involving a general execution of cats at a certain post. Names and dates are omitted for obvious reasons, but it was

addressed and dated from a Naval Ammunition Depot.

U. S. Naval Ammunition Depot,
Utopia, U. S. A.

Memo for Captain Soandso, U. S. M. C.
Subject: Cats, extermination of 75%, request for.

1. You are advised that the Inspector's of Ordnance in Charge attention has been respectfully invited to the fact that the cat population of the Depot Dump has increased to the alarming number of sixty.

2. The Inspector is very much concerned over the matter in question on account of the possible destruction of bird life on the island by these cats.

3. It is requested that you detail one of your Marines to shoot about 45 of these cats after 4 p. m. any day when his services can be spared.

4. It is further requested that this office be informed when the result has been accomplished.

JOHN DOE,
Lieut. U. S. N.,
Executive Officer.

MEMORANDUM:

Rifles and ammunition will be available for any one desiring to go to the Depot Dump and shoot cats, after 4:00 p. m. daily.

By order of the Commanding Officer,
J. B. WHOZIT, 1st Sgt.

STAFF NCO'S IN NICARAGUAN CAPITAL CITY CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING DAY IN OLD-FASHIONED MANNER

Thanksgiving Day in Managua, Nicaragua, was one of those rare tropical days. The sun was beating down with all the intensity and heat that only a Nicaraguan sun can produce, and the gentle breeze that came from the direction of Lake Managua added just a faint reminder of the fact that up there in the Northlands of the U. S. A. and in the Middle-West, Thanksgiving Day had reached around and "bounced up" on the calendar.

The holiday atmosphere was prevalent in Managua, however, and the Staff NCO's of Managua, real old-timers of



Mounted Marines returning to Ocotal, Nicaragua, from patrol in the hills.

the Marine Corps, saw fit to commemorate the occasion with a gala, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

Names that will live in the history of the Corps for many a day were on the menu and it was a reunion of these old veterans who make up for the backbone of the Corps. Some of the boys had done duty in China during the Boxer Rebellion, and others had withstood the jaunts of Nicaraguan foothills. They gathered to discuss old skirmishes and hold a "pow-wow."

That is the way of the Marine Corps. Genial spirit will prevail, and a holiday dinner, whether held in a modern mess hall in Quantico, Va., or San Diego, California, is always a reuniting of men who have traveled many a mile in the quest of their adventures.

Johnny Seifert was there acting as "Caterer," and Johnny, by the way, for the benefit of you old Marine Corps athletic lovers, can still play some pretty fair baseball down here. At least, good enough to make the younger generation look rather sickly in comparison.

SHANGHAI MARINES ON BOXING CARD

The Marines once more saved the night for the International Sporting Club's smoker held at Town Hall, Thursday, October 3rd, when out of the six bouts offered by the club, five of them had Marine contestants, enough said! The other bout was between Joe Sacramento, local Filipino boy, and Charlie Moy, the latest importation. These two were scheduled to fight the ten round main event which lasted only five rounds when Moy seemed to have decided that he'd fought enough for the night and allowed Sacramento to biff him a couple on the chin. Moy went down all right, but from our seat his attempts in trying to get on his feet, while being counted out, was pretty raw. Thus the highly touted Charlie Moy from the Barbary Coast, who met Dave Shade eight times, but only won five of the eight encounters, came to our shores to do big things but failed, and in doing so, disappointed quite a few of us.

In the opening event Private Bird fought a six-round draw with Battling Lara, local Filipino. Bird had a comfortable lead, until the final round when Lara's onslaught forced the Marine to cover up. Our opinion is that Bird should have won.

The next six rounder saw Private Miranda beat young Bobby Wills, and in doing so, settled all doubts as to who is the best. In their last meeting, Cris won over Wills by a shade, but in this fight the Marine had too much for the Manilan and won handily.

The first eight rounder brought out Cpl. Hudson and Battling Nelson, dusky Filipino. This was Hudson's first fight in over a year and his comeback was very much a success, as he won over the battler throughout the entire eight rounds of stiff battling.

Next came a ten rounder with Pfc. Steve Newman and Young Gonzalo. Newman won, but what a battle he had to put up for it. Gonzalo, who is one of the gamest little Manilan fighters we've ever seen in Shanghai, knows nothing about backing up and is always a willing mixer, caused us a little anxiety when he started throwing gloves from all directions at our Marine, but Steve soon awoke to the fact that this boy meant business, and then the fireworks started. From the third round on it was just a case of hit and take from both sides, with Steve landing the most damaging blows, but unable to stop Gonzalo. However, the fast pace proved to be a little too much for Gonzalo and in the final rounds Newman piled up enough points to win. This is the third time these two have met, and Newman has won each time.

Our last Marine to fight on the bill was Private Perstein who, according to both ringside judges, met and defeated Pat O'Connor, British Soldier, in the ten round semi-final, but the referee, a Mr. Riley, did not give both the judges any credit for knowing how to hand out fight verdicts, so he declared the fight a draw. The verdict was very unpopular with the fans, and the crowd, including some of

O'Connors shipmates, almost tore the roof off the house booing and hissing the decision. Perstein and O'Connor met not so long ago with the Marine getting the nod by a shade, and in this fight, Perstein punished the Britisher just as much, if not more than in their last encounter, the only thing lacking being the knock-downs. For the first three rounds, O'Connor carried the fight to Perstein, but from the fourth stanza to the last, Perstein taught Mr. O'Connor a mighty neat boxing lesson. In the tenth round his Lawdship made an attempt to end our Marine, but that didn't last. Perstein soon stopped the rushes, and when the final gong rang, O'Connor wobbled to his corner, shook his head and practically acknowledged his defeat. No one present was more surprised than O'Connor when he heard the draw verdict. It's needless to discuss this fight any longer as Perstein won, and it is our contention that he was deliberately robbed of the decision. Both of the score cards handed in by the judges showed that Perstein piled up more points than Pat. When informed of this, all that Mr. Riley could say was, "Well, what of it? I called it a draw, didn't I? What are you going to do about it?"

PEIPING MOUNTED DETACHMENT

So many things have been happening during the past two weeks, I hardly know just where to start, or what to say.

With the passing of the year 1929, many things come to memory, things of interest; memories of pleasant duties, and pleasing men to do duties with.

Men have come and gone, many whom we will never see again, a few we hope to see on the U. S. S. "Outside," or back in the Corps.

There have been many days of work, duty and pleasure, also three grand and glorious weeks spent at the summer camp in Pei Tai Ho.

Now we are in the middle of almost a complete change of personnel, due to the sailing of the "Chaumont" and "Henderson."

Private Fisher has been transferred to the R. O. T. P. D. for duty. The mounted extends you a hearty welcome, "Bud," may your stay be a long and happy one.

To continue with the line, we'll say that the past year has been one of enjoyment for every man in the mounted.

There's just a few things we of the mounted would like to know, such as:—

How much longer "Duke" will stay in the troop? (he has only been a troop horse since 1921).

Why Lumley walked "Kalgan" to the Fox Pagoda before mounting?

Why the mounted misses "Tut" of the Band so much? (especially "Tabool" and "Tarzan").

Why Mason wanted "Taps"?

Where "Boor" goes every evening on a bicycle?

When the mounted is going to get its full quota of non-coms? And when the three Kalgan ponies will be ridden in the troop?

Among the other things there are six of our men sailing on the "Henderson" this month. Privates Blackwood, Barry, Horn, Klym, Leisure, and Skinner.

The mounted hates to lose these men, as they have been with us for over a year, and are mighty good men.



Third Brigade, United States Marine Corps, on parade in Shanghai.

We wish them the best of luck, and bon voyage.

The men of the mounted wish to congratulate Corporal Whynaught on his recent promotion to the rank of Corporal and hope he has a long and successful career in the Corps.

MARINE CAPTAIN TELLS GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY ABOUT HAITI

Captain J. H. Craige, U. S. M. C., addressed members of the National Geographic Society, on the night of January 3, 1930, at the Washington Auditorium, Washington, D. C. His subject, Haiti, was received with enthusiasm, and his portrayal of Haitian life was highly interesting.

The captain pointed out with logic that the recent riots in Haiti were due to the slump in coffee prices in far-off Brazil. The explanation was that three-fourths of the revenue of Haiti is derived from coffee, and that the world price of the commodity is controlled by Brazil. When the prices dropped from 25 to 14 cents a pound, it cut the Haitian revenue practically in half and brought financial disaster both to individuals and to the Haitian Government.

Captain Craige, during his three-year service on the island, devoted himself to the study of unusual aspects concerning the black republic. He has collected numerous books as well as data bearing on linguistic, anthropological, sociological, and musical interests.

The captain's address was illustrated by motion pictures of his subject. The famous Citadelle La Ferrière, and Sans Souci, the palace of Christophe, were thrown on the screen, as were numerous views of industries, commercial activities and home life.

Captain Craige's lecture was so well received that a New York lecture bureau has contracted for his services. Haiti is a fertile field for such work, and we trust the captain will face many interested audiences from the platform, for, as he says, "In spite of Haiti's closeness to the United States, the black republic is in many ways less known than the heart of darkest Africa."

61ST CO., 3RD BATTALION, 11TH REGT., SOMOTO, NIC.

By Axel Griese

I guess most folks have forgotten that that there ever was a place known as Somoto, Nicaragua, but you may rest assured we shall never forget it. Anytime anyone who has been here will think of the place each time he sees mud for the remainder of his natural life; if it could be called a natural life afterward.

No matter how much the personnel changes they seem to have one pastime—waiting for the boat. The boys who used to crab about Quantico now dream about the wonderful chow, the splendid liberties, and the many luxuries to be had there. All the while they are interpolating their stories with the hardships of Nicaragua.

The chow here isn't so good except on Thanksgiving or Christmas, or some such holiday. Then we have "champipa," turkey, and all the fixings. Other mornings we have hot cakes for breakfast, hot cakes and butter and a little sweetened water. We have eaten so many cans of peas and corn that when I am



One of the emplacements that El Ocotal removed the need of. (Photo by Proctor.)

buried I want to be sealed in a round tin and have a label pasted on it.

The nights aren't so good, either, because of the annoying desire of the fleas to share your bed. One has to get up and shake out his blankets several times during the night. When a fellow first comes to this place he gets so bitten up that he looks as if he were breaking out with smallpox, but after about three weeks his hide becomes so toughened up that he is immune. But even at that, to have them crawling about and playing tag next to one's skin isn't the most pleasant thing in the world.

The hike we went through from Leon to El Sauce was tame compared to the one we had coming to Ocotal. We were on pack mules and had our packs on our backs. The first morning we waded eighteen creeks and then I quit counting so I could conserve my energy to climb mountains and pull my feet out of suckholes. We got caught in the dark with no place to spend the night. So we had to keep on going through the darkness, and there were many spills into holes, and not a few narrow escapes.

Maybe this broadcast sounds like a late edition of the blues, but I'm not trying to crab. That's the way things are and we try to make the best of it, although it does get monotonous at times.

We have lots of time for recreation, though, and as far as that goes we're still a healthy, hard gang. What I'm figuring on now, seeing as how I'm getting short, is to catch some of these fleas, train 'em and start a flea circus as soon as I get back to the States.

CONDEGA, NICARAGUA

By John A. MacMahon

Well, I thought I'd drop a line about this post here at Condega as our regular correspondent happens to be out on patrol and hasn't returned to date.

Of late there has been a great deal of patrolling from this outpost and there doesn't seem to be any end in sight. The week before Christmas we made six different patrols. Some were escorting and others were false alarm bandit reports.

Our regular correspondent, Huff, who writes under the name of "Butch," has

been out on a patrol that left here at 7:00 a. m. on December 23rd.

Our Christmas Day was rather uneventful except for the chow. McGraw, our mess sergeant, sure did extend his resources to the limit. We sure could brag about it but that will take too much space.

There has been quite a shake-up in the personnel here. Lieutenant Davidson is a new arrival here, having come in on one of our patrols from Ocotal.

The planes relieved our post of Sergeant Isham, Sergeant Drury, Corporals Bunn, Janacek and Ragsdale and last but not least of Privates Robin and Helfrich. All but Pfc. Robin are due for the States after a long stay in Nicaragua. I guess they won't be sorry to leave and we wish them the best of luck.

Our new men to take their places are Sergeants Jennings and Grafried, Corporals Cole and Bennett, Pfc. Thompson and Kottcamp and Privates Cox and Oliver. I imagine the change will do them good and I don't think they will be sorry for having left Managua.

By the way, we wouldn't mind if you would send us some warm weather up on the next plane. It's been pretty cool here lately.

Old Joe Thomas, Music Smith, and yours truly are standing by and we hope to receive our traveling orders for the States in the next two or three months.

Well, adios, till we meet in Hoboken.

U. S. MARINES REMEMBERED BY ROYAL MARINES CHRISTMAS

A beautifully engraved Christmas card to "The Major General Commandant and All Ranks, United States Marine Corps; Remembrance and all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year from The Adjutant General and All Ranks, Royal Marines, Christmas, 1929," was recently received by Major General Neville.

The card pictures in colors the Admiralty Building as erected by Ripley in 1725, with adjacent structures. There is also inscribed a brief history of the Admiralty Building.

There has always been more or less of a fraternal bond between the two Corps of Marines, and it is gratifying to observe it growing stronger each year.

U. S. M. C. CLERICAL SCHOOL

By Sgt. W. S. MacDowell

Those of you who do not know of the existence of the clerical school at the Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pa., are overlooking a very good thing. The same thing applies to those who know of the school and dismiss it from their minds without a thought. As the writer views it, the Clerical School was formed to serve two purposes. First to develop stenographers and clerks who could efficiently do the necessary Marine Corps paper work, and second, to give the men themselves the benefit of a better education. The course of instruction offered by the school differs very little from that offered by an accredited business college. At the clerical school, the following subjects are taught:

Gregg Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, a Practical Business English Course, Spelling, Marine Corps Correspondence, Payrolls, Muster Rolls, Naval Courts and Boards, and Typewriter Repairing.

As you will readily see, the above list differs from that of an accredited business college only by the absence of book-keeping. The writer recently visited a business college in the city of Philadelphia and was escorted through the various classrooms during the hours of instruction. The course at this business school (six months) was the same as that offered by the Clerical School and it cost each student \$25 a month or \$150 for the course.

At the present time, the task of instructing is being handled by Sergeant William S. MacDowell and Corporal John J. Locke; with Captain E. D. Kalbfleisch, the Post Adjutant, as supervising officer of the school. The students are required to maintain an average of 75% in all of their studies. They are not called upon for any details unless in an emergency. Instead, they attend school from 8 a. m. until 4 p. m., daily, except Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

In addition to taking an interest in their studies, the students have turned their attention to sports. On November 1, 1929, everyone in the school "chipped" in and bought equipment for the Clerical School basketball team. The writer was elected manager and coach of the team, and Pvt. P. H. Kilroy was elected captain; while Pfc. R. P. Warner was elected scorer and publicity manager. From 1 November until the Christmas holidays (during which the school was given ten days leave) the Clerical School basketball team engaged in 22 games, meeting all comers. They emerged victorious in 12 of these games, which, considering the number of men to pick from, was very good. From 2 January, 1930, until the present time, the team had played five games, winning four or them. The team has a pretty stiff schedule ahead of them for February and March, meeting among other teams the Banks Business College Five, the Kemper Cardinals, the North Philadelphia Athletic Association, Ontario Presbyterian Church, Centenary Tabernacle M. E. Church of Camden, N. J., the first Dutch Team, and last, but not least, the Post Team.

Now for a word about the students themselves. There is a scramble each month to lead the class in the studies and at the present writing Pfc. R. P. Warner has shown the way. After every examination, the remark is heard, "Warner is slipping. He only made 97%!" And, by

the way, Warner is the best scorer that the Clerical School basketball team has. Trotting on his heels comes Pvt. S. A. "McSneer" Kretlow. "McSneer" Kretlow is the boy that is good in everything but shorthand, typing, etc. But all jokes aside, he is also one of our star guards on the basketball court. Woe betide anyone who attempts to jump for the ball at the same time as Kretlow. Next in line comes Pvt. S. E. "Red" Lewis, the jumping-jack of the basketball team. Stepping on his heels comes Private T. H. (Thick) Glenn, the pride of every check girl's heart. The way he rules these cabarets is a shame. Pvt. C. B. (Steady Front) Atkinson steps along next, and he might be called one of Georgia's own (if the writer didn't happen to know several fellows from that State.) Then comes Pvt. L. L. (Whitey) Hahn, who spells words just like they sound; who is a star forward on our basketball team; and who arranges games with a certain team and then, while they are playing, sits with the rival captain's girl. How's that for a system? Pvt. P. H. (Pat) Kilroy rolls along next and the only thing that he knows is Buffalo. Oh, Yes! He is also a star guard on the basketball team. Pvt. J. E. (Jimmie) Callahan comes next and keeps all amused with stories of New Orleans. And last and least is Pvt. L. L. (Flighty) Plate. Where he spends his evenings is something that is not known, but the late hours he keeps are responsible for his being asleep in class every day. Am I right, Plate?

SERGEANT VOIGHT RETIRES

After serving nearly thirty-one years in the Army and the Marine Corps, Sergeant Charles D. Voight, U. S. M. C., Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, was retired on January 23, 1930.

Sergeant Voight has had a long career, and the well-wishes of the entire Corps are extended to him upon his retirement.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 25)

For a bricklayer, Gunnery Sergeant Hoffecker makes a darn fine electrician. He is completing the installation of all new lighting fixtures in the drill hall, lockerroom, and stairways. He says he couldn't tell before whether or not the men had their rifles clean and brass work polished. Yes, it's "Heads up!" now.

Sergeant Castagna has several new men in his boot squad. They seem to be coming along pretty well, which is a credit to both the sergeant and the men. When Castagna can't bring 'em up, they just can't be brung up.

Private Mackel is certainly kicking up a lot of dust in the short time he has been with the company. He graduated from the boot squad in record time. He certainly must have taken in everything the Wanamaker Cadets have to offer. Some of the corporals had better watch their stripes.

Santa Claus removed that smudge from Corporal Rodger's upper lip and stuck it under Private First Class Burke's nose. Wotta picture! "Swede" Erickson is back on the job. He assures us that Santa DID come to see him.

308TH COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS.

By First Sgt. S. B. Allen

In order that we may not forget how to "Hold 'em and squeeze 'em" during the long winter months, the 308th Company is building an indoor rifle range in the basement of the armory; in a section otherwise known as the carpenter shop. When finished, the range will accommodate four targets and will be so arranged that both rifle and pistol courses can be fired on it. Benches that can be pulled out for prone shooting and pushed in out of the way for off-hand firing will be provided. From the way things are shaping up we will soon have as good an indoor range as there is around these parts, so that by the time the outdoor range is ready for use, all the men should be able to give a good account of themselves with both pistol and rifle.

The committee charged with the social activities of the company has arranged a dance to be held at the armory on Friday evening, January 17. There will be spot dancing, a picked squad will put on a burlesque on recruit drill, which, by way of contrast, will be followed by some snappy movements of regular drill. All dances in the past have been successes, and from all indications this one promises to be no exception.

We have been having a fine turnout every drill night these past few weeks, even though the usual compensation is not to be had. However, everyone is looking forward to the first of February when we will get back to the regular schedule and make the most of the time between now and our annual tour of duty this summer, which will be here before we know it.

One of our members evidently liked what he saw of the regular Marine Corps at Quantico last summer, for Private Aiello left us to become a real "Leatherneck," and from what we hear of him at Parris Island, he is not disappointed in his choice.

We also have a couple of men, namely Privates Scanlon and Taylor, who aspire to become "gobs" and while we can't say that we agree with them, we wish them luck when they join the U. S. Navy this week.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 34)

with which we were equipped. Buckman was a boy with an intense love for flowers, and wherever he went, his small pocket diary contained references to the flowers which were found growing in the hedgerows and fields, and even in "No-Man's Land" around Verdun there were forget-me-nots and violets. Almost the last reference in the diary was at Berisy on May 30, says, "Went swimming this morning. Gee, it was cold. Saw a yellow iris (pseudovacorra) I think, just like the one I have at home." Jewell was killed at Belleau Wood on June 7, 1918. His parents live at Holley, New York, and are very highly respected and loved by the people of that town and especially by the members of the Jewell Buckman Legion Post.

INKADIER LETTERS

By John Culnan

Moulainville,
Meuse, France,
1 April 18.

ON St. Patrick's day in the morning we said good-bye to Gazook-Gazook, the most popular and gentlemanly bartender of old Breuvannes, and the Fifth Regiment boarded the 40-and-8's and headed for parts unknown but pretty accurately suspected.

John Casey, Jerry Finnegan, Little Chuck O'Connor and their many compatriots in the ranks of the 49th Company were vastly elated. They considered it a personal compliment that after nine tedious months of intensive training in France, St. Patrick's day should be chosen for the transition into actual field soldiering.

Yet Irish minstrelsy was neglected completely during the all-day ride to the Verdun sector. For this reason—Dan Vallon's quartet introduced among us for the first time an inspiring ditty called "Parlez-Vous." It took us by storm, and when the few known verses became monotonous we discovered how easily new ones could be improvised.

It was a circus to note the effect of the song on the natives who stood at the village stations along our winding route. The recurrence of the two French words would convince them that we were singing a song in their tongue, but they found themselves baffled in trying to make sense out of the rest. Which was fortunate for the national morals, what there were of them.

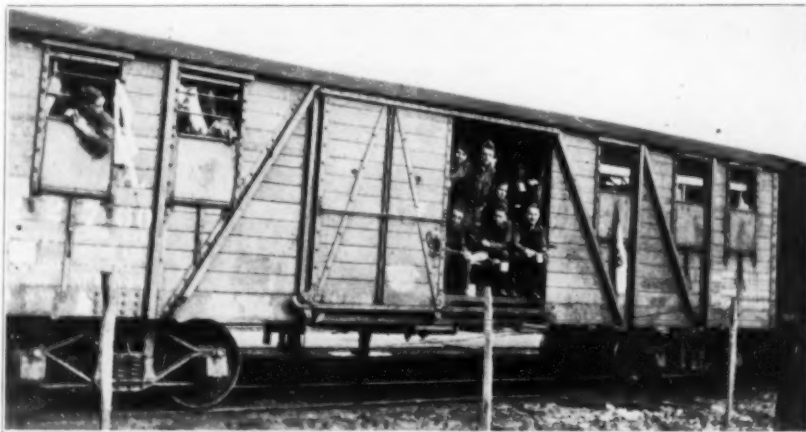
After dark that night they set us down at Lemmes, I believe the station was, and a stray shell landed among the instruments of the regimental band, convincing the musicians that these reports about new duties as stretcher bearers were going to prove true.

We hit the highway from there in column of squads, and hiked all night up and down wooded hills, over winding roads that offered by turn sound footing and treacherous.

Now, when you know you are in for an all-night hike, you adjust yourself mentally and physically to withstand it, but when our French guide announced at the outset that we had little more than three kilometers to go, but from midnight to false dawn kept saying persistently, "Deux kilometres, messieurs!" we found this march a man-killer.

At daybreak we saw from beneath propped-up eyelids our first sub-sector, and from a broad ravine we looked out upon the French trenches and into that mysterious territory beyond them—Nobody's Acres.

We were in reserve, but for the first



The Fifth Regiment boarded the 40-and-8's and headed for parts unknown but pretty accurately suspected.

time after nine months of expectancy spent in France we could smell the air of combat. The sound of guns echoed from three sides, and there was air activity, probability of gas, and the spasmodic stuttering of machine guns.

Funny, though, in spite of all these death-dealing devices, we noticed that Mars, for all that he seemed to have the controlling hand in the world's affairs, was a thwarted god.

For ground that had been entrenched, barbed, bombed, incinerated, and swept by poisonous fumes since the outset, nevertheless boasts stately trees, shielding from view a fallen one of their family here and there, and on the slopes of the ravine bloomed little blue flowers that resembled violets, growing out of the moss in great profusion, and we heard the birds singing day and night, and the moon was full, and the nights as beautiful as the days were clear.

No. 21—We Understand There's a War

Yes, hundreds of men had fallen thereabouts, but the double hundreds who had replaced them bore them pleasantly in memory against the coming of their own time, the way that falling for a cause you love is like drinking at a single draught the sweets of life that one would otherwise sip but for a few years longer.

After a few days in and about Camp Douzaine we doubled back over the forest highways and took over these cellars, trenches, and dugouts of poor old Moulainville, a village whose hard luck it has been to lie under the brow of Verdun Heights.

For the last couple of years it has been tranquil hereabouts, however. So tranquil under the French troops whom we relieved that it was the custom on both sides of the line to hang up one's washing in plain sight of the enemy. This pseudo-armistice arrangement has not fitted into our scheme, and a few pot shots at the German launderers informed them in fairly decent manner that times have changed.

There is a babbling creek running through the ruined village, which flows straight across the enemy's lines, and Joe Toulson plots ways and means of scoring a downstream tour de force that will win the war.

Our chief use of the rivulet so far, though, has been for messpan regattas. done in this manner—we repair to the banks after the noonday meal, scour our pans in the shelter of a few walls of the poor old town, and launch them in the little current from an even start, wagering so many francs on our entries.

The course is twenty yards long, or thereabouts, and there are many obstacles that can render your majestic ship-of-the-line hors de combat. Joe appears to have been a one-time yachtsman, judging from the success of his messtin.



A TRUE SALESMAN

The hill was steep. The car gained speed. The woman at the wheel, who had just bought the car and was taking her first driving lesson from the salesman, became nervous. At the foot of the hill the road curved sharply. A gigantic tree stood at the curve and now appeared to be rushing up the hill to meet the speeding auto. Something had to be done at once.

"You'd better apply the brakes," said the salesman.

"This is the brake pedal isn't it?" asked the flustered woman, indicating the gas feed.

"Yes," replied her instructor.

She pressed the feed to the floor and the beautiful sedan leaped forward. The tree refused to get out of the way. The thing of beauty, which should have been a thing of beauty for a few months, was reduced in an instant to a complete wreck.

Luckily the passengers were not hurt. "Why didn't you tell me I was mistaken about that pedal?" cried the irate woman as she crawled from what used to be a door.

"Madam," answered the salesman as he removed a tire from around his neck, "the customer is always right."

—Mountaineer.

"Did you know, dear, that tunnel that we just passed through was two miles long and cost \$12,000,000?" said the young man to his sweetheart.

"Oh, really, did it?" she replied, as she started to re-arrange her disheveled hair.

"Well, it was worth it, wasn't it?"

—Cub.

"Why did they hang that picture?"

"Perhaps they couldn't find the artist."

In a certain town a committee was soliciting funds for a July 4th celebration, and the workingmen in a factory were contributing 25 cents each to the fund. But one old Irishman refused to give anything. Someone remarked, "Why, Pat, wouldn't you give 25 cents for the glory of the only country that ever whipped England?"

"Put me doon for a dollar," cried Pat.

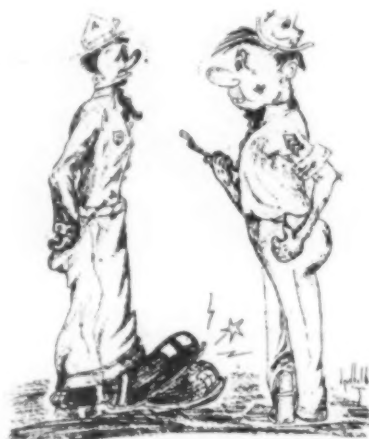
"Put me doon for a dollar."—Kablegram.

THINKS PILSUDSKI IS BEER

Navy—Do you like Schopenhauer?
Marine Corps—Before prohibition, maybe, with crackers.—A. & N. Journal.

"Do you wish me to take your picture?"

"No; I wanted to get one."



Sergeant Kennedy—You never see a girl blush nowadays; when I was a boy it was different.

Sheik Dickens—Now, Kennedy, what did you say to them?

"Who beat you up so badly?"

"I started through a revolving door and then changed my mind."

—P. H. Weekly.

He: "Oh! That's my foot; please get off."

The strap-hanger: "Why don't you put your foot where it belongs."

He: "Don't tempt me, madam."

—Catapult.

Judge: "Why did you hit the dry goods clerk?"

Prisoner: "Well, your Honor, I asked him to show me something suitable in neckwear for myself, and he looked at my neck and then handed me a wash-rag!"—P. H. Weekly.

BEAR ECONOMY

Sgt. Cluck and Corp. Klick had been reading about "Coolidge economy," and both agreed that there was a lot to it. When they went bear hunting together, they decided to apply the principle. Klick furnished the gun, and Cluck the ammunition.

Cluck repeatedly admonished the Corporal to go easy on the shells.

Suddenly a brown bear appeared on a ledge above them, and Klick let him have it. The bear fell dead at their feet.

"You doggone spendthrift," yelled the Sergeant, "didn't I tell you those shells cost money?"

"Why," replied the surprised Corporal, "I got the bear, didn't I?"

"Sure," said Sgt. Cluck, "but you could have saved the shot. Why, the fall alone would have killed him."

"Are you fond of moving pictures, Jennie?"

She (hopefully)—"Aye, Sandy."

"Then maybe, lass, ye'll help me get half-a-dozen doon out o' the attic."

—The Cub.

She: Mother's on our side, darling. She says you can't possibly be as brainless as you look!—Passing Show.

Husband—Hang it all! Where's the morning paper? Hasn't it come yet?

Wife—I'm afraid the new cook's taken it, dear. She's looking for another situation!—London Opinion.

Teacher: Harold, in the sentence, "I saw the girl climb the fence," how many i's would you use?

Our Young Hero: Bofe of 'em teacher.

—Ghost.

"Bet you're afraid to go an' discover th' north pole."

"Gwan, it's been discovered."

"Well, th' south or west poles, then."

—Chi. News.

Mrs. Cohen—"I wish you'd speak to Becky. I caught her speaking to the iceman today."

Cohen—"Becky, for v'y do you flirt mit de iceman ven I owe de butcher \$8.00?"—Cub.

PORTS OF CALL

A colored soldier wanted to spend the night away from camp, but couldn't get a pass. Attempting to steal out, he was halted by the guard with "Who's There."

"It's me," growled Rastus, pulling his razor—"an' dis heah blade am all de permit I has; but listen, niggah, Ah's got a mammy in Heaven, a pappy in hell, and a sweetheart in the city, and I'se gwine to spend the evenin' wid one of them."

—Cactus.

"Have you anything to say, prisoner, before I pass the sentence?" asked the judge.

"No, your Honor, except that it takes very little to please me."

—Boston Transcript.



Applicant: Me no speak English. I just seed the Cockeyed Picture of de Woild and thought I'd see youse 'bout jinin' de Marines.

Sergeant: Youse guys get my goat, you cawn't enlist in my outfit, for your eddercation is no so good, Savvy? You must use the English speaking language like I, myself.

A lad who looked about thirteen was leaning against a wall smoking a cigarette, when an elderly woman approached him.

"Does your father know you are smoking, little boy?" she inquired, bitingly.

The boy regarded her open-mouthed. He took a few more puffs from his cigarette and looked her up and down steadily. Suddenly he caught sight of the wedding ring on her hand.

"You're a married woman, aren't you?" he said.

"I am," agreed the woman.

"Then," snapped the boy, "does your husband know you speak to strange men?"—The Kablegram.

"Got a sweetheart yet, Lily?"

"Sure, an' he's a regular gent."

"Zat so?"

"Yep. He took me out to a rest'rant night 'fore last an' poured his coffee into a saucer to cool it; but he didn't blow it like common people does—he fanned it wid his hat."—Pure Oil News.

Wilson (angrily): "Professor, I'm surprised to hear that your chickens have been over the wall scratching up my garden."

The Professor (with dignity): "My dear sir, that can hardly be regarded as a phenomenon. If your garden had come over the wall and scratched up my chickens I could have understood your astonishment."—Printer's Ink.

SWEET REVENGE

Little Jack had been so persistently naughty that mother just had to give him a good spanking. Finally bedtime came, and in his night prayer he asked a blessing on all the members of the family individually—except one. Then, rising, he turned to his mother with a triumphant look, saying as he climbed into bed, "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."—5th Corps News.

The lady lion-tamer was a wonderful person. She beckoned to the fiercest lion and he meekly came to her and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth.

"Anyone could do that," said a man derisively from the audience.

"Do you dare to say you could?" retorted the lady indignantly.

"Certainly—just as well as the lion."

—R. A. O. C. Gazette.

His sister was visiting him in Barracks A. She was greatly impressed with the establishment and remarked:

"What are your chances for promotion in the Navy?"

Apprentice Seaman: "Great! I've got the lowest job in the outfit."

—Newport Recruit.

MacAvin: "Has anything happened since I left?"

McNally: "Nothing. Only that bulk-head you're leaning up against was painted a few minutes ago."—Cub.

It was very cold, but still the angler sat patiently by the side of the stream, waiting for the bite that did not come.

An aged man approached and took up a strategic position behind him.

"Are these private waters, my man?" asked the angler, looking over the fisherman's shoulder.

The aged man shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?" pursued the sportsman.

Again the aged man shook his head, till his gray locks fluttered in the breeze.

"No," he said. "It would be a miracle!"

—5th Corps News.

First Guest: Have you kissed the bride?

Second Guest (absent minded): Not tonight.—Foreign Service.

Judge: "So you admit taking this man's watch, do you? Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

Prisoner: "Well, yer honor, you shouldn't be too hard on a guy's a bit rusty on botany."

Judge: "What's botany got to do with it?"

Prisoner: "Y'see, Judge, the guy wot owned the watch was all lit up, and I naturally mistook him for a Christmas tree."

A CLASSIC YARN

There are about a dozen versions of the following classic, but we prefer the Arizona one, given below, the prisoner being a Mexican sheep stealer convicted of murder.

"Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, stand up!"

"The prisoner rose in his place.

"Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales," said His Honour, "in but a few short months it will be spring. The snows of winter will flee away, the ice will vanish, and the air will become soft and balmy. In short, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, the annual miracle of the year's reawakening will come to pass.

"The rivulet will run its purling course to the sea. The timid desert flowers will put forth their tender shoots. The glorious valleys of this imperial domain will blossom as the rose. From every tree-top some wild-wood songster will carol his mating song. Butterflies will sport in the sunshine and the busy bee will hum happily as it pursues its accustomed avocation. The gentle breezes will tease the tassels of the wild grasses. And all nature, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, will be glad.

"But you—you yellow-bellied Mexican sun of a gun—you won't be here to see it, because you're going to get hanged four weeks from this coming Friday."—The Royal Gazette.

The customer was busy sawing on the steak he had ordered—and a difficult time he was having.

"Is it tough?" queried the waiter solicitously.

The customer was exhausted. He turned to the waiter with defeat in his eyes and said: "When I order beef and get horse, I don't care. But next time, take the harness off."—Catapult.



Marine: "I think you're just the sweetest little girl in the world."

Girl (Telephone Operator): "Say it with a ring, kid, say it with a ring."

Judge: Hi, boze, are you always drunk?

Tramp (virtuously): Whattya think I am, yeronna, a millionaire?

—Brown Jug.

Mother—"Why did you strike your little sister?"

Bobby—"Well, we were playing Adam and Eve and instead of tempting me with the apple she ate it."—T. S. News.



VISION

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Although you are
So very far
Away
To-day,
My Dear—
'Though even yet,
I can't forget,
You still seem near.

Although blank space
Enfolds your face
Someway
To-day,
My Dear,
That mile on mile
Can't dim your smile—
I see it just as clear!

And so,
Although
I'm far, I know,
I hope you'll not be blue.
No, if you're wise
You'll shut your eyes
And see me smile at you.

SITUATION WELL IN HAND

By Margaret E. Brunn

If I should say, "I love you truly,"
I should lie completely,
"And I love you," you'd answer, duly,
Falsifying neatly!

Fair one, this feeling I'm possessed of
Makes my pen grow wary,
For this will be just like the rest of
My loves—TEMPORARY!

'Tis thus my fleeting passion lives;
And suits at law disarming,
I shall scorn superlatives
And simply call you "charming."

And should you ask, "If this be true
Why did you kiss me so?"

In all sincere regard for you—
I guess you ought to know!

I kissed you then (as I'll kiss you now)
Because I like to please you.
So worry not, you must allow
It was not to deceive you.

But to my regret, you'll no doubt laugh
And say, "Of course, Oi' Scout,
Now if you don't mind, I'd like to know
What this damn thing's about?"

Well! Go ahead! and have your laugh!
Further friendships can be banned,
You should worry—the Marines still
have

THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.

DEAD MEN THREE

By W. A. Pelow

There were three of them trapped in an
old chateau—Black Wolf and Terry
and Dale.

And around them clamored the surging
huns, with weapons that would not
fail.

So they held, each man, to his vantage
point, and sent the steel in a storm
That broke the force of the frantic rush
and scythe-mowed the gray-green
swarm.

Black Wolf, the son of a Shawnee chief,
and a bad buck Indian, too,
Grinned as he ground at his Lewis gun,
while its "tac-tac" drilled them
through.

Gone were the ways that the white man
taught, and the polish of old Carlisle—
The Indian shouted his death song high,
then bent to his work with a smile.

A volley shattered the Lewis gun—then
he tore from the ancient wall
A battle-axe of the olden days, and met
the enemy in the hall.

His was a death that the greatest chiefs
might seek in a masterly pride,
For hand to hand with a paleface foe,
He went out as Tecumseh died!

Terry, the gunman, Bowery boy, fresh
from a stretch in the pen,
Fired through the smoke 'til a stricken
mass piled up in that devil's den—
He smashed his rifle over a head—then
his automatic gun

Answered his hand like a living thing as
each shot sent death to a Hun.

He had broken his word to the warden,
yes—and under a new-coined name

The honor man of the prison squad had
plunged in the mightiest game,

His hand was red and his heart was black
—at least so the record said—

But the ledger balanced and all was
squared as the boy pitched forward
dead!

Then the citified and handsome Dale, at
bay on a winding stair,
Drove back the press of the foremost
foe and fought like a grizzly bear.

They rushed in pell-mell fury up, and his
bullets dropped them back—

'Til the stairway length was filled and
choked with a red and hideous wrack.

They grappled and dragged him down—
as he strove beneath their feet

His dulling ears heard distant shouts—
and a bugle called retreat!

The Huns gave way—they staggered out
—they fled from the iron will

Of the Dead Men Three who had held
them hard

'Till the flag came over the hill.

—Smokehouse Annual.

DEEP SEA SONG

By J. U. Nicolson

Noon the plates are griddles an' at night
they're floes of ice;

Skipper's in the chart-house drinkin'
gin;

Half the watch a-sleepin' an' the other
shootin' dice—

Lascar, Yankee, Dutchy, Swede an'
Finn.

Fer it's trampin'—trampin'—trampin'
round the sea,

Half a tael of opium fer every ton o'
tea—

God! the taste o' liquor an' a woman on
yer knee

An' waitin' fer the dancin' to begin!

Nagaski—Singapore—walkin' down the
earth,

Thinkin' o' the women that yo' miss.
Room to shake yer shoulders? An'

what's a woman worth?

All the kids that ever sold a kiss?
But it's trampin'—trampin'—trampin' up

an' down
(Keep her pumps a-pumpin' or she'll
bust her seams an' drown)

An' damn the little whisper o' the waves
that talk o' town!

I'll never swab a scupper after this!

FROM THE OUTSIDE

By J. P. Valencia

I guess I'll sign on again, Sergeant,
Can't stand this monotonous life.
The same thing today and tomorrow—
Just humdrum, confusion, and strife.

These every-day come-and-go people
Don't savvy the feeling to be
Drawn back to the sun and the tropics,
Or back to the guns and the sea.

I want to ship over for Haiti,
Or maybe the Islands, or Guam,
To stand guard again where the moon-
light

Paints black silhouettes of the palm.

Outsiders will ne'er know the service,
They judge us, the whole Corps, by one.
Or think of us—dreamers and riff-raff,
And not of the service we've done.

I want to be back among he-men,
A bunch that's dead straight, hard and
clean,

In step to old "Semper Fidelis"—
And be once again a Marine.

THE LITTLE DOG

The little dog barked at the big, round
moon

That smiled in the evening sky.

And the neighbors smote him with rocks
and shoon—

But he still continued his ragful tune
And he barked till his throat was dry.

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed
the West

The moon sank out of sight;
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under
the crest;

But the little dog said, as he lay down to
rest

"Well, I scared it away alright!"

—Providence Journal.

THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Thos. M. Clinton.
Lt. Col. Arthur Racicot.
Maj. Wm. G. Hawthorne.
Capt. Frank S. Fick.
1st Lt. Chas. L. Fike.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Jas. T. Buttrick.
Lt. Col. Tom D. Barber.
Maj. Chas. A. Wynn.
Capt. Henry F. Adams.
1st Lt. Chas. G. Melnts.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

DECEMBER 12, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 13, 1929

Captain Lewis B. Reagan, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Sapelo," scheduled to sail from Corinto on or about December 23rd.

1st Lt. Ralph E. Forsyth, detached Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill, Okla., to MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. George W. McHenry, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

DECEMBER 14, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 16, 1929

Major David S. Barry, Jr., assigned additional duty as Officer in Charge, Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain John F. Talbot, on December 26th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.

The following named officers assigned duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:
Captain John Kalut, Captain Leslie G. Warr, 1st Lt. Harry E. Leland, 1st Lt. Robert S. Pendleton.

1st Lt. Benjamin W. Atkinson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 11th.

1st Lt. John C. McQueen, on reporting of relief detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 11th.

The following officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel James T. Buttrick, Lt. Col. Frederick A. Gardener, Lt. Col. Tom D. Barber, Captain William J. Livingston, Captain Carl F. Mers, 1st Lt. William W. Conway, 1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, 1st Lt. Gerald H. Steenbergs, 1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, Jr., Chf. Pay Ck. Gouveneur H. Parnish.

DECEMBER 17, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 18, 1929

Major Leon W. Hoyt, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Willett Elmore, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Colombia," sailing from Los Angeles, Calif., on or about January 6th.

Captain George C. Hamner, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NSB, Coco Solo, C. Z., via Army transport scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about December 27th.

Captain William J. Livingston, detailed as an assistant paymaster.

1st Lt. Frederick S. Chappelle, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

DECEMBER 19, 1929

Major Paul A. Capron, AQM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via commercial steamer scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 7th.

1st Lt. Gerson A. Williams, on January 15th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 23rd.

1st Lt. Augustus H. Fricke, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.
1st Lt. Veryl H. Dartt, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. Roy M. Gulick, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

Chf. Pay Ck. George H. Stahl, detached Head-

quarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about February 5th.

DECEMBER 20, 1929

Captain Donald J. Kendall, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 30th.

Captain Walter S. Gaspar, detached Department of the Pacific to Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.

1st Lt. William D. Bassett, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 30th.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 30th.

1st Lt. Charles W. Kall, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to report on December 29th.

1st Lt. Monitor Watchman, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about December 27th.

2nd Lt. George E. Williams, detached MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USAT "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about December 27th.

Chf. Pay Ck. John J. Reidy, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

DECEMBER 21, 1929

Captain Walter G. Farrell, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Lawrence T. Burke, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 30th.

2nd Lt. William D. Saunders, detached AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 30th.

2nd Lt. James O. Brauer, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers have been assigned to the stations indicated:

Captain Curtis T. Beecher, MD, NP, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Merritt B. Curtis, APM, office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain Austin G. Rome, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain John B. Wilson, MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

1st Lt. Paul R. Cowley, MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash.

2nd Lt. Edwin C. Ferguson, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Reginald C. Vardy, MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Chf. Qm. Ck. Joseph R. Morris, Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.

DECEMBER 23, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 24, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 26, 1929

Captain Alfred C. Cottrell, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NSB, New London, Conn., to report not later than January 15th.

Captain Walter E. McCaughy, on December 24th detached MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to his home upon discharge from treatment at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., and retired as of April 2nd.

Captain John F. Talbot, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to report not later than January 10th.

1st Lt. George F. Good, detached MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 23rd.

1st Lt. John D. O'Leary, detached MB, NSB, New London, Conn., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 23rd.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Hogaboom, about January 1st detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Hamilton D. South, Major Oscar R. Cauldwell, Major Arnold W. Jacobsen.

DECEMBER 27, 1929

Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, appointed the Quartermaster of the Marine Corps with the rank of Brigadier General.

Colonel Thomas Holcomb, on or about February 15th detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 11th.

2nd Lt. Edward J. Trumble, on December 30th

detached MB, Washington, D. C., to the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, Nicaragua, via the SS "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 23rd.

DECEMBER 28, 1929

No changes were announced.

DECEMBER 30, 1929

Captain Louis R. Jones, relieved from detail as an assistant quartermaster.

Captain Charles D. Sniffin, AQM, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Evans F. Carlson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Clifton L. Marshall, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Walter L. J. Bayler, upon completion of flight training detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Raymond C. Scollin, upon completion of flight training detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Thomas C. Green, upon completion of flight training detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

DECEMBER 31, 1929

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 2, 1930

Lt. Col. Joseph A. Russell, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Hamilton M. H. Fleming, detached MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, via the SS "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 23rd.

2nd Lt. William A. Hamilton, Jr., in compliance with his request his name has been changed on the official records to "William A. Hamilton."

JANUARY 3, 1930

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 4, 1930

Captain Frederick Israel, detached MB, NSB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Captain Louis R. Jones, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Richard Livingston, assigned to duty with the MD, AL, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. Charles Connette, died on January 1st.

1st Lt. Grover C. Darnall, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. George D. Hamilton, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. William F. Kelly, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

1st Lt. James E. Jones, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MB, USS "Helena."

1st Lt. Joseph L. Moody, Jr., assigned to duty with the MD, AL, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. William W. Paca, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MD, USS "Tulsa."

2nd Lt. Charles B. Mitchell, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Richard P. Ross, Jr., assigned to duty with the MD, AL, Peiping, China.

2nd Lt. Donald G. Willis, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. William Liske, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

JANUARY 6, 1930

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 7, 1930

Major Harry Pickett, AQM, on reporting of relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. George Esau, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Ramapo," scheduled to sail from San Pedro, Calif., on or about January 21st.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburger, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS "Ramapo," scheduled to sail from San Pedro, Calif., on or about January 21st.

1st Lt. Alexander Gail, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Elmer E. Lebensperger, on or about February 1st detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. Lee N. Utz, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

JANUARY 8, 1930

1st Lt. Robert J. Straub, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

Chf. Qm. Ck. John T. Baugh, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Gm. Clk. James M. Fountain, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

JANUARY 9, 1930

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 10, 1930

Brie. Gen. Robert H. Dunlap, on January 25th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Frank B. Geotige, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain James A. Mixson, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Colombia," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 6th.

Captain Robert C. Thaxton, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain James W. Webb, on February 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the SS "Colombia," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about February 6th.

1st Lt. Stanley E. Ridderhof, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Arthur D. Ryan, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Pay Clk. Leonard J. Straight, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

JANUARY 11, 1930

No changes were announced.

JANUARY 13, 1930

Captain Thad T. Taylor, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

Captain John F. McVey, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., via the USS "Nitro" which sailed from Nicaragua on January 9th.

1st Lt. Theodore H. Cartwright, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., via the USS "Nitro," which sailed from Nicaragua on January 9th.

1st Lt. Robert L. Skidmore, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Nitro," which sailed from Nicaragua on January 9th.

1st Lt. James E. Stanners, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Nitro," which sailed from Nicaragua on January 9th.

1st Lt. Alexander Galt, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Nitro," which sailed from Nicaragua on January 9th.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Hogaboom, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. David F. O'Neill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report on January 28th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. John J. Mahoney, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

JANUARY 14, 1930

Lt. Col. Harry O. Smith, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., for treatment.

Major Henry L. Larsen, AA&I, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Joseph C. Grayson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Army transport sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 1.

1st Lt. John T. Thornton, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Army transport sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 1.

1st Lt. Emery E. Larson, detached MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Washington, to Second Brigade,

Nicaragua, via Army transport sailing San Francisco, Calif., on or about February 1.

2nd Lt. Paul Drake, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about February 5th.

2nd Lt. Thomas A. Wornham, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about February 5th.

The following named officers detached Department of the Pacific to stations indicated via Army transport sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on February 1st to New York, N. Y.:

Captain John Kaluf, MB, Quantico, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Reginald C. Vardy, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Herbert C. Bluhm, MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

1st Lt. Clifford Prichard, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Donald G. Willis, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

JANUARY 15, 1930

No changes were announced.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

BEUKERING, Marius J., at Norfolk, 1-7-30, for MB, Quantico.

SEDLACEK, William, at New York, 1-7-30, for MB, New York.

DRIGGERS, James E., at Greenville, 1-6-30, for USS "Southery," Boston.

CAMPBELL, Walter, at San Diego, 12-28-29, for MB, San Diego.

MAPLESON, Joseph, at Vallejo, 12-20-29, for MB, Mare Island.

WADDLE, Roy J., at Puget Sound, 12-28-29, for MB, New Orleans.

POWLEN, Jesse J., at Quantico, 1-5-30, for MB, Quantico.

MICHAUD, Thomas J., at Dover, N. J., 1-7-30, for MB, Dover, N. J.

PHILLIPS, Alfred G., at Quantico, 1-4-30, for MB, Quantico.

SANFORD, David, at Parris Island, 12-31-29, for MB, Parris Island.

DIEFEL, Walter J., at New Orleans, 1-4-30, for MB, San Diego.

MAY, Coma, at Mobile, 1-4-30, for MB, Pensacola.

MUSSEN, Charles A. Jr., at New Orleans, 1-4-30, for MB, San Diego.

ASHE, Joseph P., at San Francisco, 12-31-29, for Depot, San Francisco.

HANSEN, Cecil A., at Vallejo, 12-31-29, for MB, Mare Island.

MARTIN, Frank S., at San Francisco, 1-2-30, for Retg., San Francisco.

ROSS, Austin J., at Vallejo, 1-1-30, for MB, Mare Island.

JONES, Charles, at Indian Head, 1-3-30, for MB, Indian Head.

POLAND, Otto, at Port Au Prince, 12-11-29, for Const. Port Au Prince.

BROWN, Charles R., at Columbus, 1-2-30, for MB, Parris Island.

OSEIT, Roy E., at Dayton, 1-3-30, for HR, for West Coast.

ROMINE, Edward F., at Atlanta, 1-2-30, for MB, Quantico.

SULLIVAN, John D., at Dallas, 1-3-30, for MB, Parris Island.

LACASSE, John, at USS "Rochester," 12-24-29, for USS "Rochester."

CONNELLY, Walter L., at Quantico, 1-1-30, for MB, Quantico.

BROWN, Elbert B., at Greensboro, 12-31-29, for MB, Key West.

BECK, Carl C., at Portsmouth, N. H., 1-1-30, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

WAYMEYER, Edward H., at Norfolk, 12-31-29, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

LACEY, Mark J., at Boston, 12-30-29, for MB, Boston.

BERNARD, Herman S., at Nashville, 12-28-29, for MB, Parris Island.

LeNOIR, Marion R., at Atlanta, 12-28-29, for MB, Parris Island.

BERNUCCI, Louis V., at San Diego, 12-21-29, for MB, San Diego.

BATES, Warren, at Port Au Prince, 12-16-29, for MB, Port Au Prince.

GREISER, Charles A., at USS "Rochester," 12-18-29, for USS "Rochester."

KEMP, Robert L., at Port Au Prince, 12-23-29, for MB, Port Au Prince.

CUSICK, John J., at Baltimore, 12-23-29, for MB, for Haiti.

BANISTER, Kenneth N., at Portland, 12-23-29, for MB, San Diego.

CHANDLER, Paul G., at Cavite, P. I., 11-24-29, for MB, Cavite, P. I.

LONG, Paul, Hampton Roads, 12-30-29, for MB, Port Au Prince.

LOPARDO, Nicolo F., at Managua, Nic., 12-12-29, for 2nd Brig., Nicaragua.

WILK, Adalbert, at Managua, Nic., 12-8-29, for 5th Rest., Nicaragua.

KROLLMAN, Mark F., at Chicago, 12-27-29, for MB, Boston.

PARKER, Vernon L., at Chicago, 12-27-29, for MB, Quantico.

BURNS, Robert V., at Quantico, 12-23-29, for MB, Quantico.

MASON, John G., at Quantico, 12-27-29, for MB, Quantico.

WEISS, Carl J., at Philadelphia, 12-23-29, for MB, Parris Island.

FLACK, Charles M., at New York, 12-23-29, for MB, Norfolk.

McAVOY, James J., at New York, 12-21-29, for MB, Boston.

PICARSKI, John M., at Detroit, 12-21-29, for MB, Parris Island.

SCOTT, Charles W., at Atlanta, 12-23-29, for Retg., Nashville.

BAALKE, Oscar, at Puget Sound, 2-11-29, for MB, Mare Island.

BAKER, John W., at San Diego, 12-16-29, for MB, San Diego.

BENNINGTON, James W., at San Diego, 12-14-30, for MB, San Diego.

DUSTAN, Ralph E., at San Francisco, 12-17-29, for Depot, San Francisco.

McCREA, Kenneth, at Los Angeles, 12-18-29, for MB, San Diego.

MITCHELL, George, at Los Angeles, 12-19-29, for MB, Mare Island.

MYRON, John A., at Los Angeles, 12-17-29, for MB, San Diego.

ROBAR, Joseph A., at Vallejo, 12-18-29, for MB, Mare Island.

TIREMAN, Claude K., at San Francisco, 12-16-29, for MB, San Diego.

YOUNG, Lucien E., at San Francisco, 12-13-29, for Depot, San Francisco.

BANTA, Sheffield M., at Dover, N. J., 12-22-29, for MB, Dover, N. J.

CARLETON, John A., at Shanghai, China, 11-21-29, for 4th Rest., Shanghai.

KNAUF, Fred, at Peiping, China, 11-24-29, for MB, AL, Peiping, China.

SHOEMAKER, Ivan H., at Pensacola, 12-22-29, for MB, Pensacola.

WHITTINGHILL, Charles B., Pensacola, 12-24-29, for MB, Parris Island.

KELLEY, Fred H., at Joplin, 12-20-29, for Retg., Kansas City.

STOKES, John A., at Oklahoma City, 12-20-29, for MB, New Orleans.

SMITH, Delamar B., at Quantico, 12-21-29, for MB, Quantico.

TUCKER, Patrick F., at Boston, 12-19-29, for Retg., Detroit.

FRINK, Edward A., at Milwaukee, 12-18-29, for MB, Parris Island.

SMITH, James F., at Columbia, 12-20-29, for Retg., Charlotte.

NYBERG, Karl E., at San Francisco, 12-13-29, for MB, New Orleans.

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REYNOLDS, Howard E., at San Diego, 12-12-29, for MB. San Diego.

GREENBERG, Louis, at Parris Island, 12-18-29, for MB. Parris Island.

NORTHCUTT, Robert A., at Birmingham, 12-17-29, for Managua, Nicaragua.

VAUGHAN, Edgar S., at Charlotte, 12-19-29, for Sou. Regts. Div.

ADAMS, Shelton, at Quantico, 12-19-29, for Quantico, Va.

HAMILTON, Douglas, at Managua, 12-26-29, for 2nd Brig., Managua.

NEVILLE, William V., at Quantico, 12-18-29, for Quantico, Va.

BYDER, Roger F., at Quantico, 12-18-29, for Quantico, Va.

DELLINGER, Percy H., at Quantico, 12-19-29, for Quantico, Va.

MITCHELL, John B., at Pittsburgh, 12-16-29, for MB. Parris Island.

STARKEY, John J., at Baltimore, 12-18-29, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.

BODEK, John, at New York, 12-17-29, for China.

PEACOCK, Samuel R., at New York, 12-17-29, for N.Y. Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHNSON, Albert O., at San Francisco, 12-9-29, for MCB, San Diego.

LUCK, Albert T., at San Diego, 12-10-29, for MCB, San Diego.

PRATT, Earl LeRoy, at San Diego, 12-10-29, for MCB, San Diego.

BEALL, Clin L., at Haiti, 12-11-29, for Constabulary, Haiti.

BOARD, Russell C., at Haiti, 12-4-29, for Constabulary, Haiti.

KAIROT, Charles, at D of S Hampton Roads, 12-15-29, for D of S Hampton Roads.

PLUMADORE, Joseph A., at China, 11-22-29, for Peiping, China.

STEFFES, Albert P., at New York, 12-16-29, for 2nd Brig., Nicaragua.

DENNIS, Stephen F., at Detroit, 12-13-29, for 4th Regt., China.

NUGENT, James E., at Portland, 12-11-29, for MB. San Diego.

RELANGER, Horace, at Dover, N. J., 12-15-29, for MB. Dover, N. J.

LINDBERG, Herman R., at Parris Island, 12-14-29, for MB. Parris Island.

NELSON, Loreen A. O., at Kansas City, 12-13-29, for MB. San Diego.

CRUIKSHANK, David E., at USS "California," 12-3-29, for USS "California."

LARKIN, William F., at Quantico, 12-14-29, for MB. Quantico.

FARMER, William E., at New Orleans, 12-11-29, for Rets., New Orleans.

HARALSON, Jasper D., at Augusta, 12-10-29, for MB. Parris Island.

JONES, Ernest E., at Macon, 12-10-29, for MB. Parris Island.

GRILL, Frank, at Seattle, 12-5-29, for MB. Mare Island.

ELBE, Chesley A., at New York, 12-10-29, for HR. for Haiti.

EVANS, Earl C., at Washington, 12-11-29, for HR. for Nicaragua.

ENGLISH, George A., at New Orleans, 12-9-29, for MB. Parris Island.

SAELES, Benjamin, at Dallas, 12-9-29, for SD. for Guam.

ATKINSON, William E., at Seattle, 12-2-29, for MB. San Diego.

BANKHEAD, Obie E., at Seattle, 12-2-29, for MB. San Diego.

BRYANT, Willis Y., at Vallejo, 12-5-29, for MB. Mare Island.

CUMMINGS, George C., at San Francisco, 12-3-29, for DP, San Francisco.

DANCLIFF, Herman, at Fresno, 12-3-29, for MB. San Diego.

FULLER, Joseph W., at San Diego, 12-2-29, for MB. San Diego.

HUFF, Melvin T., at San Diego, 12-1-29, for MB. San Diego.

BLALOCK, James G., at Portsmouth, N. H., 12-16-29, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

WHITE, Cletus J., at Quantico, 12-8-29, for MB. Quantico.

BROOKS, Frank, at Pittsburgh, 12-9-29, for Rets., Pittsburgh.

LAUGHTER, Homer E., at Philadelphia, 12-9-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

POWELL, Walter W., at Augusta, 12-6-29, for MB. Parris Island.

KOELKER, Joseph V., at Cumberland, 12-9-29, for HR. for West Coast.

RUSS, Lawrence H., at Cleveland, 12-9-29, for MB. Parris Island.

JOHNSON, Hans, Vallejo, 12-4-29, for MB. Mare Island.

KLEIN, Ben, at Annapolis, 12-9-29, for MB. Annapolis.

ROPER, Robert S., at Philadelphia, 12-5-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

WESTBROOK, Paul J., at Philadelphia, 12-4-29, for MB. Parris Island.

TOMITICH, Phillip, at Chicago, 12-3-29, for MB. Boston.

ENDSLEY, Roy L., at Quantico, 12-4-29, for MB. Quantico.

GEORGE, Oscar L., at Quantico, 12-5-29, for MB. Quantico.

KILEY, Thomas M., at Quantico, 12-5-29, for MB. Quantico.

WRIGHT, Frank W., at Managua, Nic., 11-22-29, for 2nd Brig., Managua, Nic.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VA.

McLURE, T. B. E., 2nd Lt., F. M. C. R., Infantry Co. Officers.

PEPPER, R. H., Capt., U. S. M. C., Infantry Co. Officers.

DEATHS

EDENFIELD, Buster Clevey, Private, died December 21, 1929, at his home in Wadley, Georgia. Next of kin: Jesse C. Edenfield, father, Wadley, Georgia.

GOULD, Aaron Edward, Corporal, died of disease December 21, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Pearl Harbor, T. H. Next of kin: Henry W. Gould, brother, Mills Building, San Francisco, Calif.

HOOGERHYDE, Floyd Cornelius, Private, died of disease December 28, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Cornelius Hoogerhyde, father, 496 Ford Street, Salem, Oregon.

JOHNSON, Isaac Andrew, Private, drowned December 22, 1929, near Guantanamo, Cuba. Next of kin: Dock E. Johnson, father, 261 Spring Street, Mount Airy, North Carolina.

ROKUS, William, Private, died of disease December 14, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia. Next of kin: John Rokus, father, R. F. D. No. 3, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

WALLINGFORD, Eugene Rogers, Sergeant, died of disease December 24, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Jennie Wallingford, mother, Hempstead, Texas.

WELCH, William James, Corporal, inactive, Class III, F. M. C. R., died as result of injuries received in airplane crash on "Briar Hill" in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, June 6, 1929. Next of kin: Mr. John T. Jarvis, uncle, Churchill, Maryland.

MEYERS, Samuel, Gunner Sergeant, retired, died of disease November 16, 1929, at his home, 257 Collom Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Kate Meyers, wife, above address.

WIDMER, Robert, Gunner Sergeant, retired, died of disease December 18, 1929, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Robert Widmer, wife, 8823 76th Street, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

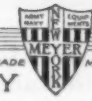
NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed San Diego 13 January for Honolulu. Due Honolulu 14 January, leave 21 Jan.; arrive Guam 1 Feb.; leave 3 Feb.; arrive Manila 8 Feb.; leave Manila 10 March; arrive Guam 15 March, leave 15 March; arrive Honolulu 26 March, leave 27 March; arrive San Francisco 3 April. Will leave Mare Island 11 April for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 11 April, leave 12 April; arrive San Pedro 18 April, leave 14 April; arrive San Diego 15 April, leave 16 April; arrive Corinto 23 April, leave 23 April; arrive Canal Zone 25 April, leave 27 April; arrive Port au Prince 30 April, leave 1 May; arrive Hampton Roads 5 May.


HENDERSON—Sailed Guam 14 January, due Honolulu 31 Jan., leave 1 Feb.; arrive San Francisco 12 February. Will proceed to the Navy Yard, Mare Island, for overhaul. Will leave Mare Island 13 March for the Asiatic Station and return to San Francisco on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 13 March, leave 14 March; arrive Honolulu 22 March, leave 24 March; arrive Guam 6 April, leave 7 April; arrive Manila 13 April, leave 17 May; arrive Guam 23 May, leave 24 May; arrive Honolulu 4 June, leave 5 June; arrive San Francisco 13 June.

KITTERY—Arrived Norfolk Yd. 17 December. Will leave Hampton Roads 5 February for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 10 Feb., leave 11 Feb.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Feb., leave 13 Feb.; arrive Cape Haitien 14 Feb., leave 15 Feb.; arrive San Juan 17 Feb., leave 17 Feb.; arrive St. Thomas 18 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Hampton Roads 24 Feb. Will leave Hampton Roads on 12 March for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive St. Thomas 17 March, leave 18 March; arrive San Juan 19 March, leave 19 March; arrive Cape Haitien 21 March, leave 22 March; arrive Port au Prince 23 March, leave 24 March; arrive Guantanamo 25 March, leave 26 March; arrive Hampton Roads 31 March.

NITRO—Sailed Cristobal 14 January for Guantanamo. Due Guantanamo 16 Jan., leave 16 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 20 Jan., leave 25 Jan.; arrive New York 26 January, leave 12 March; arrive Hampton Roads 13 March, leave 17 March; arrive



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Philadelphia 18 March, leave 22 March; arrive New York 23 March, leave 28 March; arrive New-
port 29 March, leave 31 March; arrive Boston 1
April, leave 5 April; arrive Indian Head 7 April,
leave 11 April; arrive Yorktown 12 April, leave 14
April; arrive Hampton Roads 14 April, leave 22
April; arrive Guantanamo 26 April, leave 26 April;
arrive Canal Zone 29 April, leave 1 May; arrive
Corinto 3 May, leave 3 May; arrive San Diego 11
May, leave 12 May; arrive San Pedro 13 May, leave
14 May; arrive Mare Island 15 May, leave 23
May; arrive Puget Sound 26 May, leave 2
June; arrive Mare Island 5 June.

PATOKA—Sailed Key West 14 January for
Beaumont. Due Beaumont 17 Jan., leave 18 Jan.;
arrive Portsmouth N. H., 27 Jan., leave 29 Jan.;
arrive Boston 3 February for overhaul.

RAMAPO—Arrived San Pedro 6 January.
Scheduled to leave San Pedro 21 Jan.; arrive Ma-
nila 19 Feb., leave 3 March; arrive San Pedro
1 April.

SALINAS—Arrived Yorktown 15 January. Will
proceed to Navy Yard, Norfolk. Departure in-
definite.

SAPELO—Arrived Balboa 5 January. Will leave
Canal Zone 18 Jan.; arrive Guantanamo 21 Jan.,
leave 23 Jan.; arrive Beaumont 29 Jan., leave 31
Jan.; arrive Guantanamo 6 Feb., leave 18 Feb.;
arrive Port Arthur 24 Feb., leave 26 Feb.; arrive
Guantanamo 4 March.

SIRIUS—Sailed San Pedro 13 January for Brem-
erton. Due Bremerton 18 Jan., leave 23 Jan.;
arrive Pearl Harbor 2 Feb., leave 7 Feb.; arrive
Mare Island 16 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Puget
Sound 22 Feb., leave 1 March; arrive Mare Island
4 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Pedro 14
March, leave 14 March; arrive San Diego 15
March, leave 17 March; arrive Corinto 27 March,
leave 27 March; arrive Canal Zone 30 March,
leave 31 March; arrive Guantanamo 3 April, leave
3 April; arrive Hampton Roads 8 April, leave 15
April; arrive New York 16 April.

VEGA—Arrived Brooklyn, N. Y., 8 January.
Scheduled to leave New York 14 Jan.; arrive New-
port 15 Jan., leave 16 Jan.; arrive Boston 17
January. Will leave Boston 7 March, arrive New
York 8 March, leave 14 March; arrive Philadel-
phia 15 March, leave 19 March; arrive Hampton
Roads 20 March, leave 26 March; arrive Guan-
tanamo 1 April, leave 2 April; arrive Canal Zone
5 April, leave 7 April; arrive Corinto 10 April,
leave 10 April; arrive San Diego 19 April, leave
22 April; arrive San Pedro 23 April, leave 24
April; arrive Mare Island 25 April, leave 3 May;
arrive Puget Sound 6 May, leave 13 May; arrive
Mare Island 16 May.

BRAZOS—Arrived Port Arthur, Texas, 14 Jan-
uary.

BRIDGE—Sailed Hampton Roads 14 January
for Guantanamo.

ARCTIC—Sailed San Pedro 13 January for Mare
Island.

CUYAMA—Sailed Pearl Harbor 10 January for
San Pedro.

NECHES—Sailed Pearl Harbor 13 January for
San Diego. Due 22 January.

PECOS—Arrive Manila 1 October.

THE BUDGET OF A RETIRED REAR ADMIRAL

(Continued from page 11)

can't manage on \$500 a month out of which you allot \$60 monthly for insur-
ance, then something is wrong with
YOU." The "You" was emphasized as in-
dicated here in print.

"But I do," was the rejoinder.

The statement was incorrect, being
based upon a wholly wrong conception
of what a budget really is. Large and
medium-sized bills were paid by check.
But no record whatever was kept of the
thousand and one ways in which small
sums had disappeared. "Disappeared"
is the word, faded away faster even than
had there been a small hole in one's
pocket. Half dollars and quarters came
out of the pocket by hand much faster
and more frequently than dimes, nickels
and pennies would have slipped through
a hole in the pocket.

Thus it was learned, by bitter experi-
ence, that the first step in keeping a
budget is to find out where and how the
small sums go. Write down everything
and then "clap a leak stopper" into the
holes where leaks occur. Everybody can
do this in a small memorandum book
3½"x6" which can be had "two for a
nickel" at any "five and ten cent store."
The suggested "Cash Book for Enlisted
Men" as here shown by the following
illustration is simply a practical adapta-
tion of the suggested expense account
in the Navigation Thrift Pamphlet. The
book has a flexible cover and is of a size
easily carried in a man's pocket. The
items in this book and the "Classi-
fication Reminders" are here given in
full.

TABLE III

Suggested Cash Book for Enlisted Man to find out "Where the Money Goes."

Day	Cash on hand and recd.	Home & Family	Necessities	Amusements Sports	Education	Luxuries	Misc.
Mon.							
Tues.							
Wed.							
Thurs.							
Fri.							
Sat.							
Total							

Cash on hand Monday
Cash recd. during week.....
Total
Expenditures recorded

Cash by count Sunday night.....
Expenditures not recorded.....
Cash acct. for week ending Oct. 27th.



Expenditure Classification Reminder

Column No. 1. Make an entry every day. If there be no expenditure enter a short dash to show the day was not forgotten.

Column No. 2. On Monday enter the cash found on hand by count the previous Sunday evening and all received during the week through trade, sale, by drawing on your pay account, or even by visiting "your uncle," which is a grand way to throw away money.

Column No. 3. Cash given or sent home over and above the usual monthly home allotment. This, in fact, represents savings out of your share of your pay.

Column No. 4. Necessities. Clothing, small stores, toilet articles and accessories, barber, laundry, tailor, shoemaker, etc.

Column No. 5. Amusements and Sports. (Indulge but in Moderation.) Theatres, movies, pool, billiards, attendance on sporting events, baseball. All games purchased, such as cards, checkers, "acey-ducey," etc.

Column No. 6. Education. Paid entrance to good lectures. Good books, magazines. Daily and weekly papers. Correspondence course, supplies and tuition expenses.

Column No. 7. Luxuries (be sparing). Boot-blackening fees (shine your own shoes). Carfare when within easy walking distance in clement weather. Taxi fare when street cars will do as well. Pullman chairs on short distance travel. Chewing gum, candy, sweetmeats and pastry. Extra eats away from ship or purchased at canteen. All smokes and soft or other drinks. Telegraphing, when a "special delivery" or "air mail" letter will suffice. Tips—too large or when not the custom. Expensive shampoos or face massage. All expenditures on vicious companions.

Column No. 8. Miscellaneous. Stationery, postage, expressage, telephoning only when necessary, and all other expenditures not otherwise classified. Gifts, charity contributions.

Column No. 9. Remarks. Items No. 5 and No. 7 and No. 8 should be scrutinized most carefully. No man need be a "tightwad" but he should always consider his family first when the money will not hold out for "everything." Avoid borrowing. Avoid running into debt. Cultivate the habit of "pay as you go" and then the harassment of debts will never be experienced. Try to make No. 3 larger than your companions.

The effort of will required to keep a record of this kind and set a limit to what you can spend, and thereafter live up to it is reinforced by the zest which surely comes from seeing "the red ink entry (showing deficit and debts) lose its digits and finally, like a snake shed its skin and turn blue (showing assets) and crawl over to the other side of the ledger."

No better advice was ever given than is to be found in the closing words of Lieutenant Snedeker's article.

"Give the plan a try. Get a note book, a ruler and some red ink. It may be a bit boring at first, puzzling out just where certain figures go, but you got by the Navigation Department's multi-figured exams at the Naval Academy. Let's find the mean time of financial transit of that "heavenly" body →\$← the dollar mark and set sail on a free-from-debt course to the Port of Happiness with "Dull Care" buried fathoms deep in Davy Jones' locker.

What to do upon reaching the "Port of Happiness" and how to "unload" the savings resulting from keeping a budget will be disclosed during the next "dog-watch" of an old admiral, and will be called "To Our Sweethearts and Wives." In the meantime, anyone who is not in possession of a copy of the pamphlet issued (1928) to the Naval Service by the Bureau of Navigation, on the subject of "THRIFT" should ask for one, read it and learn why "all hands" may now appropriately be piped to "Bury Dull Care."

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 28)

State convention of the league at Waco on July 4 and an intensive drive for new members. The meeting was held in the lounge room of the City Club and was preceded by a "Marine Chow" with F. W. DeFriess, a member of the detachment, as host. Mr. DeFriess will sponsor quarterly banquets in the future, the proceeds to be used for the welfare of the detachment.

Mr. I. L. Hinton, a civilian Marine with three "hitches" to his credit, including service in the World War, has on exhibition in a store window at Gulfport, Miss., his home town, what is said to be one of the finest stamp collections in the country. The collection was acquired during his travels in the Marine Corps, proving that he saw the world other than "through a porthole."

The Hudson-Mohawk Detachment held a dance at the Hotel Ten Eyck in Albany, N. Y., on December 14, which broke all records for the season. At a meeting in the State Armory at Schenectady on December 12, plans were discussed for a stag party to be held in the near future. And how those boys can put it over. We hope they let us know in time so we can be prepared. The last one was a "wow." Ask Beeg and Latons. When the Hudson-Mohawkers do anything they do it

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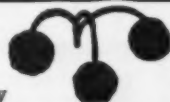
Marine Poems and cartoons, Chinese Execution, Tropical Sunsets, Fleet, Marines in Formation, Scenes in Washington and many others. One Dollar a set of ten.

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NEW and MODERN

plenty, just like Worcester does. O. K. Morris, and Jim and Chris, we're ready—Let's go.

The following detachments have reported their list of officers for 1930 to National Headquarters:

New York Detachment No. 1.—Thomas F. Kilcommons, commandant; Clement Naudain, first vice-commandant; William F. Gaynor, second vice-commandant; Albert H. Lages, adjutant; Christopher W. Wilkinson, paymaster; the Reverend John H. Clifford, chaplain; Milton Solomon, judge advocate.

The detachment meets on the third Friday of each month at the Knights of Columbus Club-Hotel, 51st Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Captain Burwell H. Clark Detachment, Newark, N. J.—John H. Meyer, commandant; Mathew McMahon, first vice-commandant; F. McIlroy, second vice-commandant; L. Brodie, adjutant; O. Kelly, paymaster; J. Withers, chaplain; Basil H. Pollitt, judge advocate. The detachment meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 33 East Park Street, Newark.

Worcester Detachment.—Edward L. McAniffe, commandant; Dan Clifford, first vice-commandant; F. Creeron, second vice-commandant; Harold Ryan, adjutant; Spencer R. Rose, paymaster; Ellis R. Lincoln, chaplain; Elmer Johnson, judge advocate. The detachment meets monthly at the call of the commandant.

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Albany, New York.—James F. Noel of Rensselaer, commandant; Chet Bates, of Troy, first vice-commandant; Frank Yager of Schenectady, second vice-commandant; Christopher Cunningham, of Albany, adjutant-paymaster; Horatio G. Edgerton, of Albany, chaplain; William D. O'Brien of Albany, judge advocate. The detachment meets on the second Thursday of each month at Albany, Troy, or Schenectady, rotating.

Col. Louis J. McGill Detachment, Erie, Pa.—William Wernette, commandant; Joseph Raker, first vice-commandant; James C. Norton, adjutant-paymaster; other offices open. This detachment was recently reorganized after being dormant for two years.

Canton Detachment, Canton, Ohio.—A. T. Underhill, commandant; W. O. Bowser, first vice-commandant; George Haley, second vice-commandant; Ray O. Fox, adjutant; J. H. Pence, paymaster; E. G. Bonsky, chaplain; V. V. Farris, judge advocate. This detachment meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Richland Detachment, Mansfield, Ohio.—Roy Wilkins, commandant; A. G. De-

Graff, first vice-commandant; Marion Buchanan, adjutant; W. F. Untiet, paymaster; Elva S. Beekman, chaplain. This detachment meets on the first Monday of every month.

Lucien P. Waldron Detachment, Akron, Ohio.—F. C. Mallery, commandant; S. E. Mikea, first vice-commandant; James M. Drake, second vice-commandant; W. A. Foster, adjutant; S. M. Grinch, paymaster; B. E. Dorsey, chaplain; L. M. Haynes, judge advocate. This detachment meets on the first and third Sundays of each month.

Portis Detachment, Birmingham, Ala.—A. H. Allen, commandant; Ralph Parker, first vice-commandant; D. Heinebaugh, second vice-commandant; A. Paul Goodall, adjutant; L. F. Hill, paymaster; J. M. Hawkins, chaplain; Douglas Wingo, judge advocate. The detachment meets on the last Thursday of each month.

Dallas Detachment, Dallas, Texas.—Col. W. E. Easterwood, commandant; E. L. Schofield, first vice-commandant; R. R. Boykin, second vice-commandant; Emerson Wells, adjutant; A. Silling, paymaster; H. H. Boyd, chaplain; L. P. Hartman, judge advocate. The detachment meets on the second Thursday of each month.

St. Louis Detachment, St. Louis, Mo.—Capt. Rodowe Abeken, commandant; Clyde E. Brayton, first vice-commandant; Elmer C. Iserman, second vice-commandant; Leonard Enghauserman, adjutant; O. J. Cord, paymaster; A. Lowell Morris, chaplain; Michael G. Fadem, judge advocate. The detachment meets on the third Thursday of each month.

Springfield Detachment, Springfield, Mass.—Sherman H. Bowles, commandant; Arthur H. Johnson, first vice-commandant; U. C. McLellan, second vice-commandant; Sergeant Harold Epstein, adjutant; George F. H. Hallohan, paymaster; Earl E. Frank, chaplain; J. J. Stanzlow, sergeant-at-arms.

WHEN THE OLD CORPS BECKONS
Brimstone and fire, yes, that is just what it was in the beginning, something always popping up about the time you were doing bunk fatigue. And when the old timer, better known as police sergeant, would tell you that you were on a detail to haul chairs, benches, trash, and what-nots—just like the rest, I would agree that when the hitch was done, I was finished. But here it was, the day to be paid off, and I dropped around to tell the boys what was on the outside, and then sneaked up to the Top Kick to see if the C. O. was awaiting me to hand me those papers which I had longed for. Each time he kept me waiting, and the more he did, the more determined I was to remain out.



That was all right for a time; but not long afterwards, I found my way back to the recruiting officer, to face another four years, and then another, and still another. Each time the lure of the old Corps seemed stronger. Each time would mean that I would see Bill Overwood, or John Grimms, Freddie Morris, and the old C. O., who always seemed to be ready for another inspection of equipment.

Leaving the Corps when the spirit of the organization is drilled into you to stay, you feel more or less lonesome, even though you have all that money can buy, you still have that lingering feeling to be back. You can stay at home some evening with the lights low, and the radio playing some stirring march, and as you doze off there comes the vision of the commanding general's inspection, or the A & I doing his stuff, and you find yourself itching for the feel of a rifle on your shoulder.

And what is there on the outside to bring you together again? The Marine Corps League has filled that place; the long desolate spot in a fellow's heart to be back in the "Corps."

At local meetings you meet a few of the boys, but at national conventions you meet them all. "True Marines" there are no others. Just plain, everyday Marines, who have more than one battle error to correct about the replacing of troops on the Western Front, or tell of the time when you had to see the C. O. for having a little too much "hootch" on shore and could not navigate back to the ship.

It brings you back to those with whom you rubbed shoulders with in the ranks.

A MATTER OF TEAM WORK

(Continued from page 3)

From the side of the paddock at his right appeared a boy with a rope in his hands. This weird little figure ran straight out into the pasture, swinging a noose about his head and looking intently at Sir Colintha. He was above the bull and behind him, but he ran down at an obtuse angle.

Suddenly the whistling loop was not to be seen, but there came to the ears of the city man a vicious, whining hum, like that of a hornet. Bills arm jerked out, poised a moment, and jerked back. He grabbed the rope with both hands and threw his weight upon it. The noose had caught one of those flying forefeet, and in the moment of his wrath Sir Colintha tripped and fell. The earth shook with the impact.

"Quick! He'll be up in a second! Not that way. After me!"

Bill was giving orders like a drill master. In flying overalls, he sped before

Mr. Baker, not for the nearest fence but obliquely toward the front of the paddock.

Behind came the pounding of hoofs. Then Bill threw himself upon the turf-padded earth, rolled under the fence, and leaped to his feet. Mr. Baker followed after.

Two seconds later, before the owner had risen from the ground, Sir Colintha struck the six smooth wires of the paddock fence—struck them at a bias, and caroned off.

Mr. Baker had occasion presently to examine the fence. He noticed that the staples which held the wire in place were shiny and new, and that, even so, some of them had been jerked half way out of the wood. . . .

Evening shadows were creeping over the hillsides. It was cool and pleasant on the bungalow porch, where Mr. Baker sat observing his companion through rather quizzical eyes.

"Bill," he said abruptly, "how did that dog get out? Why did he run away before he finished his job?"

Bill's eyes met the city man's for an instant. Then he looked away.

"I let Slim out," he said. "I knew he wouldn't do anybody any hurt. He was just breaking his heart in there. I knew if he saw anything going on that wasn't right—you see, sir, him and me had been around cattle all our lives. Slim knows when they're up to mischief. So I turned him loose; and he was sneaking around keeping out of sight. He ran at Sir Colintha because he saw the baby was going to get hurt. Slim is a gentleman. He always takes care of babies and women. When he saw the little girl had got clean away, he knew he'd got to beat it, so's he wouldn't be tied up again. He must have figured you were a man, so you could look out for yourself!"

Mr. Baker raised his brows and pursed his lips.

"So I thought—till recently," he said. "Now, Bill, here are two more conundrums: First, why didn't you throw that lasso, or whatever you call it, over the bull's neck? That's what they do in the moving pictures. And why didn't you make for the nearest fence, instead of making me run twice as far? I was nearly winded!"

"There was no use roping Colintha by the neck then, sir. My weight wouldn't have hampered him. He'd have kept right on, and maybe he'd have got you. Had to trip him. See? And that fence at the side has only four wires, and the staples are loose. The fence at the front of the paddock has six wires, and I put in new staples there just the other day. And there was one other thing:

"In beating it out of there, we didn't want to go straight at a fence, but at an angle. The old gentleman that followed us—he was running at an angle, too, when he hit the fence. That's why he didn't go right through the fence and



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Joe: "Guess your idea is right, Al. I gotta year and a butt to do, and come to figure it out, if I salt away fifteen bucks in The Departmental Bank every month for twelve months, I'll have \$183.30 when I get paid off. I'm gonna see the paymaster right now, before I forget it."

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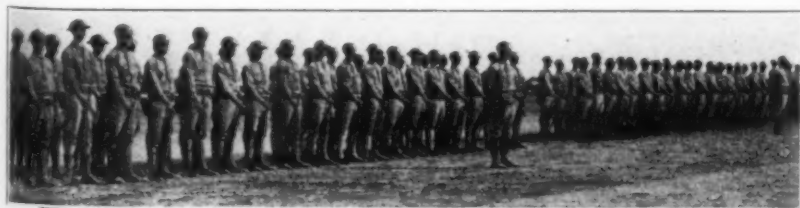
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come on us. He just struck and kind of slithered off. See?"

Mr. Baker drew a long breath and sighed. Presently he spoke, but it seemed that he was thinking to himself out loud: "It's always a pleasure, Bill, to talk with a man that knows his business, no matter what it happens to be. You're an expert; and that brings me to something else I've been thinking about: How would you like to go to an agricultural school, where you can learn animal husbandry, scientific breeding, and such things? Maybe there's a touch of egotism in this, but I feel that in saving my life you've performed a very creditable act. That's all right, son, you don't have to say a word just now. And tomorrow we'll drive down to the State college and talk with the dean about it. I have an idea he'll see things about as we do. We'll stop in the city and get some clothes and things. Suppose you run along now and talk it over with Slim. Tell him for me he can have the run of the place from now on!"

The sunset faded, and in the blue of early night the shaving of a moon hung over the jagged ridges. A dog and a boy watched it. The boy put his arm around the shaggy neck and their heads touched.

"Slim," the boy whispered, "that was teamwork! And, Slim—I tell you, Slim, we got a home—and friends—at last!"

CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 8)

saw for more than a mile. Here the road joined another and Eadie took the south fork. Immediately he met infantry marching in column, a whole brigade, he thought, until he noticed the fresh uniforms, the shaven faces, and the brand new equipment.

"Where yuh goin'?" called Eadie.

"To Berlin!" the men answered him with a cheer.

Eadie was moved to laugh hoarsely. "There's bad boys up there in the woods that'll splash your new clothes all over mud," he called. "That Berlin road is kinda rocky."

A column of artillery, some Three Hundred and Something regiment that Eadie had never heard of followed the infantry, and after that, suddenly, he found himself in crowded country.

At a crossroads Eadie sat down upon a block of stone and considered. He not only had no idea of his own location, but he had no idea of the battery's either. At that moment a two-wheeled cart appeared around a turn and came bobbing toward Eadie. This cart had a tank on it and was used for carrying drinking water. The interesting thing about this particular cart was that it had upon its

side the words, "Battery A," and the man that drove it was one Cracker Coombs, a man well known to Eadie.

"Hey!" called the sergeant, standing up.

"Hiyuh, sahgunt," replied Cracker, reining up his steeds. "Wanta ride? Climb on."

Eadie complied gladly enough. "Where's the battery?" he asked, as Cracker clubbed his horses forward once more.

"Down the road a piece," replied the driver. "It's a hell of a long ways to come fo' wattuh three an' fo' times a day."

"Where yuh been at, sahgunt, fight in'?"

"I'll say," agreed Eadie. "I've had enough of it for a while. The battery been doing anything?"

"Ain't fired nary a shot yet. We had two showdown inspections and a evening parade. It was a good one, too, only two o' them boche planes flew ovuh an' broke it up."

"That's a hell of a way to fight a war," remarked Eadie.

"How's the outfit feeding now?"

"Right slim!" said the driver.

In a few minutes the cart turned off the road and Eadie was home. From the seat of the cart he could see the battalion strung out along a field, the guns of the three batteries in position, behind them piles of shells, and the gunners sitting idly around on shell cases smoking.

"Here we are," cried Eadie, leaping down. The water cart always stops near the kitchen, thus bringing Eadie immediately to the place he sought.

"How's chances on chow?" cried the sergeant. The cook, regarded the sergeant with surprise.

"Ain't got much chow," said the cook dubiously. "Spud and the mess sergeant are off to see can they find a ration dump to steal a little for supper."

"Damn and damn," cried Eadie. "I haven't set my teeth into food for three days!" The men were all looking sadly at each other when the first sergeant suddenly appeared.

"Ha! Sergeant Eadie!" he cried. "They had the rumor around the latrine this morning that you were dead. I knew it was a lie. I bet you found a steam-heated dugout I hear the boche have. The major wants to see you the minute you get back."

"What for?" demanded Eadie.

"I bet he wants to know where the steam-heated dugout is," said a K. P.

"I think he's got a new job for you," said the first sergeant, glaring at the K. P. "Maybe he's going to send you to officers' training camp. Go see him. You better shave first, though, and clean yourself up a little."

"That's right," said the cook. "You go shave an' see the major an' when you come back I'll have somethin' for you to scoff."



"Where's the liaison detail hang out?" asked Eadie.

"Soft," replied the first sergeant. "They got an old jerry dugout up on the hill there."

Eadie went in the indicated direction, after filling his canteen at the water cart. The dugout he found easily, for Baldy was in the doorway.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Baldy. "Yuh look like yuh been to war."

"Well, I haven't," said Eadie. "I've been snipe hunting. How's everything?"

"Ah, I knew it was you!" cried a voice, and Short Mack poked his child's face from the door. "I dreamed about money last night. Me and Baldy hollered 'Hey, goldbrick!' down every dugout between here and Sivry-la-Perche and when you didn't answer, we thought you were gone for good."

"I'm going to shave," said Eadie, hitching forward his musette. "That's something Short Mack can't do!"

The sergeant removed slicker, belt, and blouse. His gas mask he laid handily by and the major's field glasses beside it.

"Where'd you get them?" cried Short.

"A little bird flew down with 'em in his beak," answered Eadie, laying out his shaving tools.

"You're the cheapest illegitimate I know!" foamed Shorty. "If you had brains enough to be simple, I'd knock your nose off its trunions! Gimme a look through 'em."

Short took the glasses and began to sweep the horizon with them, while Eadie lathered his face.

"Where's the red-headed guy?" asked Baldy.

"He's dead." Eadie lathered in silence and then laid the brush gingerly on his gas mask. "Hold the mirror, will you?" he asked.

"What did it, shell or grenade?" asked Baldy, holding the steel mirror before Eadie's face.

"Scrape, scrape, went the razor."

"Bullet," said he. "They had a machine gun up and he stopped one. He died in a minute."

"Uh," grunted Baldy. He changed hands on the mirror. "That's a sorry shave you're givin' yourself."

"I know it," said Eadie, "but I'm in kind of a hurry. The major wants to see me."

"Uh," sneered Short, "we heard about that, too. There's rumor round you're off to officers' trainin' camp. Well, either they're damned hard up for officers or else it's the easiest way to get rid of you."

"You'll get all the more work to do when I'm gone," grinned Eadie, wiping his face and carefully putting away his tools in the musette again. "Now, then, Short, give us those glasses. Also, when I'm gone, I want you to buscar around

and get me a couple of blankets to sleep under."

"Who was your dog robber last year?" inquired Short.

"Go on, now, find me those blankets," said Eadie coaxingly, "and when I get my commission you can be a real dog robber."

"If they make you second lieutenant, I'm going to put in for Jack Pershing's job," called Short, as Eadie went down the hill.

The battalion P. C. he found easily enough. It was in another German dugout, evidently a large one. At the door he paused and made some attempt to brush off his clothes, but the task was hopeless. Anyway, it would be better to go in a battle-stained warrior. Eadie knocked.

"Come in!"

The sergeant lifted aside the blanket that served as door and stepped in. A number of lanterns lighted the place, and Eadie could see a table, a telephone, maps, fungus-whitened beams, and the dim outlines of three officers. With difficulty, Eadie discovered the major, sitting at the table.

"Sir," said Eadie, saluting, "I was directed to report to the major. I'm Sergeant Eadie of A battery."

The major swung around in his chair and looked Eadie from top to toe.

"Sergeant Eadie, oh, yes," he said quietly. "You were detailed to go forward with the infantry September 26th, weren't you? Where have you been ever since?"

"Sir," began Eadie, "the division went to bits. The officer we were with was killed and the battalion commander after him. We stayed until night, all the officers we knew were killed, the men were retiring, and so we retired, too."

"Did you ask for any fire during the day?"

"Yes, sir," said Eadie, "we fired a rocket in the afternoon, but the barrage only lasted a few minutes."

"That's right," spoke up an officer from the shadows. "You remember, major, that the brigade called up and made us cease firing because the shells were bursting about two miles in rear of the line reported by the airplane?"

"Keep quiet," said the major. "I'm doing this. Now, then, sergeant, where did you go the next day? Why didn't you come back?"

"Well, sir, we were on the way back when we met Lieutenant Connor and he made us go along to help lay wire."

"Lieutenant Connor? He isn't with this regiment any more!"

"He had a Signal Corps detail from the Third Brigade, sir."

"Well, he might have that. He was transferred to another regiment of the brigade. The brigade was split up at the opening of the attack and he might have had a detail from the Third Bri-

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gade, but that doesn't allow you to go with him."

"He ordered me to go with him, sir, and I thought he was still with the regiment."

"Well, we aren't getting anywhere," said the major coldly. "Anyone can think up excuses, but facts are different things. Where's Lieutenant Connor now?"

"He's dead, sir."

"Well, where's the man that went with you?"

"He's dead, too."

"Oh, he is? Hmmm. Now, listen. We had a little affair with you on the Marne. You were sent out to find a bridge and if we'd waited for your report, we'd still be at Chateau Thierry. There was some kind of a rumor around that you were gassed. I think if a certain general order were extended to include gas cases there'd be a damned sight fewer evacuations for gas. Well, this time you do the same stunt. There's been too much of this going out on detail and turning up a week later, with some feeble alibi. I think I've got you. Anyway, you're under arrest while I investigate. Tell your B. C. and your first sergeant. You're not to leave your battery position under any circumstances. I hold them responsible. Call up A battery on the phone, Meadows, and confirm that. That's all."

The sergeant saluted and went out. He was tired, his legs ached, and his mind craved sleep. Between the Germans and his own officers, a man had a tough time in this war. On to the kitchen then.

At the kitchen he filled his cup with coffee and the cook, wiping his hands on his apron, took off the stove a messkit full of some kind of gray matter.

"What's this?" demanded Eadie.

"It's good for yuh," replied the cook. "Eat it. It's bacon grease an' flour, with them pavin' stone biscuits stirred up in it."

"We got somethin' else for yuh," grinned the K. P., "fer sergeants only. Hardtack an' karo baked."

Eadie proceeded to eat. The stuff tasted good, especially since it was his first real meal in several days. His head reeled a little bit from fatigue and his legs kept going to sleep. He sat on a ration box, his back to the warmth of the rolling kitchen, and ate. The K. P. chopped wood and the cook searched his teeth with a splinter. Eadie drank coffee and thought upon his lot. Jake had the luck after all. What was there in this war for a man? Work and fight and sleep in the mud and go without food, and be bedeviled by officers all the time. Three days of fighting and killing. The general would say whether he had been a goldbrick or not. He had captured a machine gun single-handed, which was not a task performed by goldbricks. And that dumb doctor had wanted to send him out again for gas! He had fixed him.

"How's it go?" asked the cook, taking out a knife and putting a fresh point on his splinter.

"Good," said Eadie. "I've eaten lots

worse. I wish I had some soft bread to wipe out my messkit with." He got up and walked toward the water cart, intending to rinse out his cup.

WhooOOOOO! A sudden swelling roar, a roar like that of a lion a thousand times magnified. A shell! A new one! Eadie went for the ground but he felt iron going into him ere he started. The explosion he did not hear, but he saw a great sheet of flame open fan-like and shut out all the landscape.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A Real Wound

WHEN things cleared a little bit, Eadie found himself on the ground, lying on his side. He opened his eyes and then raising his head, looked about him. The place was deserted. A column of steam hid the place where the rolling kitchen had been. Beyond this was the cook, one leg gone, and dead. The K. P. lay a little farther away, also dead, horribly so.

Eadie lay down again quietly. He was hit and hit bad, he could tell by the way he felt. And he had been hit right beside the guns, in front of the entire battalion. A real hit. No more sound-off about jaw bone wound stripes. No more wise cracks about going over the hill! The ground felt soft and comfortable.

There were feet pounding now, muttered comments, excited cries.

"Battery A's kitchen!"

"They're all dead! Great guns! Lookit the cook!"

"Get back, men, don't gang up around here! Get back! Another shell may land any minute! Where's the doctor?" A dozen hands turned Eadie over and he could see a circle of white faces looking at him.

"Where'd it get yuh?" they cried.

"In the side," answered the sergeant. He was surprised to hear how natural his voice sounded. There were men then he knew, looking at him as though he were some strange and fearful object. Off came his belt, his blouse was torn open, up with the shirt, and Eadie, raising on one elbow, saw IT. A great band like an inverted cup and in the center of this bunch a round jagged hole, with a tiny splash of blood on one side. He lay down again and gritted his teeth at the sting of the iodine.

"Got any more?" asked the first aid man who was putting on the bandage.

"No, that's the only one," said Eadie. "Did it go in?"

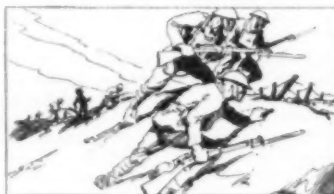
"Yup, it went in."

"I don't feel weak or anything, I don't want to get shoved out with a field wound."

"You earned your ticket to hospital all right," said the first aid man grimly. "Take him out to the road," he directed the stretcher bearers.

The two bearers grunted and lifted their burden. Then they began their bobbing progress across the field, down past some dugouts, and so out to the road.

There was a row of men on stretchers beside the road, waiting for an ambulance. Eadie was laid down here, and a doctor appeared.



"Write out a tag now," said the doctor. "Wire it on him so it won't come off. That's a good dressing, we won't need to touch it. Gun-shot wound abdomen, put down. A. T. S. I think I'll give him a little morphine, too. Give him the injection, Clark."

Eadie turned his head at that and discovered a man holding a huge syringe of nickel.

"It's good for yuh," said the man, approaching Eadie. "It's so yuh won't get lockjaw."

"I think I prefer lockjaw," said Eadie, reaching back of him and taking a firm grip of the stretcher handles. Zip! It was done.

"That wasn't so bad," remarked the sergeant. "You've got a nice light touch. The looks of that thing are what give a guy the horrors."

"I get lots o' practice," said the man with the syringe. "I do this about two hundred times a day. Give us your arm an' I'll give you somethin' will make you feel better."

Eadie closed his eyes after that and lost direct connection with events. He had a faint recollection of hearing familiar voices, Baldy's was one of them, saying in hushed whispers, "That's him there, the bareheaded one."

"By Gosh," said some one, "I wouldn't have known him. He's about done for, my guess."

Eadie grinned without opening his eyes. He wanted to call to them, but somehow could not make the effort. A long time later he looked up suddenly. The place seemed changed. Over him leaned a man. It was Short Mack, his child's blue eyes full of tears.

"You big bum!" said Short. "I thought you'd croaked."

"Fat chance," answered Eadie. "I'm going to spend the winter in bed. Think of me when you're sleeping in the mud with your feet in water up to the knees!"

"Lookit now," said Short. "You'll be back to us by the time we go out to rest camp. You're looking better already. The first time I came down here with Baldy and Ham we thought you were dead."

"What's on your mind?" demanded Eadie, for the other seemed to be at a loss for further words. Short blew his nose and blinked his blue eyes.

"Them glasses," he said. "Don't you think you better leave 'em with me?" Eadie laughed and made his wound hurt.

"I meant to give 'em to you anyway," he said, "but I forgot." He lifted the strap from his neck and handed the glasses to Short. "You see where that leather is torn?" he asked. "When you get home you can tell your mother a bayonet did it. It was an American bayonet, but you needn't say that."

"I'll look after 'em," said Short. "I'll keep 'em in the four-gon an' you'll have 'em when we see you again."

"Bring out your wounded!" An ambulance rumbled in the road and the orderly thus announced its presence.

"So long, Short," said Eadie.

"S'long, see you in rest billets."

They took up the sergeant's stretcher then and carrying him down the slope, shoved him into the ambulance. Three more were loaded in, the back curtain was fastened down, and the ambulance took up its journey. The ambulance was cold. The sergeant discovered that his

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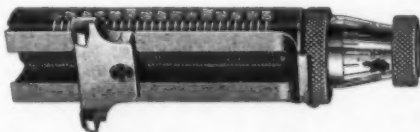
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feet and legs were like those of another man. He could see them, but he could not move them.

There was never a sound from the other men in the ambulance, never a word, nor a groan. The sound of that last shell he could still hear. Whooooo! Then the flame! The thought of it was like a blow. That sheet of fire! When he closed his eyes it was there, as clearly as he had seen it on the field.

It was dark. There was no rattling of hooks, no running of wheels, no creaking of the ambulance body. Eadie, instantly awake, realized that the ambulance had stopped, but where? Had it been abandoned?

The passengers were silent. Eadie pounded on the little door beside his head. There was muttering outside and the door was jerked open. Darkness of late twilight, streaming rain, and the dim figure of a man.

"Why the delay?" asked Eadie.

"They're shellin' the road up ahead," said the other man. "If they keep it up very long we'll turn an' go round by the other road." He shut the door.

Shelling the road! Nightfall and still in range! Eadie was glad the curtain was down in back so that he could not see the flash of them. If he ever saw a shell explode again the shock would kill him.

There was a light in the ambulance now, a lone bulb that hung from the ceiling. A second look around showed the sergeant that his journey was over. He was not in the ambulance, but in a room or a barrack. The electric light swam in a kind of haze, and showed how dark the place was. Men moved about, their shirt sleeves rolled to the elbow, appearing and disappearing. There was a nurse there in a blue uniform, who walked up and down. Raising his head, he could see a row of stretchers disappearing in the darkness.

"Yuh want these?" A man stood by Eadie, holding in his hand a little white bag and in the other Eadie's whistle and collar ornaments.

"Sure," said Eadie, "save 'em. I'll need 'em some day."

"What else yuh got?"

"Razor and stuff in that musette. Dump 'em all in; musette and all."

"Right. Can yuh raise up a little bit? I'll button that shirt in back for yuh if yuh do."

The sergeant raised himself on his elbows. He was astounded to see that he was undressed and that a pajama shirt had been put on him, backside front for ease in donning and removing. The man, an orderly, deftly buttoned it in back and Eadie lay down again. Two blankets they put over him and left him. The blankets scratched, but they were warm and Eadie felt more comfortable than he had for a long time. He slept and only awakened once, when the nurse in blue, evidently a fresh young thing, pinched his leg and awakened him. He requested her profanely to leave his leg alone.

Daylight. An orderly, smoking a

cigarette, was sweeping the floor and picking up blankets and folding them. Another nurse appeared, an elderly one, rubbing her hands with the cold.

She took a thermometer from her pocket and shook down the mercury. "Well, here's the first one," she remarked, sitting down beside Eadie's stretcher. She gave him the thermometer and began to take his pulse. He noticed, turning his head, that all his neighbors of the night before were gone. There were not more than three or four stretchers in the entire room.

"How do you feel, son?" asked the nurse. She removed the thermometer and glanced at it.

"I feel fine," said Eadie. "When do they whittle on me?"

"Pretty quick," smiled the nurse. She got stiffly to her feet and went to the next man.

It was not very long after that before the stretcher was lifted again and they bore the sergeant into a black room. This he knew was the X-ray. Hands felt his dressings, scissors snipped, more cold hands.

"Foreign body," said a mysterious voice and something about centimeters.

"Ow!" cried Eadie. "Let us know the next time you want to ram anything into me!"

"Steady, now," said the voice, "it won't

hurt you if you don't tense your muscles that way."

"What's in there?" asked the sergeant. "A little bit of shrapnel. You can hardly see it."

"I saw the hole it went in," remarked Eadie. "That's enough for me."

Once more Eadie felt the stretcher seized, a door banged, and he was in a sudden glare of light. White walls, a host of people in white clothing, and a cold table on which he was laid. A man with spectacles looked at Eadie with great interest.

"I think you're a goldbrick," said the man with spectacles suddenly. "You don't look as if you were wounded the slightest bit."

"I am, though," grinned Eadie.

"So it appears," muttered the doctor, reading Eadie's card. "Jump over to Major Bevan and ask him if he won't come here a minute." An orderly left the table while the doctor put his cold rubber-gloved hands on Eadie's stomach. "How long since you were wounded?" he asked.

"Yesterday, some time. In the morning. It's on the card," replied Eadie.

"That's the time you were treated that's marked on the card. You might have been wounded last week. Well, it's long enough, anyway. The doctor wrinkled his brows and whistled softly. Another man white aproned and rubber gloved appeared.

"You want me?" he asked the other doctor.

"Yes, major. Here's a belly wound and from the X-ray I'd say he's got multiple perforations unless he's got a gut full of sawdust. It's twenty-four hours since he was wounded."



"What are you going to do?" asked the other.

"Well, I've already made up my mind, but I thought I'd like to hear your thought on it, too. What would you do?"

"Send him to the morgue and then start on the next one."

"Go ahead with that ether," said the first doctor gruffly. "Stick around, major, and learn a little something about surgery."

"Slow at first on that ether stuff," said Eadie. "I won't fight it if you go a little easy on it."

"Trust me," said the man at the head of the table. "Now. Take a whiff of it. How's that?"

"By gosh, it smells good!" replied Eadie. It did, too. The first breath of it brought him a pleasant sensation of sleepiness.

"Getting sleepy, Eadie?" asked the man at the ether, having read the patient's name on the card.

"Yup. Don't start to whittle before I get t'sleep, though!"

"No, we won't. You're going fine, Eadie. Let's hear you count."

There was a roaring in Eadie's ears now. Count? Let them count themselves. A hand seized his arm. Eadie struggled up out of the waves of sleep as a man returns to the surface after a dive.

"Don't cut yet!" he cried. "I'm not asleep!" The roaring in his ears swelled louder.

Eadie began to awaken as a man does after a long night's sleep. He opened his eyes. There was a nurse beside him, a young one, who looked at him seriously.

"Waked up?" she asked. "How do you feel?"

"Great," said Eadie weakly.

"What was the matter?" asked the nurse. "Appendicitis?"

"Appendicitis hell! I was shot through the belly!"

The slightest flicker of annoyance passed over the nurse's face. She stepped quickly to the foot of the bed and read the card there. When she came back her expression had changed completely.

"Don't talk any more!" said the nurse quickly. "Not a word. If you have any pain put up your hand and I'll come right down to you. Don't groan. Don't drink any water." She put a basin on a chair where Eadie could reach it easily and went swishing away.

"Appendicitis!" thought Eadie. "Where did she get that?"

He became conscious of a great wide roll about his middle, a pile of bandages like a feather bed. Probably the nurse had seen this and leaped to the conclusion that Eadie had had his appendix removed. It was satisfying to have a real wound for once, a wound you could point to and say, "There it is!" or "if you don't believe it, read the card." And the whole outfit had seen him struck down! The major would be sore. Tough on the major. He would send pompously for Sergeant Eadie and would learn that Sergeant Eadie had been seriously wounded, and the same shell had killed two other men. He slept again, came back to consciousness and found a thermometer in his mouth, and slept once more.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

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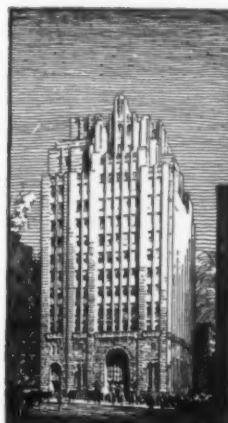
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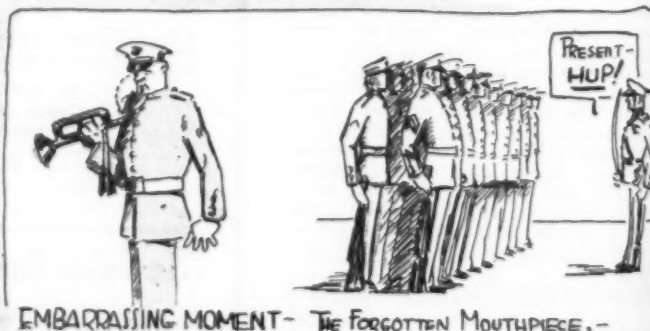
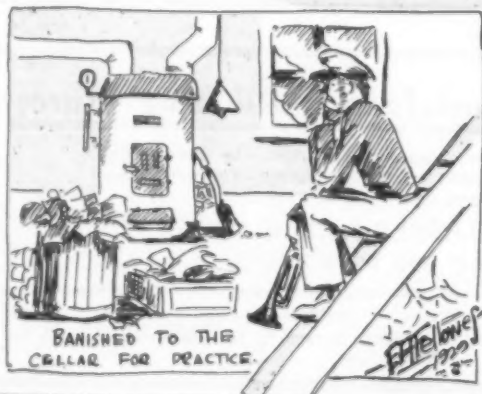
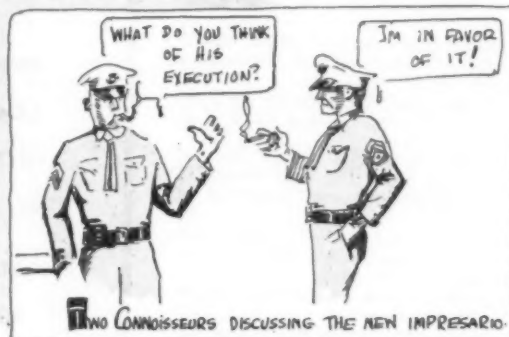
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